Duquesne University

The Monarche and other Poems

OF

Sir David Lyndesay.

Early English Text Society

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The Monarche

AND OTHER POEMS

OF

Sir David Lyndesay.

EDITED BY

JOHN SMALL, M.A., F.S.A. SCOT.

PART I.

[Second Edition, Revised, 1883.]

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Original Series,
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BUNGAY: CLAY AND TAYLOR, THE CHAUCER PRESS.

Ane Dialog betuix Experience and ane Counsellour,

Off the Miserabyll Estait of the Warld,

☞ Compylit be Schir Dauid Lyndesay of ye Mont, Knycht, alias Lyone Kyng of Armes.
And is Deuidit in Foure Partis,
As efter followis, &c.

And Imprentit at the Command and Expensis off Doctor
MACHABEVS,
In Copmanhouin.

Absit Gloriari, Nisi in Cruce Domini nostri Iesu Christi.

60499

FEB. 24 1955

ABBREVIATIONS.

P. First edition of Lyndsay, printed at St. Andrews by John Scot in 1552. This is the basis of our Text.[1] Its Scripture-reference Sidenotes are printed in our edition in *italic*.

L. Lambeth MS., preserved in the Library at Lambeth Palace, No. 332 in Todd's Catalogue of the Lambeth MSS.

E. Edinburgh MS., preserved in the Library of the University of Edinburgh. It is dated 1566.

As the present Edition is for the Early English Text Society's *Reprints*, every page must contain the same number of lines as its representative in the Society's first edition, in order that the same Index and Glossary may serve for both editions. But as this Reprint has collations, which the Society's first edition has not, thinner leads between the lines here are often used, to make room for the collations.

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[1] The copy from which the Society's 1st edition was printed is now in the British Museum. The copy with which the present text is collated, is in the University Library, Edinburgh.

THE EPISTIL.[1]

HOV Lytil[2] quair, of mater miserabyll,
Weil auchtest *thou* couerit to be *with* sabyl,
Renun*ce*and grene, *the* pur-pur, reid, & quhit.
To delicat men *thou* art nocht delectabyll,
Nor ȝit tyll amorous folkis amiabyll:
To reid on the thai wyll haue no delite.
Warldlye Peple wyll haue at the[3] dispyte,
Quhilk fyxit hes thare[4] hart and hole intentis
On sensuall Luste, on Dignitie, and Rentis.

This book will be scorned by the worldly.

¶ We haue no Kyng, the to present, allace!
Quhilk to this countre bene ane cairfull cace:
And als our Quene, of Scotland Heretour,
Sche duellith[5] *in* France: I pray God saif[6] hir grace.
It war to lang, for the to ryn that race,
And far langar, or that ȝoung tender flour
Bryng home tyll ws, ane Kyng and Gouernour.
Allace, tharefor, we may with sorrow syng,
Quhilk moste so lang remane without one kyng.

We have now no King;

and hence I am sad.

☞ I nott quhome to thy Simpylnes to sende:
With Cunnyng Men, frome tyme that *thou* be kende,
Thy Vaniteis no waye thay wyll aduance;
Thynkand the proude, sic thyngis to pretende.
Nochtwithstanding, *the* straucht way sal *thou* wende

The simplicity of this book will bar its acceptance.

Nevertheless,

[1] Not in E or L. Later copies add 'To the Redar.'
[2] E litill [3] L y^e at [4] L, E yare [5] L duellis
[6] L sauf

I commend it to our Governors.

To thame quhilk hes the realme in gouernance :
Declare thy mynde to thame with circumstance.
Go first tyll Iames, our Prince and Protectour,
And his Brother,[1] our Spirituall Gouernour
And Prince of Preistis in this Natioun.

Efter Reuerend Recommendatioun,
Under *th*are feit thow lawlye the submyt,
And mak thame humyll supplicatioun,
Geue[2] thay in the fynd wrang Narratioun,
That thay wald pleis thy faltis to remyt :

If they are suited with it, others are not to be heeded.

And of thare grace, geue[3] thay do the admyt,
Than go thy waye quhare euer thow plesis best :
Be thay content, mak reuerence to the rest.

Those in power

To faithfull Prudent Pastour*is* Spirituall,
To[4] Nobyll Erlis, and Lordis Temporall,
Obedientlye tyll thame thow the addres,
Declaryng thame this schort memoriall,
Quhow Mankynd bene to miserie maid thrall.
At lenth to thame the cause planelie confesse,

are prayed to christianize the laws,

Beseikand thame all lawis to suppresse
Inuentit be Mennis Traditioun,
Contrar to Christis Institutioun :

and are admonished

And cause thame cleirlye for tyll vnderstand
That, for the brekyng[5] of the Lord*is* command,
His Thrynfald wande of Flagellatioun
Hes Scurgit this pure Realme of Scotland,
Be mortall weris, baith be sey and land,

Re. xxiiii. & The. .ii.

With mony[6] terrabyll trybulatioun.

that the woes of Scotland are owing to its sins. *i. Cor. iii.*

Tharefor mak to thame trew[7] narratioun,
That al thir weris, this derth, hunger, and Pest
Was nocht bot for our Synnis manefest.[8]

Gene. vii.

Declare to thame quhow, in the tyme of Noye,
Alluterlye, God did the warld distroye,

[1] L, E Broder [2] L, E Gyf [3] L, E gef [4] E No
[5] E brakin [6] L mony one [7] E New [8] E manifest.

As Holy[1] Scripture maketh mentioun;
Sodom, Gomor, with *th*are Regioun and Roye;
God sparit nothir Man, Woman, nor Boye;
Bot all wer brynt for *th*are[2] offentioun.
Iherusalem, that moste tryumphant town,
Distroyit wes for *th*are Iniquytie,
As in the Scripture planelye thay may se.

Holy Scripture is vouched for parallel instances. *Gene. xix.* *Matthew, xxxiii.* *Luc. xiii.*

¶ Declare to thame this mortall miserie,
Be sweird and fyre, derth, pest, and pouertie,
Procedis of Syn, gyf I can rycht discryue,
For laik of Faith, and for Ydolatrye,
For Fornicatioun, and for Adultrye,
Off Princis, Prelat*is*, w*ith* mony ane man & wyue.[3]
Expell the cause, than the effect belyue
Sall cease: quhen that the peple doith[4] repent,
Than God sall slak his bow, quhilk ȝit is bent.

Sin breeds all misery; *Iere. xv.* but penitence will earn pardon.

Mak thaim requeist quhilk hes the Gouernance
The Sinceir word of God for tyll Auance
Conforme to Christis Institutioun,
Without Ypocrisie or dissimulance:
Causyng Iustice hauld ewinlye the Ballance;
On Publicanis makyng[5] punyssioun;
Commendyng[6] thame of gude conditioun.
That beyng done, I dout nocht bot the Lorde
Sall of this countre haue Misericorde.

The Rulers are implored to see the word of God duly taught, and justice administered: then the Lord will have mercy

Thoucht God with mony terrabyll effrayis
Hes done this cuntrie scurge by diuers wayis,
Be Iuste Iugement, for our greuous offence,
Declare to thame thay sall haue mery dayis
Efter this trubyll, as the Propheit sayis:
Quhen God sall se our humyll Repentence,
Tyll strange pepyll thoucht he hes geuin lycence
To be our scurge Induryng his desyre,
Wyll, quhen he lyste, that Scurge cast in the fyre.

If the people repent, it will again be well with them.

[1] L Haly, E Holye [2] L, E thair [3] E vyffe.
[4] L dois, E doithe [5] L makand, E making
[6] L commendand, E commending

Trust in God

Pray thame that thay putt nocht *thare*[1] esperance
In mortall Men onelye, thame tyll aduance,

Psalme cxvii.

Bot principallye in God Omnipotent:
Than neid thai not[2] to charge *the* realme of France
With Gounnis, Galayis, nor vther Ordinance.
So that thay be to God Obedient,
In thir premyssis[3] be thay nocht negligent,
Displayand Christis Banar hie on heycht,

will disarm their enemies.

Thare Ennimeis of thame sall haue[4] no mycht.

This book

Go hence, pure Buke, quhilk I haue[4] done indyte
In rurall ryme, in maner of dispyte,
Contrar the warldlis Variatioun:

eschews rhetoric,

Off Rethorick heir I Proclame the quyte.
Idolatouris, I feir, sall with the flyte,[5]
Because of thame thow makis Narratioun.

and will disdain the spite of hypocrites and such-like.

Bot cure thow nocht the Indignatioun
Off Hypocritis and fals Pharisience,
Quhowbeit on the thay cry ane lowde vengence.

It has no elegance;

¶ Requeist the Gentyll Redar that the redis,
Thocht Ornat termes in to[6] thy park not spredis,
As thay in the may haue[7] experience.
Thocht Barran feildis beris nocht bot weidis,[8]
Ȝit brutall beistis sweitlye on thame feidis.

and the reader is only to have patience with it.

Desyre of thame none vther recompance
Bot that thay wald reid the with pacience:
And, geue[9] thay be in ony way offendit,
Declare[10] to thame, it salbe weill amendit.

FINIS.[11]

HEIR ENDIS YE EPISTIL & FOLLOUIS YE PROLOGE, &c.

[1] E thair [2] L, E nocht [3] L promyssis [4] E haif
[5] E flytt [6] not in L [7] E haif [8] E veidis
[9] L gif, E gyff [10] E, L declair [11] not in E, L

THE PROLOGE.

VSING And maruelling on *the* miserie
Frome day to day in erth quhilk[1] dois incres, Musing on mutability,
And of ilk stait *the* instabilitie
Proceding of the restles besynes
Quhairon *the* most part doith thair mynd[2] addres
Inordinatlie,—on houngrye couatyce,
Vaine glore, dissait, and vthir sensuall vyce:

¶ Bot tumlyng In my bed I mycht nocht lye;
Quhairfore I fuir furth, in ane Maye mornyng,
Conforte to gett of my malancolye,
Sumquhat affore fresche Phebus vperysing,[3] early, one May morning,
Quhare[4] I mycht heir the birdis sweitlie syng:
Intyll ane park I past, for my plesure I sallied forth into a park.
Decorit weill be craft of dame Nature.

¶ Quhov I ressauit confort naturall There I was much comforted,
For tyll discryue at lenth it war to lang;
Smelling the holsum[5] herbis medicinall,
Quhare on *the* dulce and balmy dew down dang,
Lyke aurient[6] peirles on the twistis hang;
Or quhov that the Aromatik odouris smelling the sweet odours,
Did proceid frome the tender fragrant flouris;

¶ Or quhov Phebus, that king etheriall,
Swyftlie sprang vp in to the orient, and seeing the rising of the sun,
Ascending in his throne[7] Imperiall,
Quhose brycht and[8] buriall bemes resplendent

[1] L yat [2] E tham, L myndis dois [3] E vprysing
[4] E, L Quhair [5] L hailsum, E holsoum
[6] E orient, L aureant [7] L trone [8] not in L

Illumynit all on to the Occident,
Confortand euerye corporall creature
Quhilk formit war, in erth,[1] be dame Nature;

who had left his night-robe behind,
Quhose donke impurpurit[2] vestiment nocturnall,
With his imbroudit mantyll matutyne,
He lefte in tyll[3] his regioun aurorall,
Quhilk on hym watit quhen he did declyne
Towarte his[4] occident palyce vespertyne,
and put on a glorious garb.
And rose in habyte gaye and glorious,
Brychtar nor gold or stonis precious.

The moon paled;
Bot Synthea, the hornit nychtis quene,
Scho loste[5] hir lycht, and lede ane lawar saill,
Frome tyme hir souerane lorde that scho had sene,
And in his presens waxit dirk and paill,
And ouer hir visage kest ane mistye[6] vaill;
So did Venus, the goddes amorous,
and so the planets.
With Jupiter, Mars, and Mercurius.

Saturn set;
☞ Rychtso the auld Intoxicat Saturne,
Persauyng Phebus powir, his beymes brycht,
Abufe the erd[1] than maid he no sudgeourne,[7]
Bot suddandlye did lose[8] his borrowit lycht,
Quhilk he[9] durst neuir schaw bot on the nycht.
and the northern stars
The Pole artick, wrsis, and sterris all
Quhilk situate ar in the Septemtrionall,—

Tyll errand schyppis quhilks ar the souer gyde,
Conuoyand thame, vpone the stromye nycht,
hid themselves.
Within thare frostie circle,—did thame hyde.
Quhowbeit that sterris haue none vthir lycht
Bot the reflex of Phebus bemes brycht,
That day durst none[10] in to the heuin appeir,
Till he had circuit all our Hemispeir.[11]

Me thocht it was ane sycht[12] celestiall,
To sene Phebus[13] so angellyke ascend

[1] L erd, E erthe [2] E impurpurat [3] E to [4] E this
[5] L loist, E lost [6] L lusty [7] L sudiorne
[8] L loiss, E loss [9] L sche [10] L nocht [11] L Hevinspeir
[12] L thing [13] L Venus

In tyll his fyrie chariot tryumphall,
Quhose[1] beawte[2] brycht I culd nocht comprehend.
All warldlie cure anone did fro me wend,
Quhen[3] fresche flora spred furth hir[4] tapestrie,
Wrocht be dame Nature quent, and curiouslie

Depaynt with mony hundreth heuinlie hewis;
Glaid of the rysing of *th*are royall Roye,
With blomes breckand on the tender bewis;
Quhilk did prouoke myne hart tyl natural Ioye.
Neptune, that day, and Eoll held thame coye,
That men on far mycht heir the birdis sounde,
Quhose noyis did to the sterrye heuin redounde.

The plesand Powne prunȝeand his feddrem fair;
The myrthfull Maues maid gret melodie;
The lustye Lark ascending in the air,
Numerand hir naturall notis craftelye[5];
The gay Goldspink; the Merll rycht myrralye;
The noyis of the nobyll Nychtingalis;
Redundit throuch[6] *th*e montans, meids,[7] and valis.

Contempling this melodious armonye,
Quhov euerilke bird drest thame for tyl aduance,
To saluss Nature with *th*are melodye,
That I stude gasing, halflingis in ane trance,
To heir thame mak *th*are naturall obseruance
So royallie that all the roches rang
Throuch repercussioun of *th*are suggurit sang.

I lose[8] my tyme, allace! for to rehers
Sick vnfrutful and vaine discriptioun,
Or wrytt, in to my raggit rurall vers,
Mater without edificatioun;
Consydering quhov that myne intentioun
Bene tyll deplore the mortall misereis,[9]
With continuall[10] cairfull calamiteis,

All care left me at sight of the gay flowers;

and I was glad at heart.

Hearing the melody of

the birds,

saluting nature, I was half entranced.

But a truce to vain description,

seeing my purpose is to deplore mortal miseries.

[1] L, E Quhoss- [2] L beaulte, E bewtie [3] L, E Quhene
[4] L, E his [5] L meralie [6] L throw [7] E, L montanis, meidis
[8] L loiss, E loss [9] L miserieis [10] L continewall

¶ Consisting in this wracheit[1] vaill of sorrow.
My theme is mournful, and my — Bot sad sentence sulde haue ane sad indyte;
So termes brycht I lyste nocht for to borrow.
Off murnyng mater men hes no delyte:
diction will be lustreless. — With roustye termes, *th*arefor, wyl I wryte,[2]
With sorrowful seychis[3] ascending frome *the* splene,
And bitter teris distellyng frome myne eine;[4]
I invoke no — ¶ Withoute ony vaine inuocatioun
To Minerua or to Melpominee:
Nor ȝitt[5] wyll I mak supplicatioun,
For help, to Cleo nor Caliopee:
pagan Muse, — Sick marde Musis may mak me no supplee.
Proserpyne I refuse, and Apollo,
or god; — And rycht so Ewterp, Jupiter, and Juno.
¶ Quhilk*is* bene to plesand Poetis conforting.
Quharefor, because I am nocht one of tho,
I do desyre of thame no supporting.
for I have never slept on Parnassus, — For I did neuer sleip on Pernaso,
As did the Poetis of lang tyme ago,
And, speciallie, the ornate Ennius;
nor drunk — Nor drank I neuer, with Hysiodus,—
¶ Off Grece the perfyte poet souerane,—
of Helicon. — Off Hylicon, the sors of Eloquence,
Off that mellifluus, famous, fresche fontane:
Quharefor I awe to thame no reuerence.
I purpose nocht to mak obedience
To sic mischeand Musis nor malmontrye
Afore tyme vsit in to poetrye.
Rhamnusia, if I chose a Muse, would best befit me. — ☞ Raueand[6] Rhamnusia, goddes of dispyte,
Mycht be to me ane Muse rycht conuenabyll,
Gyff I desyrit sic help for tyll indyte
This murnyng mater, mad and miserabyll.
I mon go seik ane muse more confortabyll,

[1] E vrachet [2] E vrytt [3] L sichis [4] L ene
[5] E ȝet [6] E Reauand, L Ravand

And sic vaine superstitioun[1] to refuse,
Beseikand the gret God to be my muse;

Be quhose wysdome al maner of[2] thing bene wrocht,— *Genes. i.*
The heych heuinn*is*,[3] w*ith* all thair ornamentis; He created all things,
And without mater maid all thing of nocht;
Hell in myd Centir of the Elementis.
That heuinlye[4] Muse to seik my hoill intent is, *iii. Re. iii.*
The quhilk gaif sapience to king Salomone, *Psalme lxxxix.*
To Dauid grace, strenth to *the* strang Sampsone, *Iuges iii.*

And of pure Peter maid ane prudent precheour; *Mat. iiii.*
And, be the power of his deitee,
Off creuell Paule he maid ane cunnyng techeour. *Actis ix.*
I mon beseik, rycht lawly on my[5] knee, and endowed men of old with various gifts.
His heych superexcellent Maiestie,
That with his heuinlye spreit he me inspyre
To wrytt no thyng contrarye his disyre.

¶ Beseikand als his Souerane Sonne, Iesu, *Luc. i.*
Quhilk wes consauit be the haly spreit, And I beseech Jesus,
Incarnat of the purifyit Virgin trev, the Virgin-born,
In to the quhome the Prophicie was compleit,—
That Prince of peace,[6] moist humyll & mansweit,
Quhilk onder Pylate sufferit passioun, *Luc. xxiii.*
Upone the Croce, for our saluatioun. and crucified,

¶ And be that creuell[7] deith intollerabyll whose death loosed our bonds,
Lowsit we wer frome bandis of Balyall;
And, mairattouir, it wes so proffitabyll
That to this hour come neuir man, nor sall,
To the tryumphant ioye Imperiall *Hebr. ix.*
Off lyfe, quhowbeit that thay war[8] neuer sa gude, and whose blood alone saves.
Bot be the vertew of that precious blude.

¶ Quharefor, in steid of the mont Pernaso, I betake myself, not to Parnassus,
Swyftlie I sall go seik my Souerane:

[1] L rep*er*stitioun [2] L omitted [3] E havinnis, L hevinis
[4] E havinlie [5] E myn [6] E paice [7] E crewall
[8] L *th*ai be

but to Calvary, To Mont Caluare the straucht[1] waye mon I go,
to taste the fountain opened in his side by Longinus; To gett ane taist[2] of that moist fresche fontane.
That sors to seik my hart may nocht refrane
Off Hylicone, quhilk[3] wes boith deip and wyde,
Iho. xix. That Longeous[4] did graue in tyll his syde.

a fountain, the stream from which From *th*at fresche fontane sprang a[5] famous flude,
Quhilk redole*nt* Reuer throuch[6] *the* warld ȝit rynnis,
As christall cleir, and mixit bene with blude;
Quhose sound abufe the heyest heuinn*is* dinnis,
purges all the faithful of sin. All faithfull peple purgeing frome *th*are synnis.
Quharefor I sall beseik his Excellence
To grant me grace, wysedome, and Eloquence;

May I be washed with the blood of Christ, And bayth me with those dulce & balmy strandis
Quhilk on the Croce did spedalie out spryng
Frome his moste tender feit and heuinly handis;
And grant me grace to wrytt nor dyte no thyng
and saved from writing amiss. Bot tyll his heych honour and loude louyng;
But quhose support *th*are may[7] na gud be wrocht
Tyll his plesure, gude work*is*,[8] word, nor thocht.

Through Him ¶ Tharefor,[9] O[10] Lorde, I pray thy Maiestie,
As thov did schaw thy heych power Diuyne
First planelie in the Cane[11] of Galelee,
Ihon. ii. Quhare thov conuertit cauld watter in[12] wyne,
may my efforts have a fruitful issue. Conuoye my mater tyll ane fructuous fyne,
And saue[13] my saying*is* baith frome schame and syn.
Tak tent; for now I purpose[14] to begyn.

¶ FINIS.

HEIR ENDIS THE P*RO*LOGE AND BEGINGIS THE MATER.

[1] E straycht [2] E test [3] L that [4] L Longenus
[5] L one [6] E throycht [7] L can [8] E warkis, L werkis
[9] L Thairefore [10] L gude [11] E Canee [12] L into
[13] E saif [14] E purposs

THE FIRST BVKE OF THE MONARCHE.

INTO that Park I sawe appeir
One[1] ageit man, quhilk drew me neir,
Quhose[2] beird wes weil thre quarteris[3] lang;
His hair doun ouer[4] his schulders[5] hang,
The quhilk as ony snaw wes quhyte;
Quhome[6] to behald I thocht delyte;
His habitt Angellyke of hew,
Off culloure lyke the Sapheir blew.
Onder ane Hollyng he reposit,
Off quhose presens I was reiosit.
I did hym saluss reuerendlye;
So did he me, rycht courteslye.
To sitt down he requeistit me,
Onder the schaddow of that tre,
To saif[7] me frome the Sonnis heit,
Amangis[8] the flowris softe and sweit;
For I wes werye for walking.
Than we began to fall in talking:
I sperit[9] his name with reuerence.
"I am," said he, "Experience."

In that park I saw an aged man.

His appearance.

We saluted; and he asked me to sit down by him.

His name was Experience.

COURTIOUR.

¶ "Than, Schir," said I, "ȝe can nocht faill
To gyff ane desolate man counsaill.
ȝe do appeir ane man of faime;
And, sen Experience bene ȝour name,
I praye ȝow, Father[10] venerabyll,
Geue[11] me sum counsell[12] confortabyll."

I entreated him to give me

some comforting counsel.

[1] E ane [2] L, E Quhos [3] L, E quarter [4] E owr
[5] L, E schoulderis [6] E Quhowm [7] L sauf [8] L Amang
[9] L speirit [10] L Fader [11] E gyff [12] L counsall

EXPERIENCE.

He demanded my vocation.

¶ "Quhate bene," quod he, "thy vocatioun,
Makand sic supplycatioun?"

COURTIOUR.

I have long been a courtier, but,

¶ "I haif," quod I, "bene, to this hour,
Sen I could ryde, one[1] Courtiour;
Bot now, Father,[2] I thynk it best,

with your advice,

With 3our counsell, to leif in rest,
And frome thyne furth[3] to tak myne eais,[4]
And quyetlie my God to pleais,[5]
And renunce Curiositie,—

am minded to leave the Court and learn to die.

Leueyng the Court,—and lerne to de.
Oft haue I salit[6] ouer the strandis,
And traualit throuch[7] diuers landis
Boith[8] south, and north, and[9] est, and west;

I have found rest nowhere,

3itt can I neuer fynd quhare rest
Doith mak his habitatioun,
Withoute 3our supportatioun.
Quhen I beleif to be best easit,[10]

but only disappointment.

Most suddantlye I am displeasit;[11]
Frome trubbyll quhen I fastast fle,
Than fynd I most aduersate.
Schaw me, I pray 3ow hartfullye,
Quhow I may leif most plesandlye,
To serue my God, of kyngis Kyng,
Sen I am tyrit for trauellyng;

Teach me to be content with quiet and a competency.

And lerne me for to be content
Off quyet lyfe and sobir rent,
That I may thank the kyng of glore,
As thocht I had ane Myl3eoun[12] more.

Since all Courts are full of change and envy, I prefer, now I am old, to rest, if it may be.

Sen euerilk[13] Court bene variant,
Full of Inuy, and inconstant,
Mycht I, but trubbyll, leif in rest
Now in my aige, I thynk it best."

[1] L, E ane [2] L Fader [3] E thinfurth [4] L eiss
[5] L pleiss, E pleis [6] L saillit [7] L in [8] E Boyth
[9] L omitted [10] L eisit [11] E displesit
[12] L millioun [13] L euery

EXPERIENCE.

¶ "Thow art ane gret[1] fuill, Sonne," said he, — You desire the impossible.
"Thyng to desyre quhilk[2] may nocht be,—
3arnyng to haue prerogatyue
Aboue all Creature on lyfe.[3]
Sen Father Adam creat bene
In to the Campe of Damassene,
Mycht no man say, on to this hour, — Perfect bliss on earth is not for man.
That euer he fand perfyte plesour,
Nor neuer sall, tyll that he se
God in his Diuyne Maiestie:
Quharefore[4] prepair the for trauell,
Sen mennis lyfe[5] bene bot battell. — *Job vii.*
All men begynnis for tyll de — On the very day of his birth he begins to die,
The day of *th*are Natiuite:
And Iournelly *th*ay do proceid,
Tyll Atrops[6] cute the fatell threid;
And, in the breif tyme that *th*ai haue[7]
Betuix *th*are byrth on to *th*are graue,
Thow seis quhat mutabiliteis, — and is always ful of care,
Quhat miserabyll Calamiteis;
Quhat trubbyll, trauell, and debait
Seis thow in euere mortall stait![8]
Begyn at pure lawe Creaturis, — whether he be high or low.
Ascending, syne,[9] to Synaturis,
To gret Princis and Potestatis,
Thow sall nocht fynd, in non estatis,
Sen the begynning, gennerallie,
Nor in our tyme now,[10] speciallie, — And such is the rule for all time.
Bot tiddious,[11] restles besynes
But ony maner of sickarnes."

COURTIOUR.

"Prudent Father," q*uod* I, "allace!
3e tell to me one cairfull cace! — This is a distressful state of things.
3e say that no man, to this hour,

[1] E gryt [2] L that [3] L live, E lyffe
[4] E Quhairfor, L Quhairefore [5] L livis [6] E Atropus
[7] E, L haif [8] L estait [9] L vp [10] L omitted
[11] L tedius

Happiness here is imperfect and alloyed.

Hes found, in erth,[1] perfyte[2] plesour,
Without infortunat variance.
Sen we bene thrall to sic myschance,

Why, then, do we strive after wealth and rank?

Quhy do we set so our Intentis
On Ryches, Dignitie, and Rentis?
Sen in the erth bene no man sure
One day but trubbyll tyll Indure;
And, werst of all, quhen[3] we leist wene,

Death is sudden.

The creuell deith we mon sustene.
Geue[4] I 3our Fatherheid[5] durste demand,
The cause I wald faine vnderstand:

I would have you tell me of the want of others.

And als, Father, I 3ow Implore,
Schaw me sum trubbyll gone afore;
That, heryng vtheris Indigence,

That there are fellow-sufferers is a consolation to the unfortunate.

I may the more haif patience.
Marrowis in trybulatioun
Bene Wracheis consolatioun."

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he: "efter my small cunnyng
To the I sall mak answeryng.
Bot, Ordourlie for to begyn,

Misery comes of sin,

This Misarie procedis of Syn.
Bot it wer lang for to defyn it

to which all are prone.

Quhow all men ar to Syn Inclynit.
Quhen[6] Syn aboundantlye[7] doith[8] ryng,
Iustly God makith[9] punyssing:

God's divers rods,

Quharefore[10] gret God in to his handis,
To dant the warld, hes diuers wandis.
Efter our euyll conditioun

for punishment,

He makis on ws punytioun[11]
With hunger, darth, and Indigens;[12]
Sum tyme, gret plagis and pestilens;[13]
And sum tyme with his bludy wand,

enumerated.

Throw creuell weir[14] be sey and land:
Concludyng, all our misarie
Proceidis of Syn, alluterlie."

[1] L erd [2] E parfyt [3] L quhan [4] L gyf, E gyff
[5] L Faderheid [6] L Quhan [7] L haboundanlie [8] L dois
[9] L makis [10] L, E Quhairefor [11] E punission
[12] E plagis and pestilens [13] E greyt darthe and indigens
[14] L weiris

COURTIOUR.

¶ "Father," quod I, "declare[1] to me
The cause of this Fragyllitie,—
That we bene all to Syn inclynde,
In werk, in word, and in our mynde.
I wald the veritie wer[2] schawin,
Quho hes this seid amang ws sawin;
And quhy we ar condampnit to dede;[3]
And quhow that we may get remede."[4]

A group of questions touching man's nature and end.

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he: "the Scripture[5] hes concludit
Men frome felicitite wer denudit
Be Adam, our Progenitour,
Umquhyle of Paradyse possessour;
Be quhose[6] most wylfull arrogance
Wes Mankynd brocht to this myschance,
Quhen[7] he wes Inobedient,
In breking[8] God*is* commandiment.
Be solystatioun of his wyfe
He loste that heuinlye plesand lyfe.
Etand[9] of the forbiddin[10] tre,
Thare[11] began all our miserrie.[12]
So Adam wes cause Radicall
That we bene fragyll Synnaris, all.
Adam brocht in this Natioun
Syn, Deith, and als Dampnatioun.
Quho wyll say he is no Synnar,
Christ sayis he is ane gret lear.
Mankynde sprang furth of Adamis Loynis,
And tuke[13] of hym flesche, blude,[14] and bonis;
And so, efter his qualytie
All ar Inclynit Synnaris to be.

Through Adam's pride, *Gen. iii.*

and Eve's importuning Adam,

Rom. v.

we, sinners all,

1 *Ioh. i.*

are as we are.

¶ Bot[15] ȝit, my Sonne, dispare[16] thow nocht;
For God, that all the warld hes wrocht,
Hes maid ane Souerane remede,[17]

But God has wrought a remedy

[1] L, E declar [2] L war [3] L, E deide
[4] L remeid [5] E Scriptour [6] L, E quhois [7] L Quhan
[8] L breikin [9] L Eitand, E Ettand [10] L forbodin
[11] L, E Thair [12] E, L miserie [13] E, L tuik
[14] E, L bluid [15] L For [16] L dispair [17] E, L remeid

to save us,

To saif ws boith[1] frome syn and dede,[2]
And frome etarne dampnatioun :
Tharefor[3] tak consolatioun.
For God, as Scripture doith[4] recorde,
Haueyng of man Misericorde,
in sending his only Son, Jesus,
Send doun his onelye Sonne, Iesu,
Quhilk lychtit in one Virgin trew,
And cled his heych Diuynitie
With our pure vyle Humanytie ;
Syne frome our synnis, to conclude,
Apocal. ii. whose blood *Rom. v.*
He wysche ws with his precious blude.[5]
Quhowbeit throw Adam we mon dee,
Throuch that Lord we sall rasit bee ;
Heb. x. redeems,
And euerilk man he sall releue
Quhilk in his blude[5] doith[4] ferme beleue,[6]
And bryng ws all vnto[7] his glore
The quhilk throw Adam bene forlore ;
but for our lack of faith.
Without that we, throw laik of faith,
Off his Godheid incur the wraith :
But quho in Christ fermely beleuis
Ioh. iii. 5.
Sall be releuit frome all myscheuis."

COURTIOUR.

What is firm faith ?

¶ "Quhat faith is that that ȝe call ferme ?
Schir, gar me vnderstand that terme."

EXPERIENCE.

Hebr. xi. The answer.

"Faith without Hope and Charitie
Aualit nocht, my Sonne," said he.

COURTIOUR.

And charity ?

"Quhat Charite bene, that wald I knaw."

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he : "my Sonne, that sall I schaw.
1 *Corin. xiii.* To love God and our neighbour.
First, lufe thy God aboue all thyng,
And thy Nychtbour but fenȝeyng ;[8]

[1] L, E boyth [2] E, L deid [3] E, L Thairefor
[4] L, E dois [5] E, L bluid [6] L beleif, E belife
[7] L vntill [8] E faingȝeing

Do none Iniure nor villanie,
Bot as thow wald wer[1] done to the.
Quyk faith but cheretabyll werkis[2]
Can neuer be, as wryttis Clerkis,
More than the fyre, in tyll his mycht,
Can be but heit, nor Sonne but lycht.
Geue[3] charitie into the failis,
Thy Faith nor Hope no thyng auailis.
The Deuyll hes Faith, and trymlis for dreid;
Bot he wantis Hope and lufe in[4] deid.
Do all the gude that may be wrocht;—
But charitie, all auailis nocht.
Quharefore[5] pray to the Trinite
For tyll support thy Charite.

Do as you would be done by.

Iaco. ii. Of faith, real and spurious.

Pray for charity.

¶ Now haue[6] I schawin the, as I can,
Quhow Father Adam, the first man,
Brocht in[7] the warld boith Syn and Dede,
And quhow Christ Iesu maid[8] remede,
Quhilk, on the day of Iugement,
Sall ws delyuer frome torment,
And bryng ws to his lestyng glore,
Quhilk sall indure for euer more.
Bot in this warld thow gettis no rest,
I mak it to the manifest.
Tharefore,[9] my Sonne, be diligent,
And lerne for to be patient;
And in to God sett all thy traist:[10]
All thyng sall, than, cum for the best."

Recapitulation.

Be diligent, patient, and trust in God.

COURTIOUR.

¶ "Father, I thank 3ow hartfullye
Off 3our conforte and cumpanye,
And heuinlye consolatioun;
Makand 3ow supplicatioun,
Geue[11] I durst put 3ow to sic pyne,
That 3e wald pleis for to defyne,

[1] E war [2] E varkis [3] L, E Gyff [4] L is
[5] L, E Quhairfor [6] E haif [7] E into [8] L fand
[9] E Thairfor [10] E trest [11] E Gyf

Questions about Adam and his seed.

And gar me cleirlye vnderstand,
Quhow Adam brak the Lord*is* command;
And quhow, throw his transgressioun,
War punyst his Successioun."

EXPERIENCE.

"My Sonne," quod he, "wald thow tak cure
To luke[1] on the Diuyne Scripture,
In to the Buke of Genesis
That storye *tha*re thow sall nocht mis.

Others have discoursed eloquently of Adam.

And alswa syndrie cunnyng Clerkis
Hes done rehers, in to *tha*re[2] werkis,
Off Adamis fall full Ornatly,
Ane thousand tymes better nor I
Can wrytt of that vnhappy man.

I will tell his story as best I can.

Bot I sall do the best I can
Schortlie to schaw that cairfull cace,[3]
With the support of Goddis grace."

[1] E luik [2] E thaire [3] E caice

THE FIRST BVKE.

ANE EXCLAMATIOVN TO THE REDAR, TWYCHEYNG[1] THE WRYTTYNG OF VULGARE AND MATERNALL LANGVAGE.

GENTYL Redar, haif at me non dispyte,
Thynkand *that* I presumptuously pretend,
In vulgair toung so heych mater to writ;
Bot quhair I mys I pray *the* till amend.
Tyll vnlernit I wald the cause wer kend
Off our most miserabyll trauell and torment,
And quhow, in erth, no place bene parmanent.

I write in my mother tongue, from a wish to instruct the unlearned,

Quhowbeit that diuers deuote cunnyng Clerkis
In Latyne toung hes wryttin syndrie bukis,
Our vnlernit knawis lytill of thare werkis,
More than thay do the rauyng of the Rukis.
Quharefore[2] to Colȝearis, Cairtaris, & to Cukis,—
To Iok and Thome,—my Ryme sall be diractit,
With cunnyng men quhowbeit it wylbe lactit.

who know nothing of Latin.

I address myself to folk of low estate.

Thocht euery Commoun[3] may nocht be one Clerk,
Nor hes no Leid except thare toung maternall,
Quhy suld of god the maruellous heuinly[4] werk
Be hid frome thame? I thynk[5] it nocht fraternall.
The father of heuin, quhilk wes & is Eternall,
To Moyses gaif the Law, on mont Senay,
Nocht in to Greik nor Latyne, I heir say.
He wrait the Law, in Tablis hard of stone,
In thare awin vulgare[6] language of Hebrew,
That all the bairnis of Israell, euery one,

The vulgar should know of God's works.

Exo. xx. Moses delivered the Law in Hebrew, the language of the Israelites. *Exod. xxi.*

[1] E Tuichyng [2] L Quhairfor, E Quhairefor [3] E commond [4] E havinlye [5] L hald [6] L naturall

Mycht knaw the law, and so the sam ensew.
Latin or Greek would have mocked them. Had he done wryt in Latyne or in Grew,
It had to thame bene bot ane sawrles Iest:[1] 564
ȝe may weill wytt God wrocht all for the best.

The Greeks did like Moses; ☞ Arristotyll nor Plato, I heir sane,
Wrait nocht *th*are hie Philosophie naturall
In Duche, nor Dence, nor toung Italiane, 568
Bot in thare maist ornate toung maternall,
Quhose[2] fame and name doith ryng perpetuall.
and so did the Romans, Famous Virgill, the Prince of Poetrie,
Nor Cicero, the flour of Oratrie, 572

Wrait nocht in Caldye language, nor in Grew,
Nor ȝit in to the language Saraȝene,
Nor in the naturall language of Hebrew,
in writing in Latin. Bot in the Romane toung,—as may be sene,— 576
Quhilk wes thair proper[3] language, as I wene.
Quhen Romanis rang Dominator*is* in deid,
The Ornat Latyne wes *th*are propir leid.

And the Romans In the mene tyme,[4] quhan *that* thir bauld Romance 580
Ouer all the warld had the Dominioun,[5]
founded Latin schools, Maid Latyne Scolis, *th*are glore for tyll auance,
That *th*are language mycht be ouer all co*m*moun;
To that intent, be my Opinioun, 584
hoping that their rule would last for ever. Traistyng that *th*are Impyre sulde ay Indure:
Bot of fortune alway thay wer nocht sure.

Genesis xi. ¶ Off Languagis the first Diuersytie
God's curse Wes maid be Goddis Maledictioun. 588
Quhen Babilone wes beildit in Calde,
Those beildaris gat none vther afflictioun:
Affore the tyme of that punyssioun
has multiplied languages from one to seventy-two. Wes bot one toung, quhilk Adam spak hym self, 592
Quhare now of toungis *th*are bene thre score and twelf.

[1] E gest [2] L, E Quhoss [3] E propir [4] E meintyme [5] E dominatioun

Nochtwithstandyng, I thynk it gret plesour,
Quhare cunnyng men hes languagis anew,
That, in *th*are 3outh, be deligent laubour,
Hes leirnit Latyne, Greik, and ald Hebrew.
That I am nocht of that sorte sore I rew:
Quharefore[1] I wald all bukis necessare
For our faith wer in tyll our toung vulgare.

Still, I admire the learning of divers tongues by the clerkly,

whereof, alas! I am not.

Christ, efter his glorious Ascentioun,
Tyll his Disciplis send the holy Spreit,
In toungis of fyre, to that intentioun,
Thay, beand of all languagis repleit,
Throuch all the warld, with wordis fair and sweit,
Tyll euery man the faith thay suld furth schaw
In thare awin leid, delyuerand thame the Law.

Actis ii.

The tongues of fire were given,

that all might know the Law.

Tharefore[2] I thynk one gret dirisioun
To heir thir Nunnis & Syster*is* nycht and day
Syngand and sayand psalmes and orisoun,
Nocht vnderstandandyng quhat thay syng nor say,
Bot lyke one stirlyng or ane Papingay,
Quhilk leirnit ar to speik be lang vsage:
Thame I compair to byrdis[3] in ane cage.

The Latin services of nuns and sisters

derided;

Rycht so Childreyng[4] and Ladyis[5] of honouris
Prayis in Latyne,—to thame ane vncuth leid,—
Mumland *th*air matynis, euinsang, & *th*are houris,
Thare Pater Noster, Aue, and *th*are Creid.
It wer als plesand to *th*are spreit, in deid,
'God haue mercy on me,' for to say thus,
As to say 'Miserere Mei, Deus.'

and so those of children and high-born ladies.

Sanct Ierome in his propir toung Romane
The Law of God he trewlie did translait,
Out of Hebrew and Greik, in Latyne plane,

Of S. Jerome's versions of the Testaments.

[1] L Quhairfore [2] E Thairfore [3] E beirdis
[4] E Childreng [5] E Ladeis

Quhilk has bene hid frome ws lang tyme, god wait,
Onto this tyme: bot, efter myne consait,
Had Sanct Ierome bene borne in tyll Argyle,[1]
In to Yrische toung his bukis had done compyle.

Had he been an Argyleman, he would have written in Erse.

Prudent sanct Paull doith mak narratioun
Twycheyng[2] the diuers leid of euery land,
Sayand thare bene more edificatioun
In fyue wordis that folk doith vnderstand
Nor to pronunce of wordis[3] ten thousand
In strange langage, sine wait not quhat it menis:
I thynk sic pattryng is not worth[4] twa prenis.

1 *Cor. xiiii.* S. Paul on intelligible speech.

☞ Vnlernit peple,[5] on the holy day,
Solemnitlye thay heir the Euangell soung,
Nocht knawyng[6] quhat *the* preist dois[7] sing nor say,
Bot as ane Bell quhen that thay heir it roung:
3it, wald the Preistis in to *th*are mother toung
Pas to the Pulpitt and that doctryne declair
Tyll lawid pepyll, it wer[8] more necessair.

The unlearned should be preached to in their mother tongue, the proper medium

¶ I wald Prelattis and Doctouris of the Law
With ws lawid peple wer nocht discontent,
Thocht we in to our vulgare toung did knaw
Off Christ Iesu the lyfe and Testament,
And quhow that we sulde keip commandiment;
Bot in our language lat ws pray and reid
Our Pater Noster, Aue, and our Creid.

for their religious instruction and devotions.

¶ I wald sum Prince of gret Discretioun
In vulgare language planelye gart translait
The neidfull lawis of this Regioun:
Than wald thare nocht be half so gret debait
Amang ws peple of the law estait.
Geue[9] euery man the veryte did knaw,
We nedit nocht to treit thir men of law.

And the laws should be in a language generally known,

[1] L Ergile, E Argyll [2] L, E Twyching [3] E vourdis
[4] E vyrth [5] L pepill [6] L vnderstanding
[7] L *th*ai [8] E war [9] L, E Gyff

Tyll do our nychtbour wrang we wald be war,
Gyf we did feir the lawis punysment:
Thare wald nocht be sic brawlyng at the bar,
Nor men of law loup to sic royall rent.
To keip the law gyf all men war content,
And ilk man do as he wald be done to,
The Iugis wald get lytill thyng ado.

for the public benefit.

¶ The Propheit Dauid, Kyng of Israell,
Compyld the plesand Psalmes of the Psaltair[1]
In his awin propir toung, as I heir tell;
And Salamone, quhilk wes his sone and air,
Did mak his buke in tyll his toung vulgair.
Quhy suld nocht *th*are sayng[2] be tyll ws schawin
In our language? I wald the cause wer knawin.

David

and Solomon wrote in their mother tongue;

and we should have the Psalter in ours.

Lat Doctoris wrytt thare[3] curious questionis,
And argumentis sawin full of Sophistrye,
Thare Logick, and *th*are heych Opinionis,
Thare dirk Iugementis of Astronomye,
Thare Medecyne, and *th*are Philosophye;
Latt Poet*is* schaw *th*are glorious Ingyne,
As euer thay pleis, in Greik or in Latyne;

Let the learned

and poets use Latin and Greek at their pleasure;

¶ Bot lat ws haif the bukis necessare
To commoun[4] weill and our Saluatioun
Justlye translatit in our toung Vulgare.
And als I mak the Supplicatioun,
O gentyll Redar, haif none Indignatioun,
Thynkand I mell me with so hie matair.
Now to my purpose fordwart[5] wyll I fair.

but let the books necessary for the common weal and for our salvation be translated into the vulgar tongue.

FINIS.

[1] E Psalter [2] L sayingis [3] L *the* [4] E commond [5] E fordvart

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE CREATIOUN OF ADAM AND EUE.

After the creation of the heavens, sun, moon,

QVHEN God had maid *the* heuinis[1] brycht,
The Sone &[2] Mone for to geue lycht,
The sterry heuin & Christellyne,

Gene. i.

And, be his Sapience diuyne,
The planet*is*, in *th*air circlis round
Quhirling about *with* merie sound,—
Off quhome Phebus was principall,
Iuste in his Lyne Eclipticall,—
And gaue,[3] be Diuyne Sapience,
Tyll euery Ster thare Influence,
With motioun continuall,
Quhilk doith[4] indure perpetuall;
And, farrest[5] frome the heuin Impyre,

God made the earth and sea,

The erth, the walter,[6] air, and fyre:
He cled the erth with herbis and treis;
All kynd of fysches in the seis,

and their tenants,

All kynd of best,[7] he did prepair,
With fowlis fleyng[8] in the air.
Thus, be his word all thyng was wrocht

all out of nothing.

Without materiall, maid of nocht:
So, be his wysedome Infinyte
All wes maid plesand and perfyte.
Quhen heuin and erth,[9] and *th*are contentis,
Wer endit, with *th*are Ornamentis,

Lastly, He fashioned man,

Than, last of all, the Lord began
Off most vyle erth to mak the man.
Nocht of the Lille,[10] nor the Rose,
Nor Syper tre,[11] as I suppose,
Nother of gold, nor precious stonis;

and of clay,

Off erth he maid flesche, blude,[12] and bonis.
To that intent God maid hym thus,

[1] E that havinis [2] E the [3] E gaif [4] L dois
[5] L ferrest [6] L watter, E vattir [7] L beistis [8] L fleind
[9] L erd, E eirth [10] E Lyllie [11] L Cipertre [12] E bluid

That man sulde nocht be glorious,
Nor in hym self no thyng suld se
Bot matere of humylite.
Quhen man wes maid, as I haue tald,
God in his face did hym behald,
Braithand in hym ane lyflie spreit.
Quhen all thir werkis wer compleit,
He maid man, to his simylitude,
Precelland in to pulchritude,
Dotit with gyftis of Nature
Aboue[1] all erthlye creature;
Syne plesandlye did hym[2] conuoye
To[3] ane regioun repleit with Ioye,
Off all plesour quhilk bair the pryce,
And callit erthly[4] Paradyce;
And brocht, be Diuyne prouience,[5]
All beistis and byrdis[6] tyll his presence.
Adam did craftelye Impone
Ane speciall name tyll euery[7] one,
And to all thyngis materiall,
He namyt[8] thame in speciall:
Quhow he thame namyt ȝitt bene kend,
And salbe to the warldlis[9] end.
In to that gardyng of plesance
Two treis grew—most tyll auance,
Aboue[1] all vther quhilk bair the pryce,—
In myddis of that Paradyce.
The one wes callit the tre of lyfe;
The vther tre began our[10] stryfe,—
The tre to knaw boith gude and euyll,—
Quhilk, be perswatioun of the Deuyll,
Began our misarie and wo.
Bot lat ws to our purpose go.
¶ Quhow God gaue[11] Adam strait commande
That tre to twyche nocht with his hand:
All vther fructis of Paradyce

that he should be meek.

Gene. ii.

He was created comely

and most talented,

and was placed in Paradise.

Adam named the animals

and all other objects.

Of the two trees in Eden.

Adam was not to touch the tree of knowledge.

[1] L Abufe [2] L *th*ame [3] L Till [4] L, E erthlie
[5] L sapience [6] L foullis, E beirdis [7] L euerilk
[8] L nemmit [9] L warldis [10] E to [11] L gaif

He bad hym eit[1] at his deuyce;
To eat of it would be death to him. Sayand, gyf thow eit of this tre,
With dowbyll deith than sall thow dee:
Tharefore I the command, be war,[2]
And frome this tree thow stand afar.
Adam was alone. ȝitt Father Adam wes allone,
But cumpanye of ony one.
Than thocht the Lord it Necessare
Tyll hym to[3] Creat ane helpare.
¶ God patt in Adam sic Sapour
He was sent to sleep, That for to sleip he tuke plesour,
And laid hym down apone the grounde;
And quhen[4] Adam wes slepand sounde,
a rib was taken from him, He tuke ane Rib furth[5] of his syde,
Syne fyld it vp with flesche and hyde,
and woman was made therefrom. And maid ane Woman of that bone:
Fairar of forme wes[6] neuer none.
Than tyll Adam Incontinent
That fair Lady he did present,
Quhilk schortlye said, for to conclude,
Thow art my flesche, my bonis, and blude;[7]
She was called Virago, And Virago he callit hir, than,—
Quhilk is, Interpreit, maid of man,—
and then Eve. Quhilk Eua efterwart wes namyt,
Quhen,[8] for hir falt,[9] sche[10] wes diffamyt.
They were sanctified. Than did the Lord thame Sanctyfie,
Saying[11] 'Incres and Multyplie.'
Be this men suld leif all thare kyn,
Men should cling to their wives; And with *thare* Wyffis mak dwellyn,
And, for *thare* saik, leif Father and Mother,
And lufe thame best aboue all vther:
For God hes ordanit thame, trewlye,
for they two are one, bodily. To be two saulis in one bodye.
¶ My wytt is waik for tyll Indyte
Thare heuinlye plesouris Infinyte.
Wes neuer none erthlye[12] Creature

[1] E ait [2] E vare [3] E cum to [4] L quhan [5] L out
[6] E vas [7] L my bonis, flesche and blude [8] L Quhan
[9] E fame [10] E scho [11] L Sayand [12] L erdlie, E erthly

Sen syne had sic perfyte plesoure.
Thay had puyssance Imperiall
Aboue all thyng materiall.
Als cunnyng Clerkis dois conclude,
Adam preceld[1] in pulchritude
Most Naturall,—and the farest man
That euir wes, sen the warld began,
Except Christ Iesu, Goddis Sonne,
To quhome wes no comparisone;
And Eua, the fairest Creature
That euer wes formit be[2] nature.
Thocht thay wer naikit as thay wer maid.
No[3] schame ather of vther haid.
Quhat plesour mycht ane man haif more
Nor[4] haif his Lady hym before,
So lustye, plesand, and perfyte,
Reddy to serue his appetyte!
Thay had none vther cure, I wys,
Bot past *th*are tyme with Ioye and blys.
Wyld Beistis did to thame repair;
So did the Fowlis of the air,
With noyis[5] most Angelycall
Makand thame myrthis Musicall;
The fyschis soumand[6] in the strandis
Wer holelye[7] at *th*are commandis:
All Creatur*is*, with ane accorde,
Obeyit hym[8] as *th*are souerane Lorde.
Thay sufferit nother heit nor cald,
With euery plesour that thay wald.
Als, to the deith thay wer nocht thrall;
And rychtso[9] suld we haue[10] bene all:
For he and all his Successouris
Suld haue[10] possedit those plesouris,
Syne frome that Ioye materiall
Gone to the glore Imperiall.
Thay had, geue[11] I can rycht discryue,

Great was their happiness.

Adam

and Eve were passing fair.

They were naked, but not ashamed.

Of Eve's graces.

The beasts,

birds,

and fishes were under them.

They wanted for nothing;

and their posterity might have been equally favoured.

[1] L precellit [2] E off [3] L Na [4] L Than [5] L ioyis
[6] L s̄wemand, E swoumand [7] L halalye [8] L *th*ame
[9] L richtsua, E rycht so [10] E haif [11] L gif, E gyue

They enjoyed greatly the senses of

Gret Ioy in all *th*are wyttis fyue,—
In heiryng, seyng, gustyng, smellyng,
Induryng *th*are delytesum dwellyng :

hearing,

Heiryng the byrdis armoneis,

taste,

Taistyng the fructis[1] of diuers treis,

smell,

Smellyng the balmye dulce odouris
Quhilk did proceid frome fragrant flowris,
Seyng so[2] mony heuinlye hewis
Off[3] blomes brekyng[4] on the bewis ;

and touch.

Off twycheyng, als, thay had delyte
Off vtheris bodeis soft and quhyte,
But doute. Induryng that plesour,

Were they chaste?

Thay luffit vther Paramour,—
No maruell bene thocht swa suld be,
Consyderyng thare gret bewte.
Als, God gaue[5] thame command expres

They were to increase.

To multyplie and tyll incres,
That *th*are seid and successioun
Mycht pleneis euery Natioun.
¶ I lyst nocht tarye tyll declare
All properteis of that place preclare :—

Delectable

Quhow herbis and treis grew ay grene,
Nor of the temporat air serene ;
Quhow fructis Indeficient,
Ay alyke rype and redolent ;
Nor of the Fontane, nor the fludis,
Nor of the flowris pulchritudis.

was Eden.

That mater Clerkis dois declare ;
Quharefore[6] I speik of thame na mare.
The Scripture mak*is* no mentioun
Quhow lang thay rang in that Regioun ;

Probably their abode in it was but brief.

Bot I beleue the tyme wes schorte,
As diuers Doctouris dois reporte.

* FINIS. *

[1] L frute [2] L sa [3] L W*ith* [4] L brekand, E breiking [5] E gaif [6] L, E Quharfore

OF THE[1] MISERABYLL TRANSGRESSIOUN OF ADAM.

COURTIOUR.[2]

"FATHER, Hov happinnit[3] *that* mischance?"
(Quod I): "schaw me the circumstance,
Declaryng me that cairfull cace,
Quhow Adam lost that plesand place — How did Adam lose Eden, for himself and his descendants?
Frome hym and his Successioun.
Quhow did proceid that transgressioun?"

EXPERIENCE.[2]

Quod he: "efter my rude Ingyne
I sall rehers the that rewyne.
Quhen God, the Plasmatour of all, — God made,
In to the heuin Imperiall
Did Creat all the Angell*is* brycht,
He maid one Angell most of mycht, — among the angels, one superior to all,
To quhome he gaif preheminence,
Aboue thame all, in sapience.
Because all vther he did prefer,
Namit he wes brycht Lucefer. — Lucifer.
He wes so plesand and so fair
He thocht hym self without compair,
And grew so gay and glorious
He gan[4] to be presumptuous, — He grew proud,
And thocht that he wald sett his sait
In to the north, and mak debait
Agane the Maiestie Diuyne; — and opposed God,
Quhilk wes the cause of his rewyne.
For he incurrit Goddis Yre,
And banyst frome the heuin[5] Impyre — who banished him,

[1—1] L Heir followis [2] E omitted [3] E hapnit
[4] E begane [5] E havin

with many of his fellows. With Angellis mony one Legioun,
Quhilk*is*[1] wer of his opinioun.
Innumerabyll with hym thare fell:
Where they went. Sum lychtit in the lawest hell,
Sum in the sey did mak repair,
Sum in the erth, sum in the air.
That most vnhappy cumpanye
They envied Adam. Att Father Adam had Inuye,
Parsaueyng[2] Adam and his seid
In to *th*are places to[3] succeid.
The Serpent wes the subtellest
Aboue all beistis, and craftyest.
Genesis iii. Than Sathan, with ane fals intent,
Satan entered into the serpent, Did enter in to that Serpent;
Imagenyng sum craftye wyle,
who, to beguile Adam, Quhow he mycht Adam best begyle,
And gar[4] hym brek commandiment.
addressed himself to fickle Eve. Bot to the woman first he went:
Traistyng the better to preuaill,
Full subtellye did hir assaill.
With facund wordis, fals and fair,
He grew with hir familiair,
That he his purpose mycht auance;
Beleuand in hir Inconstance.
Why does she shun the tree of knowledge? ¶ 'Quhat is the cause, Madame,' said[5] he,
'That ȝe forbeir ȝone plesand tre,
Quhilk bene, but peir, most pretious,
Quhose fruct bene moste delytious?'
She alleges 'I Nyll,'[6] quod sche,[7] 'thare to accord:
We ar forbyddin be the Lord,
The quhilk hes geuin ws lybertie
Tyll eait[8] of euery fruct and tre
Quhilk growis in to Paradyse:
Brek we command, we ar nocht wyse.
He gaue[9] tyll ws ane strait command
her reason. That tre to twyche nocht with our hand:

[1] L Quhilk [2] L, E Persaueyng [3] L place for to
[4] E gart [5] L quod [6] L will not [7] E scho
[8] E eit [9] L, E geff

Eit we of it, without remede,
He said, but dout, we sulde be dede.
Beleue nocht that, said the Serpent:
Eit ȝe of it, Incontinent
Repleit ȝe sall be with Science,
And haif perfyte Intelligence,
Lyke God hym self, of[1] euyll and gude.
Than, haistellye for to conclude,
Heiryng of this prerogatyue,[2]
Sche pullit doun the fruct belyue,
Throw counsall of the fals Serpent,
And eit of it, to that intent,[3]
And patt hir Husband in beleue,
That plesand fruct gyf he wald preue,
That he suld be als Sapient
As the gret God Omnipotent.
Thynk ȝe nocht that ane plesand thyng,
That we, lyke God, suld euer ryng?
He, herand this Narratioun,
And be hir solistatioun,
Mouit be prydefull ambitioun,
He eit, on that conditioun.

The serpent rejoins.

She ate, and urged Adam, who,

seduced,

did likewise.

The principall poyntis of this offence
War pryde and Inobedience,
Desyring for to be Equall
To God, the Creature of all.
Allace! Adam, quhy did thow so?
Quhy causit thow this mortall wo?
Had thow bene constant, firme, and stabyll,
Thy glore had bene Incomparabyll.
Quhare[4] wes thy consyderatioun,
Quhilk had the Dominatioun
Off euery leuyng Creature
That God had formit be[5] Nature,
Tyll vse thame at thy awin deuyse?
Wes thow nocht prince of Paradyse?

The nature of the offence.

What did not Adam forfeit by it!

[1] L in [2] E omits from l. 927 to l. 958 [3] L incontinent
[4] L Quhan [5] L of

Till then he excelled in — Wes neuer man, sen syne, on lyue
That God gaue sic Prerogatyue :
strength, — He gaif the strenth aboue Sampsone,
wisdom, — And sapience more than Salomone ;
3oung Absolone, in his tyme moste fair,
beauty, — To thy bewte wes no compair ;
Arestotyll thow did precell
natural philosophy, — In to Phylosophie naturell ;
poetry, — Virgill, in tyll his Poetrye,
Nor Cicero, in tyll[1] Oratrye,
and oratory. — War neuer half so Eloquent.
Quhy brak thow Godd*is* commandiment ?
Quhare wes thy wytt, that wald nocht flee
Had not he free-will not to sin? — Far frome the presens of that tree ?
Gaif nocht thy Maker the fre wyll
To take the gude and leif the euyll ?
He was without excuse; — Quhow mycht thy forfalt be excusit,
That Godd*is* commandiment refusit,
overcome of woman, — Throuch thy wyffis perswasioun ?
Quhilk hes bene the occasioun,
like many a man since; — Sen syne, that mony nobyll men,[2]
Be the euyll counsall of wemen,
Alluterlye distroyit bene,
as history teaches. — As in the Storeis may be sene,
Quhilk now we neid nocht tyll declair,
Bot fordwart tyll our purpose fair.
Quhen thay had eaitin of the frute,
Off Ioye than wer thay destitute.
Naked, they felt shame, and made themselves — Than gan[3] thay, boith,[4] for to[5] thynk schame,
And to be naikit thocht defame,
breeches, for decency. — And maid thame Breik*is* of leuis grene,
That thair secreit*is* suld nocht be sene.
Bot in the stait of Innocence
Thay had none sic experience ;
Bot, quhen thay war to Syn subiectit,
To schame and dreid thay war coactit.

[1] L his [2] E man [3] E begane [4] L, E boyth [5] E till

And in ane busk thay hid thame cloce,[1]
Aschamit of the Lordis voce,
Quhilk callit Adam be his name.
Quod he; my Lord, I thynk gret schame
Naikit to cum to thy presence.
Thow had none sic experience,
Quod God, quhen thow wes Innocent.
Quhy brake thow my commandiment?
Allace! quod Adam to the Lorde,
The veritie I sall recorde:
This woman that thow gaif to me
Gart me eit of ȝone plesand tre.
Rychtso the woman hir excusit,
And said: the Serpent me abusit.
Than to the Serpent God said thus:
O thow Dissauer venimous,[2]
Because the woman thow begylit,
Frome thyne furth sall thow be exylit:
Curst and waryit[3] sall thow be;
So sall thy seid be, efter the:
Cauld erth[4] salbe thy fude, also,
And creipand on[5] thy breist sall go:
Als, I sall putt Inamite[6]
Betuix the woman, euer, and the:
Betuix thy seid and womanis seid
Salbe continuall[7] mortall feid.
Quhowbeit thow hes wrocht thir myscheuis,
It sall nocht be as thow beleuis:
Sic seid salbe in woman sawin,
That thy power salbe doun thrawin;
Treddyng thy heid that thow may feill;
And thow sall tred hym on[8] the heill.
This was his promys and menyng,
That the Immaculat Uirgyng
Sulde beir the Prince Omnipotent,
Quhilk suld tred doun that fals Serpent,

They hide themselves.

God calls to Adam.

Adam's reply.

God's rejoinder.

Adam and Eve confess in full.

The serpent is cursed to feed on clay, to grovel, to be hated of man, and to be worsted by him.

By this, the mission of Christ was mystically denoted,

[1] L closs [2] E vennemous, L venomus [3] E vareit
[4] L erd [5] E onder [6] E Inanimitie
[7] L perpetuall [8] E doun

and the confusion of Satan.

Sathan, and all his companye,
And thame confunde[1] alluterlye.

COURTIOUR.

Quod I: geue[2] Sathan, prince of hell,
Spak in the Serpent, as ȝe tell,
And beistis can no way syn at all,
Questions about the serpent.
Quhy wes the Serpent maid so thrall?
I heir men say, affore[3] that hour
The Serpent had ane fair figour,
And ȝeid straucht[4] vp vpone his feit,
And had his membris all compleit,
As vtheris beistis vpone the bent.

EXPERIENCE.

He was the tool of Satan, and was punished accordingly.

Quod he: for he wes Instrument
To Sathan, in this Miserie,
Puneist he wes, as ȝe may se;
As, be experience, thow may knaw,
Expres in to the commoun[5] Law,
Ane man conuickit for bewgrye,
An analogy instanced from the common law.
The beist is brynt, als weill as he,
Quhowbeit the beist be Innocent:
And so befell of the Serpent.
It was the Feynd, full of dispyte,
Off Adamis fall quhilk had the wyte,
As he hes had of mony mo:
Bot tyll our purpose lat ws go.

Eve is sentenced

¶ Than to the woman, for hir offence,
God did[6] pronunce this sore sentence:
All plesour that thow had afforrow
Sall cheangit be in lestyng sorrow:
Quhare[7] that thow suld with myrth and Ioy
Haue borne thy byrth, butt pane or noy,
to suffer dolor in child-birth,
Now all thy bairnis[8] sall thow bair
With dolour and continuall cair;
and to be
And thow salbe, for oucht thow can,

[1] L confound [2] E gyff [3] E affoir [4] E straycht
[5] L cannoun [6] E dois [7] E, L quhair [8] E, L barnis

Euer subiectit[1] to the man.
Be this sentence God did conclude
Wemen frome lybertie denude,
Quhilk, be experience, ȝe may se,—
Quhow Quenis of moste hie degre
Ar vnder moste subiectioun,
And sufferis moste correctioun;
For thay, lyke byrdis in tyll[2] ane cage,
Ar keipit ay vnder thirlage:
So all wemen, in thare[3] degre,
Suld to thare[3] men subiectit be.
Quhowbeit, sum ȝit wyll stryue[4] for stait,
And for the maistrye[5] mak debait,
Quhilk gyf thay want, boith ewin and morrow
Thare men wyll suffer mekle sorrow.
Off Eue thay tak that qualite,
To desyre Soueranite.
And than tyll Adam said the Lord:
Because that thow hes done accord
Thy wyll, and harknit[6] to thy wyfe,
Now sall thow lose this plesand[7] lyfe.
Thow wes tyll hir obedient;
Bot thow brake my commandiment.
Curste and baren the erth[8] salbe,
Quhare euer[9] thow gois, tyll that thow de:
But laubour, it sall beir no corne,
Bot Thirsyll, Nettyll, Breir, and Thorne:
For fude thow gettis none vther beild,
Bot eait the herbis apone the feild:
Sore laubouryng, tyll thy browis sweit,
Frome thyne furth sall thow wyn thy meit.
I maid the of the erth,[8] certane;
And thow in erth sall turne agane.
Than maid he thame Abilȝement,[10]
Off skynnis ane raggit rayment,
Thame to preserue frome heit and cauld:

subject to her man.
Women are still so subject;
and so they should be.
In striving for the mastery,
they do after Eve.
Adam is sentenced.
For his disobedience, the earth is to be barren,
to need tilling,
and to be weedy;
and he is to die.
He and his wife are clothed.

[1] L subject [2] E omitted, L intill [3] E, L thair
[4] E stryf, L strive [5] L maisterie [6] L herkint
[7] E present [8] E erd [9] E Quhair evyr [10] L Habilȝement

Than grew thare dolour[1] mony fauld. 1096
Divine irony. Now, Adam, ar ȝe lyke tyll ws,
With ȝour gay garment[2] glorious:
To thame thir wordis said the Lorde.
Than cryit thay boith Misericorde, 1100
The expulsion from Eden. Quhen frome that Garth, with hartis sore,
Baneist thay wer, for euer more,
On to this wracheit vaill of sorrow,
With daylie laubour, ewin[3] and morrow. 1104
Efter quhose dolorous departyng,
A cherub is set to guard it, The Lorde gaue Paradyce in kepyng
Tyll ane Angell of Ierubin,
That none suld haue[4] entres thare in; 1108
Att the quhilk entres he did[5] stand,
With flammand fyrie sweird[6] in hand,
lest they should taste of the tree of life, To keip that Adam and his wyfe
Sulde nocht taist of the tre of lyfe: 1112
For, geue[7] thay of that tre had preuit,
and live for ever. Perpetuallye thay mycht haue leuit.
So Adam and his Successioun
Off Paradyce tynt possessioun; 1116
The fruit of original sin. And be this syn Originall
War men to Miserie maid thrall.
My Sonne, now may thow cleirly se,
This warld began with misere; 1120
With miserie it doith proceid,
Quhose fyne sall dolour be and dreid.

COURTIOUR.

Father,[8] quod I, quhat kynd of lyfe
How then fared it with the twain? Led Adam, with his lustye wyfe, 1124
Efter thare bailfull banesyng?[9]

EXPERIENCE.

They wept, Quod he: continuall womentyng:
My hart hes ȝitt[10] compassioun,
and wandered to and fro, Quhow thay went wandryng vp and doun, 1128

[1] E dolor, L dollour [2] L garmond [3] E evyn, L evin
[4] E haiff [5] L doith [6] L suerd [7] E gyff
[8] L Fader [9] L banissing [10] E ȝeit

Weipyng,[1] with mony lowde 'allace!' — regretting Paradise,
That thay had lost that plesand place,
In wyldernes to be exilde,[2]
Quhare thay fand nocht bot beistis[3] wylde, — and dreading the wild beasts.
Manesyng thame for tyll deuore,
Quhilk*is* all obedient war affore.

COURTIOUR.

Father,[4] quod I, in quhat countre — Where did they then dwell?
Did leif Adam, efter that he
Was banesit frome that delyte?[5]

EXPERIENCE.

Clerkis, quod he, hes put in wryte
Quhow Adam dwelt, with[6] mekle baill,
In Mamber,—in that lusty vaill — In Mamre,
Quhilk efter was the Iowis land,—
Quhare ȝit his Sepulture dois[7] stand. — where is Adam's tomb. *Gene. iiii.*
I lyste nocht tary tyll discryue
The wo of Adam nor his wyue;[8]
Nor tell quhen[9] thay had Sonnis two, — Of their two eldest sons.
Cayn[10] and Abell, and no mo;
Nor quhow curst Cayn,[10] for Inuy, — Cain slew Abel.
Did slay[11] his Brother creuelly;[12]
Nor of thare murnyng nor thare mone,
Quhen thay, but Sonnis, wer left allone,—
Abell lay slane vpone the ground,
Curst Cayn flemit and Uacabound;
Nor quhow God, of his speciall grace, — Of their third son,
Send thame the thrid Sonne, fair of face,
Most lyke Adam of flesche and blude,—
Seth was his name, gratious and gude;—
Nor quhow blynd Lameth raikleslye[13] — Lamech, who killed Cain.
Did slay Cayn,[10] vnhappelye.
Adam, as Clerkis dois discriue, — Adam, by Eve,
Begat with Eue,[14] his wofull wyue,

[1] E Weping [2] E exilid [3] E baistis [4] L Fader
[5] L delite [6] L in [7] L doith [8] E wyffe
L quhow [10] L Cayam [11] L sla [12] L crewally
[13] L rekleslie [14] L Ewe

had 32 sons, and as many daughters.

Off men Childryng[1] thretty and two,
And of Dochteris alyke also.
Be this thow may weill vnderstand
That Adam saw mony ane thowsand
That of his body did discend,
Or he out of the warld did wend.

Gene. v. He lived 930 years, and in sorrow,

Adam leifit in erth, but weir,
Compleit nyne hundreth and thretty 3eir;
And all his dayis war bot sorrow,
Rememberyng, boith ewin and morrow,
Off Paradyce the prosperitie,

looking backwards

Syne of his gret[2] miseritie:
His hart mycht neuer be reiosit,
Remembryng quhow the heuin wes closit

and forwards,

Frome hym and his successioun,
And that, be his transgressioun.

and died, and went to Hades,

Efter his deith, as I heir tell,
His Saul discendit to[3] the hell,
And thare remanit presoneir,

for 3000 years and more,

In that Dungeoun,[4] thre thousand 3eir
And more,—so did boith euyll[5] and gude,—

till Christ came,

Tyll Christ for thame had sched his blude:
Than, be that most precious ransoun,

when he was released.

Thay wer delyuerit of presoun.
I haue[6] declarit now, as I can,
The miserie of the first man.

FINIS.

[1] E, L childrene [2] E gryt [3] E into [4] E Doungeoun
[5] L ewill [6] E haif

HEIR FOLLOWIS[1] QUHOV GOD DISTROYIT ALL LEUEAND[2] CREATURE[3] IN ERTH, FOR SYN, AND DROWNIT THAME, BE ANE TERRIBYLL FLUDE,[4] IN THE TYME OF NOYE.[5]

COURTIOUR.

PRVDENT Father[6] Experience,
Declare to me, or ȝe go hence,
Quhat wes the cause God did distroye
All Creature, in the tyme of Noye.

Why was the flood?

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he: I trymmyll[7] for to tell,
That Infortune,[8] quhow it befell;
The cause bene so abhominabyll,
And the mater so miserabyll.
Bot, for to schaw the Circumstance,
Manefestlye, of that myschance,
First I mon gar the[9] vnderstand
Quhow Adam gaif expresse command
That those[10] quhilk*is* come[11] of Sethis blude,
Because thay wer gratious[12] and gude,
Suld nocht contract[13] with Cainnis[14] kyn,
Quhilk*is* wer[15] Inclynit, all, to Syn.
Tyll obserue that commandiment,
Cain[16] past in the Orient,
With his wyfe, callit Calmana,—
Quhilk was his awin Syster alswa,—
Quhare his[17] ofspryng did lang remane,
Besyde the Montane of Tarbane.[18]

From a deplorable cause.

Gene. vi. Adam's command to Seth's children touching intermarriage.

Of Cain and his wife Calmana,

in Taprobane.

[1] E beginnis [2] L leving [3] E creatoure [4] E fluid [5] L Except Noye and his cumpany [6] L Fader [7] L trimbill [8] L infortoun [9] L ȝow [10] L thois [11] L war [12] L gracius [13] E contrack [14] L Cayamis [15] L wer all [16] L Cayam [17] E Quhais [18] L Terbane

Of Seth and his wife Delbora.

And Seth did lang tyme lede[1] his lyfe;
With Delbora, his prudent wyfe,
Quhilk wes his Syster, gude and fair,
In Damassene[2] maid thare repair:
In[3] that countre of Sethis clan
Discendit mony holy man.

Adam, only while living, was obeyed.

So lang as Adam wes leueand,[4]
The peple[5] did obserue command;
Quhen he wes dede, and laid in ground,
And peple greitly[6] did abound,[7]
And Cayn[8] slane, as I haue schawin,
And Sethis dayis all ouer[9] blawin,

Seth's sons, beholding the fair daughters of Cain,

The Sonnis, than, of Sethis blude,
Seand the plesand pulchritude
Off the Ladyis of Caynnis[10] kyn,
Quhowbeit thay knew weill it wes Syn,

concupiscent, wedded with them;

Opprest with sensuall lustis rage,
Did tak thame in to Mariage:

and sin waxed rife.

And so corruptit wes that blude,
The gude with euyll, and euyll with gude.
Than, as the peple did incres,
Thay did abound[7] in wickitnes,[11]
As holy Scripture dois rehers:

The poet's modesty.

Quhilk I abhor to putt in vers,
Or tell with toung I am nocht abyll;
The suthe bene so abhominabyll,—

Of lust antiphysical and otherwise.

Quhow men and wemen[12] schamefullye
Abusit thame self*is* vnnaturallye;
Quhose foull abhominatioun
And vncouthe fornicatioun
I thynk gret schame to putt in wryte.

See Paulus Orosius, for particulars.

All that Paull Orose doith indyte;
Quhilk gyf I wald at lenth declair,
It wer yneuch[13] to fyill the air.
Gret Clerk*is* of Antiquiteis
Hes wryttin mony trew storeis,

[1] L leid [2] L Dammassyne [3] L Off [4] L, E levand [5] L pepill [6] E grytlie [7] L habound [8] L Cayam [9] E owr [10] Cayamis [11] E vekidnes [12] E vomen [13] L aneuch

Quhilk*is* ar worthy to be commendit,
Quhowbeit thay be nocht comprehendit — From among divers legends
At lenth in the Diuyne Scripture:
Bot I sall do my besye cure
To tak the best,—as I suppose,— — I pick only the most pertinent;
That moste pertenis[1] my purpose;
And, with support of Christ, our kyng,
I purpose to confirme no thyng
Off the Auld Hystoricience
Contrarious tyll[2] his excellence.
Quhowbeit, sum mennis Traditionis,— — resolved to keep, mainly, to
Contrar[3] Chrystis Institutionis,— — authentic facts.
Off thame thocht sum thyng I declair,
Now latt ws proceid forthermair,
And, with[4] ane Language lamentabyll,
Declare this mater miserabyll.

COURTIOUR.

¶ Father,[5] the causis wald I knaw — Why was the law of nature broken?
Quhy thay of nature brak the Law.

EXPERIENCE.

I traist, quod he, that wyckitnes — Wickedness is the child of idleness.
Generith, throw[6] sleuthfull ydilnes,
The Deuyll, with all the craft he can.
Quhen he persauis ane ydill man,
Or woman geuin tyll[7] ydilnes,
He gettis eaisalye[8] entres;
And so, be this occasioun,
And be the Feindis perswasioun,
The hole[9] warld, vniuersalye,
Corruptit was alluterlye.

COURTIOUR.

Quhat wes the cause thay ydill ware? — Why were folk idle?
That cace, quod I, to me declare.

[1] E partenis [2] L to [3] L contrar to [4] L in
[5] L Fader [6] Generit of [7] L to [8] E eissaly, L esalie
[9] E holl

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he: be my Imaginatioun,
For lack of virtuous occupation. For laik of vertuous Occupatioun:
For of Craft*is* thay had small vsage,
Off Marchandyce, nor lawborage.
There was little need for men to exert themselves, The erth, than, wes so plentuous
Off fruct[1] and Spyce delicious;
The herbis wer so confortabyll,
Delytesum, and Medicinabyll;[2]
The Fontannis, fresche and redolent;
To laubouryng[3] thay tuke lytill tent.
All maner of beistis, at thare plesour,
Did multyplie, without laubour.
from Adam's time till Noah's. The tyme betuix Adam and Noye
To se the erth[4] it wes gret Ioye,
Plantit with precious treis of pryce.
Four famous Fludis of Paradyce
Ran throw the erth, in syndrie partis,
Spreddyng[5] thare branchis in all airtis.
The walter was so strang and fyne,
The bounty of nature dispensed them from toil, Thay wald nocht laubour to mak wyne;
The fruct[1] and herbis wer so gude,
Thay maid no cair for vther fude:
And so the peple tuke no cure,
Bot past[6] thare[7] tyme at thare plesure,[8]
Ay fyndand new Inuentionis,
to their harm. To fulfyll thare Intentionis.
So that the Lord Omnipotent
God repents. That he maid man did hym repent,
And schew on tyll his Seruand Noye
Noah is warned of the world's destruction. That he wald all the warld distroye,
Except hym self and his Meinȝe.
Allace! quod Noye, quhen sall that be?
Than said the Lord: sen thow so speris,
It is put off for 120 years. I sall Prolong sax score of ȝeris,
Tarying vpone[9] thare repentence,

[1] L frute [2] L medicionabill
[3] E lawbowring, L lauborage [4] L warld [5] L spreiding
[6] E passit [7] L the [8] E plesour [9] L apoun

Or I fulfyll my Iust Sentence.
In the mene tyme fall thow to warke
Incontinent, and beild ane Arke;
Quhilk[1] Noye began, Obedientlye,
And wrocht on it Continuallye,
And to the peple daylie[2] precheit:
To cry for grace he to thame techeit,
And to thame planelye did declair
That God his wand no more wald spair,
Bot on thame he wald wryk vengence.[3]
To Noye 3it gaue[4] thay no credence;
And so thay wer Incounsolabyll,
Usyng thare luste abhominabyll,
And tuke his precheyng in dispyte,
Ay followyng thare foull delyte,
More and more, tyll that dulefull day
Quhilk[5] all the warld pat[6] in affray.

By command,
Noah builds an ark,
and meantime preaches.
Men would none of his sermons,
but went on from bad to worse.

COURTIOUR.

¶ Father,[7] 3e gart me vnderstand,
Quhen Adam brak the Lord*is* command,
Tyll agment his afflictioun,
God gaue his Maledictioun
On to the erth, quhilk[8] wes so fair,
That it suld barren be and bair,
And, without laubour, beir no corne
Nor fruct,[9] bot thirsyll,[10] breir, and thorne.
Now say 3e, in the tyme of Noye
To se the erth it wes gret Ioye,
Plantit with fructis gude and fair.
The suthe of this to me declair:
Thir saying*is* two gar me consydder,
Quhow 3e mak thame agre to gydder.

If God cursed the earth with barrenness,
how was it so fruitful in the days of Noah?

EXPERIENCE.

God maid that promys,[11] sickerlye;

The curse took

[1] L than [2] L dalie [3] L wengeance [4] E geff
[5] L That [6] L put [7] L Fader [8] L that [9] L frute
[10] E thrissill [11] E promes, L promis

not full effect at once,
Quhowbeit, it come nocht instantlye,
Quod he, as Clerkis dois conclude;
but after the flood.
Bot, efter, quhen the furious Flude
Distroyit the erth[1] alluterlye,
Than come that promys, sickerlye.
Even so, Adam
Ewin siclyke as God gaue[2] command
Adam to twyche nocht with his hand,
Nor eait of, the forbiddin tree,—
Geue[3] he did so, that he sulde dee;
was to die, but died not straight-way;
Quhowbeit, he deit nocht, but weir,
Efter that day nyne hundreth ȝeir.
Esay. ix.
Rychtso, the Propheit Esayas,
and the Messiah was to come,
Speikand of Christ, the gret Messias,
Sayand, the Bairne[4] is tyll ws borne,
To saif[5] mankynd quhilk is forlorne,
As he had bene borne Instantlye;
but came not for long years.
ȝit wes he nocht borne, veralye,
Efter that saying mony one ȝeir,
As in the Scripture thow may heir.
ii Pet. iii.
Ane thousand ȝeir, quho reknyth[6] rycht,
With God is no time.
Is bot one hour in Goddis sycht.
Exemplis[7] mony I mycht tell,
Wer it nocht tedious for to dwell.
Tyll our purpose latt ws proceid,
Description of the ark.
Schawand the heycht, and[8] lenth, and breid,
And qualitie of Noyis Arke,
Quhilk wes ane rycht[9] excellent warke,—
Its build,
Off Pyne tre maid, bound weill about,
Laid ouer with pik, within[10] and out,
Iunit[11] full close with nalis strong,
dimensions,
And wes thre hundreth Cubitt*is* long,
Fifty in breid, thretty in heycht;[12]
Thre Chalmeris, Iunit weill and wycht,[13]
And euerilk loft aboue ane vther;
and lack of working gear.
Withouttin anker, air, or ruther.
Ane rycht Cubeit, as I heir tell,

[1] L erd [2] L, E gaif [3] E geff, L gif [4] L barne [5] L sauf
[6] L rekins [7] L Exampillis [8] L omitted [9] E rycht and
[10] L baith in [11] L Ioynit [12] L hicht [13] E veycht

Off misour[1] now mycht be ane ell.
In the myd syde ane dur thare wes, — It had a door,
For Beistis ane easy[2] entres.
This Ark, quhilk was boith lang and lairge,[3]
Maid in the bodum[4] lyke one Bairge,[5]—
Couerit with burdis weill abufe,
Moste lyke ane housse with sett on rufe,— — a roof,
Quhose rigyng[6] wes ane Cubeit braid,
Quharein thare wes ane wyndo maid,— — a window,—
Sum sayis, weill closit with Christall cleir, — glazed, haply.
Quharethrouch the day lycht mycht weil appeir.
This work the more wes to be prysit,
Because be God it was deuysit. — *Gene. vii.*
The makyng of this Ark, but weir, — It took a century to construct it.
Indurit weill ane hundreth ȝeir.
¶ Quhen Noye had done compleit this wark,
God did hym close[7] within the Ark;
With hym, his wyfe, and Sonnis thre, — Noah and his family embark,
With thare thre wyfis, but mo menȝe;
And of all foulis of the air
Off euerilk kynd enterit ane pair; — with birds and beasts, in pairs,
Rychtso, two Beistis of euerilk kynde;
For quhy it wes the Lordis mynde
That generatioun suld nocht faill:
Quharefor of Fameill and of Maill
Off euerilk kynd wer keipit two. — for propagation's sake.
Bot to rehers myne[8] hart is wo
The dolent Lamentatioun,
That tyme, of euerilk Natioun,
Sayand 'allace!' ane thousand syis,
Quhen wynd and rane began to ryis:
The Roik*is* with rerd began to ryue,
Quhen vglie cluddis[9] did ouerdryue, — The flood is ushered in
And dirkynnit so the Heuinnis[10] brycht
That Sonne nor Mone mycht schaw no lycht:

[1] E mesour [2] L esy [3] E, L large [4] E boddom
[5] E, L Barge [6] E rigin [7] L cloiss [8] L my
[9] E cloudis [10] E Hevynnis

The terrabyll trymling[1] of erth[2] quaik
Gart Biggyngis[3] bow, and Cieteis schaik;
with a great commotion of the elements. The thounder raif the cluddis sabyll,
With horrabyll sound appouentabyll; 1416
The fyreflauchtis flew ouerthorte the fellis;
Than wes thare nocht bot ȝowtis and ȝellis:
Quhen thay persauit without remede
All Creature to suffer dede. 1420
All Fontains frome the erth vp sprang,
It rains for 40 days and nights. And frome the Heuin the rane doun dang
Fourty dayis and fourty nychtis.
Than ran the Peple to the heychtis: 1424
Sum clam in cragis, sum in treis,
And sum to heychast[4] montanis fleis,
Consternation With mȯre terrour nor I can tell.
Bot all for nocht: the fludis fell, 1428
And wynd did rowt with sic ane reird
That euerilk wycht[5] waryit[6] his weird,
Cryand, allace! that thay wer borne,
Into that flude to be forlorne. 1432
ensues, Men mycht no help mak to thare wyfis,
Nor ȝit support thare bairnis[7] lyfis.
The Fludis rose[8] with so gret[9] mychtis
That thay ouer couerit all the heychtis: 1436
Thay mycht no more thare lyuis lenth,
Bot swame so lang as thay had strenth,
And so, with cryis Lamentabyll,
and death. Endit thare lyuis Miserabyll. 1440
Aboue[10] montanis that wer moste hie
Fifty Cubitis rose the see.
Men may Imagyne, in thare mynd,
All Creature, in to thare kynd, 1444
How dumb Boith Beist*is* and Foulis in the air,
In thare maneir maid mekle[11] cair.
The Fyschis thocht thame euyll begyld,[12]
creatures Quhen thay swame throuch[13] the woddis wyld; 1448

[1] E trymbling, L trimbling [2] E erd
[3] E begynnis, L bigings [4] L hiest [5] E Veycht
[6] E wareit [7] L barnis [8] L roiss so [9] L with sic mychtis
[10] L Abufe [11] L mekill [12] E begylit [13] L throw

Quhalis tumbland[1] amang the treis,
Wyld Beistis swomand[2] in the seis.
Byrdis, with mony pietuous[3] pew,
Afferitlye in the air thay flew
So lang as thay had strenth to flee,
Syne swatterit doun in to the see.
No thyng in erth wes left on lyue,
Beistis nor Foulis, Man nor Wyue :[4]
God holelye[5] did thame distroye,
Except thame in the Ark, with Noye,
The quhilk lay fleittand on the flude :
Welterand[6] amang the stremes wode,
With mony terrabyll affrayis,
Remanit ane hundreth and fyfty dayis,
In gret langour and heuynes,[7]
Or wynd or[8] rane began to ceis ;
Sumtyme effectuouslye prayand,
Sumtyme the Beistis vesiand :
For, be the Lordis commandiment,
He maid prouisioun suffecient.

comported themselves the while.

All living perished,

save Noah and his party.

For 150 days it was heavy weather.

For Noye dwelt in that[9] Ark, but dout,
Ane ȝeir compleit, or he come out ;—
Quhow, at more lenth in holy wryte
This dulefull storye bene Indyte,
And quhow that Noye gan[10] to reiose,
Quhen Conductis of the heuin did close,
So that the Rane no more discendit,[11]
Nor[12] the flude no more ascendit.[13]
Quhen he persauit the heuinnis cleir,
He send furth Corbe, Messingeir,
In to the Air, for to espy
Geue[14] he saw ony montanis dry.
Sum sayis the Rauin did furth remane,
And come nocht to the Ark agane.
Furth flew the Dow, at Noyis command,
And, quhen scho did persaue dry land,

Noah was shut up for a whole year.
Gen. viii.

It clears up.

The raven is sent forth to explore,

and then the dove.

[1] E tumland [2] L swemand [3] E piteous [4] E wyff
[5] L halelie [6] L weltering [7] E havines [8] L and
[9] L the [10] begane [11] E assendit [12] L Nor ȝit
[13] E line 1476 omitted. [14] E gef, L gif

The dove brings back an olive-branch,
Off ane Olyue[1] scho brak[2] ane branche,
That Noye mycht knaw the walter[3] stanche;
And thare no more[4] scho did sudiorne,
Bot with the branche scho did returne,

in token of land again.
That Noye mycht cleirly vnderstand
That felloun Flude was decressand:
And so it did, tyll, at the last,
The Ark vpone the ground stak fast,

The ark rests in Armenia.
On the tope of ane Montane hye,
Into the land of Armanye.
And, quhen that Noye had done espye
Quhow that the erth[5] began to drye,

Noah opens the doors
Than dang he doun the durris all,
And lowsit thame the quhilk wes thrall.
The foulis flew furth in the air,

to his charge.
And all the Beistis, pair and pair,
Past furth to seik thare pastorages.[6]
Thare wes, than, bot aucht Personages,—
Noye, his thre Sonnis, and thare wyuis,[7]—
On erth[8] that left was with thare lyuis;[9]
Quhome God did blys and Sanctyfie,
Sayand, incres and multyplie.

The patriarch is happy to be at large once more.
God wait geue[10] Noye wes blyith and glaid,
Quhen of that presoun he wes fraid.

He sacrifices,
Quhen Noye had maid his Sacrifyce,
Thankand God of his Benifyce,
He standand on mont Armanye,

looks abroad,
Quhare he the countre mycht espye,

and is grieved, seeing the earth
ȝe may beleue his hart was sore,
Seyng the erth,—quhilk wes affore
The Flude[11] so plesand and perfyte,
Quhilk to behald wes[12] gret delyte,—

bare,
That now was barren maid and bair,
Afore[13] quhilk fructuous was and fair.

the trees uprooted,
The plesand treis beryng fructis[14]
Wer lyand rewin vp[15] be the rutis;

[1] L Olive [2] E braik [3] L watter [4] E moir
[5] L land [6] L pasturageis [7] L wyffis [8] L erd
[9] L liffis [10] E watt gef [11] E fluid, P Feilde
[12] E wes so [13] E Afoir [14] L frutis [15] E oup

The holsum herbis and fragrant flouris — vegetation blasted
Had tynt boith vertew and cullouris;
The feildis grene and fluryst meidis
Wer spul3eit[1] of thare plesand weidis. — and ravaged;
The erth, quhilk first wes[2] so fair formit,
Wes, be that furious flude, deformit;
Quhare vmquhyle wer the plesand planis, — instead of plains,
Wer holkit Glennis and hie montanis: — inequalities:
Frome clattryng cragis, gret and gray,
The erth was weschin quyte away.
Bot Noye had gretast displesouris,
Behauldand the dede Creatouris,
Quhilk wes ane sycht rycht Lamentabyll;—
Men, Wemen, Beistis, Innumerabyll, — and carcases strewed about,
Seyng[3] thame ly vpone the landis,
And sum wer[4] fleityng on the strandis:
Quhalis and Monstouris[5] of the seis
Stickit on stobbis, amang the treis; — some of them in strange positions.
And, quhen the Flude was decressand,
Thay wer left welteryng[6] on the land.
Affore[7] the Flude duryng that space,
The sey wes all into ane place;
Rycht so the erth, as bene desydit, — Before the flood, the earth was undivided;
In syndrie partis wes nocht deuydit,
As bene Ewrope and Asia
Deuydit ar frome Africa.
3e se, now, diuers Famous Ilis
Stand frome the mane land mony mylis:
All thir gret Ilis, I vnderstand, — there were no islands:
War, than, equall with the ferme land.
Thare wes none sey Mediterrane,
Bot onely the gret Occiane, — and there was but one sea, and that placid.
Quhilk did nocht spred sic bulryng[8] strandis
As it dois, now, ouirthort the landis.
Than, be the ragyng of that flude,
The erth of vertew wes denude,

[1] E spoil3eit [2] E vas first, L so fair was [3] L seand
[4] L lay [5] E monstris [6] E valtering [7] L For
[8] E bulrin

The quhilk afore wes to be prysit,[1]
Quhose bewtie than wes dissagysit.[2]
And so God's curse came to pass. Than wes the Maledictioun knawin
Quhilk wes be God tyll Adam schawin. 1560
I reid quhow Clerkis dois conclude,
During the flood, the wind raged from the S.W.; Induryng that moste furious flude
With quhilk the erth wes so suppresst,
The wynd blew furth of the southwest; 1564
of which fact As may be sene, be experience,
Quhow, throw the watter*is* violence,
The heych[3] montanis, in euery art,
Ar bair forgane the southwest part; 1568
we have proof As the Montanis of Parraneis,
The alpis, and Rochis in the seis;
Rycht so, the Rochis, gret and gray,
in divers Quhilk standis into Norroway; 1572
The heychast[4] hyllis, in euery art;
mountains. And in Scotland, for the moste[5] part,
Throuch weltryng[6] of that[7] furious flude,
The Cragis of erth war maid denude: 1576
Travellers appealed to in evidence. Trauellyng[8] men may consydder best
The montanis bair nyxt[9] the southwest.

COURTIOUR.

How long did Noah survive the flood? ¶ Declare, quod I, or ȝe conclude,
Quhow lang leuit Noye efter the flude. 1580

EXPERIENCE.

From his six hundredth year, Quod he: in Genesis thow may heir
Quhow that Noye wes sax hundreth ȝeir,
Gene. ix. The tyme of this gret punysment,
And aye to God obedient; 1584
And wes the best of Sethis blude;
And als he leuit, efter the Flude,
for 350 years, Thre hundreth and fyfty ȝeris,—
As the sam scripture wytnes[10] beris,— 1588

[1] E so soprysit [2] E lines 1558 to 1563 omitted [3] L hech
[4] L hiechest [5] L maist [6] L Throw weltering
[7] L the [8] L Trawellit [9] L omitted [10] E vitnes

And wes, or he Randerit[1] the spreit,
Nyne hundreth and fyfty ȝeris compleit. and died at 950.
To schaw this storie Miserabyll
At lenth my wyttis ar nocht abyll: 1592
And als, my Sonne, as I suppose,
It langis[2] nocht tyll our purpose
To schaw quhow Noyis Sonnis thre Men multiply.
Gan[3] to Incres and multyplie; 1596
Nor quhow that Noye plantit the wyne,
And drank tyll he wes dronkin, syne, Of Noah's wine-bibbing, self-exposure,
And sleipit with his membris bair;
And quhow Cham maid for hym no cair, 1600
Bot leuch to se his Father[4] so,
Quhowbeit his Brether wer rycht wo;
Nor quhow Noye, but restrictioun,
Gaue[5] Cham his Maledictioun, 1604 and dealings with Shem, Ham, and Japhet.
And put hym vnder Seruytude
To Sem and Iaphet, that war gude;
Nor quhow God maid ane conuenent
With Noye, to mak no punysment, 1608
Nor be no Flude the peple droun: In token of no second flood,
In signe of that conditioun,
His Rane Bow sett[6] in to the air, the rainbow is set in the firmament.
Off diuers Heuinlye[7] colouris[8] fair, 1612
For to be ane perpetuall sing
Be Flude to mak no punyssing.
This Story geue thow lyste to knaw,
At lenth the Bibyll sall the schaw. 1616

FINIS.

HEIR ENDIS THE FIRST PART, AND FOLLOWIS THE SECUNDE PART.

[1] E randrit [2] L langith [3] E Begane [4] L Fader
[5] E geff, L Gaif [6] L omitted [7] E Havinlye
[8] L cullouris

IN THE FIRST, THE BEILDYNG OF BABILONE BE NEMROD;[1] AND QUHOW KYNG NYNUS BEGAN THE FIRST MONARCHE; AND OF THARE YDOLATRYE; AND QUHOW SEMERAMIS GOUERNIT THE IMPYRE EFTER HIR HUSBANDE, KYNG NYNUS: AS[2] FOLLOWIS.

COURTIOUR.

FATHER,[3] I pray 3ow to me tell
Who first, after the flood, set great evils on foot? The First Infortune[4] that befell
Immediatlye efter the Flude,
And quho did first sched saikles[5] blude, 1620
And quho Ydolatrye began.

EXPERIENCE.

¶ Quod he: I sall do as I can.
Efter the Flude I fynde no Storye
We may pass at once to Nimrod, *Gene. x.* Worthy to putt in Memorye, 1624
Tyll Nemrod[1] began to Ryng
Aboue[6] the Peple as ane Kyng,—
of On, who built Babylon. Quhilk wes the Principall man of one,—
That beilder was of Babilone. 1628

COURTIOUR.

That Story, Maister, wald I knaw,
Quod I, geue[7] 3e the suthe wald schaw,
Why did he rear his tower? Quhy and for quhat occasioun
Thay beildit sic ane strang Dungeoun. 1632

EXPERIENCE.

¶ Than said to me Experience:
Father Experience will tell all. I sall declare, with Deligence,
Those Questionis, at thy command.

[1] L Nembroth [2] E eftir [3] L Fader [4] E infortoun
[5] E schakles [6] L abufe [7] L gif

Bot first, Sonne, thow mon vnderstand
Off Nemrod[1] the Genologie,
His strenth, Curage, and Quantitie;
Quhowbeit Moyses, in his first Buke,
That Story lychtlye did[2] ouer Luke:[3]
Off hym no more he doith declare,
Except he was ane strang Huntare.
Bot vtheris Clerkis Curious—[4]
As Oroce[5] doith, and Josephus—
Discryuis[6] Nemrod[1] at more lenth,
Boith of his stature and his strenth.
This Nemrod[1] was the fourt persoun
Frome Noye be lyne discendyng doun:
Noye generit Cham, Cham generit Chus,
And Chus, Nemrod:[1] the suthe bene thus.
This Nemrod[1] grew ane man of mycht;
That tyme in[7] erth[8] wes none so wycht:
He wes ane Gyane[9] stout and strang;
Perforce wyld beistis he doun thrang.
The peple of that hole[10] Regioun
Come vnder his Dominioun:
No man thare wes, in all that land,
His stalwartnes that durst ganestand.
No maruell[11] wes thocht he wes wycht:
Ten Cubitis large he wes of hycht,
Proportionat, in lenth and breid,
Afferand to his hycht, we reid.
He grew so gret and glorious,
So prydefull and presumptuous,[12]
That he come Inobedient
To the gret God Omnipotent.
This Nemrod[1] was the principall man
That first Ydolatrye began.
Than gart he all the peple call
To his presens, boith gret and small,
And, in that gret conuentioun,

Nimrod's genealogy, &c.,

are scanted by Moses.

Other writers are more minutiose about him.

His descent.

He became a king.

Of his great stature and huge bulk.

Forgetting himself,

he introduced idolatry.

Convoking an assembly,

[1] L Nembroth [2] E doith [3] L oureluke [4] L curius
[5] E Oross [6] L describis [7] E on [8] L erd [9] L gyand
[10] L haill [11] E mervell, L marwell [12] E presumptious

Gene. xi.

Did propone his Intentioun.
My Freindis, said he, I mak it knawin
he harangues about the flood. The gret wengeance that God hes schawin,
In tyme of our fore Father[1] Noye,
Quhen he did all the warld distroye,
And dround[2] thame in ane furious flude:
Quharefor I thynk wē sulde conclude
In provision against the contingency of a second, Quhov we maye make one strang defence
Aganis sick walteris[3] violence,[4]
For to resyste his furious Yre,
Contrarye[5] boith to flude and fyre.
Latt ws go spye sum plesand feilde,
Quhare one strang biggyng we maye beilde,—
he proposes the building of a city, and of a tower One Cityie, with ane strang Dungeoun,
That none Ingyne may ding it doun;
So heych, so thike, so large, and[6] lang,
That Gode tyll ws sall do no wrang:
to the stars, and to dethrone God. Itt sall surmonte the Planetis sewin,
That we frome Gode may wyn the hewin.
Those peple, with one ferme intent,
All tyll his counsell did consent,
A site is chosen for them, And did espy one plesand place
Harde on the flude of Euphratace.[7]
The peple thare did thame prepair,
in the plain of Shinar, in Chaldea. In to the plane feilde of Synear,[8]
Quhilk now of Caldie beryth[9] the name,
Quhilk did lang tyme flureis in fame.
The people lay the foundation, ¶ Thare gret Fortres than did thay founde,
And kaiste tyll thay gat souer grounde;[10]
All fell to warke, boith man and chylde;
Sum holkit claye, sum brynt the tylde.
under Nimrod's instructions, Nembroth, that curious Campioun,
Deuysar[11] wes of that Dungeoun.
No thyng thay sparit thare laubouris,
and ply with great diligence. Lyke besy beis vpone the flouris,
Or Emottis trauelling in to Iune:

[1] E Forfader, L Forefader [2] L drownit
[3] L watteris, E valteris [4] E wiolence [5] P Contraye
[6] L, E so [7] E Ewphratece [8] L Synnair [9] L beiris
[10] P groune [11] E devyser

Sum vnder wrocht, and sum abone:
With strong Ingenious masonrye,
Upwarte thare werk did fortifye.
With brynt tylde, stonis large and wycht,
That Towre[1] thay rasit to sic hycht
Abufe the airis Regioun,
And Iunit[2] of so strong fassioun,
With Syment[3] maid of pyk and tar,—
Thay vsit none vther mortar,—
Thocht fyre or walter it[4] assalit,
Contrare that Dungeoun nocht aualit.
The land aboute wes fair and plane;
And it rose lyke one heych montane.
Those fuliche[5] peple did intende
That to the Hewin it sulde ascende.
So gret one strenth wes neuir sene,[6]
In to the warld, with mennis eine.[7]
¶ The wallis of that wark thay maid
Two and fyftye faldome[8] braid.
One faldome,[8] than, as sum men sayis,
Mycht bene two faldome[8] in our dayis:
One man wes, than, of more stature
Nor two be[9] now: thareof be sure.
¶ Josephus[10] haldis opinioun,
Sayand the heycht of this[11] Dungeoun
Off large pasis[12] of mesure bene
Fyue thousande, aucht score, and fourtene.
Be this raknyng, it is full rycht
Sax[13] mylis and ane half in hycht:
Ane thousande pais[14] tak for ane myle,
And thow sall fynd it neir that style.
This towre, in compass round aboute,
Wer[15] mylis ten, withouttin doute:
Aboute the Cetie of stagis
Foure houndreth and four score, I wys;
And, be this nommer,[16] in compas,

How the tower was
substantial,
lofty,
well-compacted,
proof against fire and water,
and altogether an unrivalled structure.
Its walls were fifty-two long fathoms in thickness.
According to Josephus,
its height was five and a half miles,
and its circuit some ten miles;
and the city had a girth

[1] L Tour [2] L junit [3] E Symond [4] L it had
[5] L folisch [6] L with mennis ene [7] L was neuer sene
[8] E fadowm, L faddum [9] L bene [10] L Iosaphus
[11] L that [12] E spacis, L passis [13] L Five
[14] E pace, L pass [15] L was [16] E number, L nomber

of about sixty miles,

Aboute three score of mylis It was:
And, as Orotius reportis,

and a hundred gates.

Thare wes fyue score of brasin[1] portis.
¶ The translatour of Orotius
In tyll his Cronicle wryttis thus,
That, quhen the Sonne is at the hycht,—

The translator of Orosius declares that the shadow of the tower measured, at midday, upwards of six miles.

Att nonne[2] quhen it doith[3] schyne[4] most brycht,—
The schaddow of that hydduous[5] strenth
Sax myle and more it is of lenth.
Thus maye ȝe Iuge, in to ȝour thocht,
Gyfe Babilone be heych, or nocht.

FINIS.

[1] E brassin [2] E nown [3] L dois
E shene [5] L hiddius

QUHOV GOD MAID THE DYUERSITIE OF LANGUAGIS, [1]AND MAID IMPEDIMENT TO THE BEILDARIS OF BABILONE.[1]

EXPERIENCE.

THAN the gret God Omnipotent, — God,
To quhom al thingis bene present; 1756
That wer,[2] and is, and euir salbe,
Ar present tyll his Maiestie;— — all-knowing,
The hid secretis of mannis hart
From his presens may not[3] depart;— 1760
He, seand the Ambitioun — seeing the ambition and presumption
And the prydefull Presumptioun,
Quhov thir proude peple did pretende
Upe throuch the heuinnis tyll ascende,— 1764 of the Babelites,
Quhilk wes gret folye tyll deuyse
Sick one presumptuous interpryse:—
For, quhen thay wer moste[4] delygent,
Gode maid thame sick impediment, 1768 balked their project,
Thay wer constranit, with hartis sore,
Frome thyne depart, and beild no more.
Sick Languagis on thame he laid, — by diversifying the one language.
That none wyste quhat ane vthir said: 1772
Quhare wes[5] bot ane Language affore,
Gode send thame Languagis three schore.[6]
¶ Affore that tyme all spak Ebrew; — Instead of Hebrew alone,
Than sum began for to speik Grew, 1776 sprang up Greek,
Sum Duche, sum language Sarazyne, — Dutch, Saracenic, and Latin.
And sum began to speik Latyne.
The Maister men gan[7] to go wylde: — The overseers and the labourers
Cryand for treis, thay brocht thame tylde: 1780

[1–1] L quhair throw he stopit the beilding of Babilone
[2] L was [3] E, L nocht [4] L maist [5] P wos, L was
[6] E thre scoir, L thre score [7] E began

became mutually unintelligible.
Sum said, 'bryng mortar heir atonis;'
Than brocht thay to[1] thame stoks and stonis.

Nimrod stormed;
¶ And Nembroth, thare gret Campioun,
Ran rageand lyke one[6] wylde Lyoun, 1784
Manassyng thame with wordis[2] rude:

but his men understood him not,
Bot neuir one worde thay vnderstude.
Affore[3] thay fand[4] hym gude and kynde;

and thought him mad.
Bot than thay thocht hym by his mynde, 1788
Quhen he so furiouslie did flyte.

His mood of mind at their striking work.
Than turnit his pryde in to dispyte,
So dirk Eclipsit wes his glore,
Quhen thay wald wyrk for him no more. 1792

God was gracious,
¶ Beholde[5] quhov God wes so gratious
To thame, quhilk wer so outtragious:

in not breaking their legs or arms,
He nother braik thare leggis nor armis,
Nor 3it did thame none vther harmis, 1796

and in only confounding their speech.
Except of toungis diuysioun.
And, for fynall conclusioun,
Constranit thay wer for tyll depart,
Ilke cumpanye in one[6] syndrie arte: 1800

They disperse in every direction,
Sum paste[7] in to the Orient,
And sum in to the Occident,
Sum south, sum north, as thay thocht best;

and leave their undertaking unfinished.
And so thare poleysie left west.[8] 1804
Bot quhov that Citie wes reparit
Heir efter it salbe declarit.

FINIS.

[1] L omitted [2] E wourdis [3] E afoir [4] L thocht
[5] L Behald [6] L ane [7] E passit [8] L waist

OF THE FIRST INUENTIOVN OF YDOLATRIE: QUHOW NEMBROTH COMPELD[1] THE PEPLE TYLL ADORE[2] THE FYRE IN CALDIA.

COURTIOUR.

NOW, Schir,[3] said I, schaw me the man
Quhilk first Ydolatrie began.

Who first idolatrized?

EXPERIENCE.

That sall I do with all my hart,
My Sonne, said he, or we depart.
Quhen Nembroth saw his purpose falit,
And his gret laubour[4] nocht aualit,
In maner of contemptioun
Departit furth of that regioun,
And, as Orotius doith[5] rehers,
He past in to the land of Pers,
And mony one ȝeir did thare remane,
And syne to Babilone come agane,
And fand huge peple of Caldie
Remanand[6] in that gret Citie,
That wer glaid of his returnyng,
And did obey hym as thare kyng.
Nembroth, his name for tyll auance,[7]
Amang tham maid new ordinance,
Sayand, I think ȝe ar nocht wyce,[8]
That to[9] none God makis Sacrifyce.
¶ Than, to fulfyll his fals desyre,
He gart be maid ane flammand[10] fyre,

Nimrod, on his failure,

departed,

sojourned long in Persia,

returned to Babylon,

was welcomed, and was reinstated as king.

He disapproves the total neglect of sacrifice,

establishes a fire,

[1] L compellit [2] L adorne [3] L Fathir [4] L laubouris
[5] L dois [6] L Remanyng, E Ramanand [7] E aduance
[8] E wyss, L wise [9] L till [10] L flamband

great and perpetual,

And maid it of sic breid and hycht,[1]
He gart it byrn boith day and nycht.
Than all the peple of that land

and commands his lieges to adore it.

Adorit the fyre, at his command,
Prosternit on thare kneis and facis,
Beseikand thare new God of gracis.
To gyf thame more occasioun,
He maid thame gret perswasioun:

He argues the reasonableness of the new cult,

This God, said he, is moist of mycht,
Schawand his bemys on the nycht:
Quhen Sonne and Monne ar baith obscure,
His hewinlie brychtnes doith[2] indure:
Quhen mennis memberris sufferit[3] calde,
Fyre warmyth thame, ewin as thay walde.

and is obeyed.

¶ Than cryit the Peple, at his desyre,
Thare is no God except the fyre.

Thus, prior to iconolatry, fire was idolized.

Or thare was ony Ymagerie,
Began this first Ydolatrie:
Att that tyme thare wes none[4] vsage
To carue nor[5] for to paynt Image.
Thau maid he proclamatioun,

Of Nimrod's fanatical piety.

Quho[6] maid nocht adoratioun
To that new God, without remede
In to that fyre sulde suffer dede.
I fynd no[7] man, in to that lande,
His tyrrannie that durste ganestande,

Abraham and Haran withstand him;

Bot Habraham,[8] and Aram his brother:
That disobeyit I fynd none vther,
Quhilk dwelland war in that cuntre,

and so does Thara.

With thare Father, callit Thaire.[9]
Thir brether Nembroth did[10] repreue,[11]

They urge, that fire, being but an element, is inferior to God,

Sayand tyll[12] hym, Lord, with 3our leue,[13]
This fyre[14] is bot ane Element:
Praye 3e to[15] God Omnipotent,

Creator of the heavenly lights,

Quhilk maid the Heuinnis[16] be his mycht,
Sonne, Monne, and sterris, to gyf lycht:

[1] E hecht [2] L dois [3] L sufferis [4] L thai had small [5] L or [6] L Quha [7] L na [8] E Abraham [9] E Thare, L Tharie [10] E doith [11] L repreif [12] L to [13] L leif [14] L thing [15] E till [16] E Havynnis

He maid the fyschis in the seis,
The erth, with beistis, herbis, and treis:
And, last of all, for to conclude,
He maid Man, to his similitude:
To that gret God gyfe pryse[1] and glore,
Quhose Ring induris[2] euermore.
¶ Than Nembroth, in his furious yre,
Thir brether boith keste in the fyre:
Habraham[3] be God he wes preseruit,
Bot Aram in the fyre he staruit.[4]
Quhen Thara[5] harde his sonne wes dede,
He did depart out of that stede,
With Habraham,[3] Nachor, and thare wyffis,—
As the Scripture at lynthe discryffis,[6]—
And left the land of Caldia,
And paste to[7] Mesopotamia,
And dwelt in Tharan[8] all his dayis,
And deit thare, as the story[9] sayis.
The lyfe of Habraham,[3] I supose,
No thyng langith tyll our purpose:
In to the Bibyll thov may reid
His verteous[10] lyfe in worde and deid.
Now to the I haue[11] schawin the man
That[12] firste Ydolatrie began.

and of all things else,
godlike man included;
and that He is worthy of all honour.
Nimrod
burns Haran alive.
Thara, thereupon, with his kinsmen,
migrates to Haran, in Mesopotamia, and dwells and dies there.
For Abraham, see the Bible.
Thus began idolatry.

FINIS.

[1] E prayce, L prayss [2] L for euermore [3] L Abrahame
[4] E, L stervit [5] L Tharie [6] E descryuis, L discribis
[7] L past in [8] L thairin [9] E storie, L scripture
[10] L vertuus [11] E haif, L haue I [12] L The

OF THE GRET MISERE AND SKAYTHIS THAT CUMIS OF WERIS, AND QUHOW KING NYNVS [1]BEGAN THE FIRST WERIS, AND STRAIK THE FIRST BATTELL.[1]

COURTIOUR.

FATHER,[2] I pray ȝov, with my hart,
Declair to me, or we depart,
Who first waged war, Quho first began thir mortall Weris,—
Quhilk euerilk faithfull hart efferis, 1892
And euere polesye doun thrawis,—
slighting the law of Christ? Express agane[3] the Lordis lawis;
Sen Christe, our kyng omnipotent,
Left Peace in tyll[4] his Testament. 1896
Quhov doith[5] proceid this creueltie[6]
Aganis Justice and Equitie?
War, cruel, works great misery In lande quhare ony Weris bene,
Gret Miserrie thare may be sene: 1900
All thyng on erth[7] that God hes wrocht
Weir doith[5] distroye, and puttis at nocht:
to State Ceteis, with mony strang Dungeoun,
Ar brynte, and to the erth doung doun; 1904
Uirginis and Matronis ar deflorit;
and Church, Templis[8] that Rychelie bene decorit
Ar brynt, and all thare Preistis spulȝeit;
Pure Orphelenis[9] vnder feit ar fulȝeit, 1908
to families, Mony auld men maid childerles,
And mony childer fatherles;
and to learning. Off famous Sculis the[10] Doctryne,
Boith natural science and Diuyne, 1912
And euerilk vertew, trampit doun;

[1—1] L began the first battell with ane schort discriptioun of the four Monarcheis.
[2] L Fader [3] E againis, L aganis [4] L into
[5] L dois [6] L crewaltie [7] L in erd [8] L Tempillis
[9] E Orphelins, L Orphanis [10] L Scolis the gret

No reuerence done to relegioun;
Strenthis distroyit alluterlie;
Fair Ladyis forcit schamefullie; 1916 Of its effect on women,
3oung Wedowis spul3eit of thare spousis,
Pure Lauborars houndit frome thare housis. work-people,
Thare dar no Merchand tak on hand
To trauell nother[1] be sey nor land, 1920 merchants,
For Boucheouris, quhilk dois thame confounde:—
Sum murdrist bene, and sum ar drounde:
Craftis men of curious Ingyne craftsmen,
Alluterlie put to rewyne: 1924
The Bestiall reft, the commonnis slane,
The land but laubering doith[2] remane.
Off Pollesye the perfyte warkis,—
Beildingis, Gardyngis, and plesand parkis,— 1928 husbandry, &c., &c.
Alluterlie distroyit bene:
Gret graingis[3] brynt thare may be sene:
Ryches bene turnit to powertie,
Plentie in tyll[4] penuritie. 1932
Deith, Hounger, Darth, it is weill kende, It is fatal to life,
Off Weir this[5] is the Fatell ende:
Iustice turnit in tyrrannye,
All plesour in aduersitye. 1936 to comfort,
The Weir alluterlie[6] doun thrawis
Boith the Ciuill and Cannoun[7] lawis: to the laws,
Weir generit Murthour and myscheif,
Sore lamentyng withoute releif. 1940
Weir doith[2] distroye Realmes and kyngis; and to rulers.
Gret[8] Princis weir to presoun bryngis;
Weir scheddis mekle saikles blude.
Sen I can saye of weir no gude, 1944
¶ Declare to me, Schir, gyf 3e can, Who initiated it?
Quho first this Miserrie began.

FINIS.

[1] L nouther [2] L dois [3] E grangis, L grangeis
[4] L Plante into [5] E that [6] L vterly
[7] L cannoun and ciuill [8] E gryt

☙ HEIR FOLLOWITH[1] ANE SCHORTE DISCRIPTIOUN[2] OF THE FOUR MONARCHIS, ☞ AND QVHOW KYNG NYNUS BEGAN THE FIRST MONARCHIE.

✠

EXPERIENCE.

OF Weris, said he, the gret outtrage
Began in to the secunde aige, 1948
It was grasping kings that originally made war, Be creuell,[3] prydefull, couytous kyngis,
Reuarris,[4] but rycht, of vtheris ryngis.
Quhowbeit Cayam, afore[5] the flude,
Wes first schedder of saikles blude, 1952
and Ninus, to begin, Nynus was first and principall man
Quhilk wrangus[6] conquessing began,
And was the man, withouttin faill,
In erth that straik the first battell,[7] 1956
who also first devised imagery. And first Inuentit Imagerye,
Quhare throw came gret Idolatrye.
¶ We moste knaw, or we forthair wend,
His descent: Off quhome king Nynus did discend. 1960
Nynus, gyf I can rycht defyne,
Noah, He was frome Noye the fyft, be lyne:
Ham, Cush, Noye generit Cham, Cham generit Chus,
Nimrod, Belus, And Chus, Nembroth, Nembroth, Bellus, 1964
Ninus. And Bellus, Nynus,—but lesing,—
Ninus was king of Assyria, and founded Nineveh, Off Assiria the secund king,
And beildar of thar gret Citie,
The quhilk was callit Nyniue,[8] 1968
the earliest of monarchies. And wes the first and principall man[9]
Quhilk the first Monarchie began.

[1] L followis [2] E discriptionne [3] L crewall
[4] L revaris [5] E afoir [6] E vrangous, L That wranguss
[7] L battaill [8] E, L Ninivie [9] E omitted

COURTIOUR.

¶ Father, said I, declaire to me
Quhat signifyis one Monarchie. 1972

What is meant by a monarchy?

EXPERIENCE.

The suith, said he, sonne, gyfe thov knew,
Monarchie bene one terme of Grew:
As, quhen one[1] Prouince principall
Had[2] hole power[3] Imperiall, 1976
During thare Dominationis,
Abufe[4] all Kyngis and Nationis,
One[1] Monarchie that men doith[5] call;
Off quhome I fynd four principall 1980
Quhilk heth[6] rong sen the warld began.

The word is Greek,

and denotes a State to which all others are subordinate.

There have been four such.

COURTIOUR.

Than said I: Father, gyf ȝe can,
Quhilk four bene thay, schaw me, I pray ȝow.

Their names?

EXPERIENCE.

My sone, said he, that sall I say[7] ȝow: 1984
¶ First, rang the kings of Asserianis;
Secundlye, rang the Persianis;
The Grekis, thridlye, with swerd and fyre
Perfors optenit the thrid Impyre; 1988
The fourte Monarche, as I heir,
The Romanis brukit mony one ȝeir.
Latt vs first speik of Nynus king,
Quhov he began his Conquessing. 1992
¶ The auld Greik Historitiane
Diodorus he wryttis plane,
Att rycht gret lenth, of Nynus king,
Off his Impyre and conquessing; 1996
And of Semeramis, his wyfe,
That tyme the lustyest one lyfe.
Itt wer[8] to lang to putt in wryte
Quhilk Diodore heth[9] done indyte; 2000

The Assyrian,

Persian,

Grecian,

and Roman.

As to Ninus,

Diodorus writes of him, and of

Semiramis,

at great length.

[1] L ane [2] E and [3] E pouir [4] E abouf [5] L dois
[6] L hes [7] E, L schaw [8] L It war [9] E haith

Bot I sall schaw, as I suppose,
Quhilk maist belangith thy purpose.
When Nimrod died, and Belus,
¶ Quhen Nembroth, Prince of Babilone,
Oute of this wrechit[1] warld wes[2] gone,
And his Sonne, Bellus, deid, alswa,—
The first Kyng of Asseria,—
Ninus acceded to the throne.
This Nynus, quhilk wes[3] secunde kyng,
Tryumphandlie began tyll[4] ryng,
Not content with his own,
And wes nocht satifyit[5] nor content
Off his awin Regione nor his rent:
Thynkand his glore for tyll aduance
By his gret peple and puissance,
but covetous of more, he prepared to aggress on Babylon and Chaldea, with a view to annex them.
Throuch Pryde, Couatyce, and vaine glore,
Dyd hym prepare to conques more,
And gadtherit[6] furth ane gret Armie
Contrare Babilone and Caldie,
Quhareof he had ardent desyre
Tyll[7] Iune that land tyll[7] his Impyre,
Quhowbeit he had thareto no rycht:
Masterful, he proceeded as I shall show.
Bot, by his tyrranry[8] and mycht,
Withouttin feir of God or man,
His Conquessing thus he began.
¶ His[9] peple beand in arraye,
To Caldia tuke the reddy waye.
The Babylonians and Chaldeans, hearing of his design,
Quhen that the Babilonianis,
To gidther[10] with the Caldianis,
Hard tell Kyng Nynus wes cumand,
Maid proclamationis throuch the land,
resolved to resist him.
That ilke man, efter thare degre,
Sulde cum, and saif thare awin cuntre.
Though unused to war, they encountered Ninus firmly, on their frontier.
Quhowbeit thay had no vse of weir,
Thay past[11] fordwart withouttin feir,
And pat thame selfis in gude order,
To meit kyng Nynus on the border.
In that tyme, ȝe sall vnderstande,
Thare wes no harnes[12] in the lande,

[1] L wrachit [2] E is [3] E was the, L was secound
[4] E to, L till [5] E satefeit [6] E gatherit, L gaderit
[7] L To [8] L tirrany [9] This [10] E, L Togidder
[11] E passit [12] L harness

For tyll defende nor tyll Inuaid,
Quharethrow more[1] slauchter thare wes maid:
Thay faucht, throw strenth of thare bodeis,
With gaddis of Irne, with stonis, and treis.
¶ With sound of horne, and hydduous[2] cry,
Thay ruschit to gidther[3] rycht rudly,
With hardy hart[4] and strenth of handis,
Tyll thousandis deid lay on the landis.
Quhare men in battell nakit bene,
Gret slauchter, sone, thare may be sene.
Thay faucht so lang and creuellie,
And with vncertane[5] victorie,
No man mycht Iuge, that stude on far,
Quho gat the better nor the war:
Bot, quhen it did approche the nycht,
The Caldianis thay tuke the flycht.
Than the kyng and his cumpanye
Wer rycht glaid of that victorye,
Because he wan the first battell[6]
That strykkin wes in erth, but faill;
And peceably of that Regioun
Did tak the hole Dominioun.[7]
Than wes he king of Caldia,
Alsweill as of Asseria,
As[8] for the king of Arrabie,
In his conquest maid hym supplie.
¶ Off this ȝit wes he[9] nocht content,
Bot to the Realme of Mede he went,
Quhare Farnus, king of that cuntre,
Did meit hym, with one[10] gret armie.
Bot king Nynus the battell wan,
Quhare slane wer mony nobyll man;
And to that king wald gyf no grace,
Bot planelie, in one[10] publict place,
With his sewin[11] Sonnis and his Ladie,
Creuellie did thame Crucifie.

Description of the rude style of warfare then in vogue.

Desperate was the fighting,

and dire the slaughter; but the victory was long uncertain.

At night-fall the Chaldeans beat a retreat;

and thus Ninus became their sovereign.

Then he passed to Media, and vanquished Pharnus,

whom he crucified, with his seven sons and his queen.

[1] E, L mair [2] E hiddowous, L hiddius [3] E, L togidder
[4] L hert [5] L incertaine [6] L battaill
[7] E haill dominatioun [8] L And [9] E omitted
[10] L ane [11] E, L sevin

Off that tryumphe he did reiose ;[1]
Syne fordwart to the feilde he gose :[2]

Next he conquered many other lands,—

Than conquest he Armenia,
Perce, Egypt, and Pamphelia,
Capadoce, Leid, and Maritane,
Caspia, Phrigia, and Hyrcane,—

all Africa and Asia, save India and Bactria; and these he seized subsequently.

All Affrica and Asia,[3]
Except gret Ynde and Battria,
Quhilk he did conques efterwart
As ȝe sall heir, or we[4] depart.

A digression announced.

Now wald I, or we forther wend,
That his Ydolatrye wer kend ;
Syne, efter that, withoute sudiorne,
Tyll our purpose we sall returne.

FINIS.

[1] E, L reioss [2] E, L goiss [3] L Asia and Affrica [4] L ȝe

QUHOV KING NYN*VS* INUENTIT THE FIRST YDOLATRIE OF YMAGIS.

NYNVS one[1] Ymage he gart mak
For King Bellus his Fatheris saik,
Moist lyke his Father of figoure,
Off quantite, and portratoure:
Off fyne Golde wes that figour[2] maid;
Ane crafty Croun apone his haid,
With precious stonis, in toknyng
His father Bellus wes ane Kyng.
In Babilone he ane tempyll maid,
Off crafty work,[3] boith heych[4] and braid,
Quharein that Ymage gloriouslie
Wes thronit vpe tryumphandlie.
¶ Than Nynus gaif ane strait command
Tyll all the peple of that land,—
Alsweill in tyll Asseria
As in Synear and Caldia,
Under his Dominatioun,—
Thay suld make Adoratioun,
Apone thare kneis, to that figour,
Under the pane of forfaltour.
Thare wes no Lorde, in all that land,
His summonding[5] that durst ganestand:
Than ȝoung and auld, boith gret and small,
Tyll[6] that Ymage thay prayit, all,
And cheangit his name, as I heir tell,
Frome Bellus to thare[7] gret God Bell.
In that tempyll he did deuyse

Ninus makes an effigy of his father, Belus,

of fine gold, crowned and embellished,

and enthrones it in a temple in Babylon.

The people, far and near, are commanded to do it homage,

under penalty;

and they all submit.

From Belus came the name of Bel.

[1] L ane [2] L image [3] L werk, E wark [4] L heich
[5] E sommonding [6] L to [7] L that

Sacrifices to it were enjoined; and no other god was to be recognized.

Preistis, for tyll[1] mak sacrifyse.
Be conswetud than come one[2] law,
None vther God that thay wald knaw:
And als he gaif[3] to that Ymage
Off Sanctuarie the Priuilage;

The right of sanctuary was granted to transgressors that looked upon it.

For, quhat sum[4] euer transgressour,—
One[2] homicede or oppressour,—
Seand that Ymage in the face,
Off thare gylt gat the kyngis grace.

COURTIOUR.

¶ Declare to me, sweit schir, said I,

Was there no further idolatry?

Wes there no more Ydolatry,
Efter that this fals Idole Bell
Wes thronit[5] vp,[6] as ȝe me tell?

EXPERIENCE.

¶ My Sonne, said he, incontinent
The nowellis throuch the warld thay went,

The example set by Ninus

Quhow king Nynus, as I haif said,
One curious Image he had maid,
To the quhilk all his natioun
Maid deuote adoratioun.

was universally imitated.

Than euerye cuntre tuke consait,
Thay wald king Nynus contrafait:
Quhen ony famous man wes deid,

The famous dead were deified,

Sett vp[7] one Image in his steid,
Quhilk[8] thay did honour, from the splene,
As it[9] Immortall God had bene.

and images made of them, in various substances.

Imagis sum maid, for the nonis,
Off fyne gold, sum of stokis and stonis,
Off syluer sum, and Euyr bone,
With diuers namis tyll eueryone:[10]

Hence Saturn, Jupiter, Neptune,

For sum thay callit Saturnus,
Sum Iupiter, sum Neptunus;
And sum thay callit Cupido,—

[1] E till, L to [2] L ane [3] E hes gaifin [4] L omitted
[5] L tronit [6] E wpe [7] E oupe [8] L quhome
[9] E it the [10] E euerychone, L euerilk one

Thare god of lufe,—and sum Pluto :
Thay callit sum Mercurius,
And sum the wyndie[1] Eolus,
Sum Mars,—maid lyke ane man of weir,
Inarmit weill[2] with sword[3] and speir,—
Sum Bacchus, and sum Apollo :
Off namis thay had ane houndreth mo.
¶ And, quhen one[4] Lady of gret fame
Wes dede, for tyll[5] exalt hir name,
One[4] Image of hir portratour
Wald set vpe[6] in one[4] oratour,
The quhilk thay callit thare goddes,—
As Uenus, Iuno, and Palles,
Sum Cleo, sum Proserpina,
Sum Ceres, Uesta, and Diana ;
And sum the gret goddes Mynarue
With curious collouris thay wald carue.
Amang the Poetis thow may see
Off fals god*is* the genologee.
¶ So thir abhominationis
Did spred ouerthort all nationis,
Except gude Habraham, as we reid,[7]
Quhilk honourit God in word and deid ;
For Habraham had his beginnyng
In to the tyme of Nynus king.
Nynus began with tyrranrie,
And Habraham with humylitie :
Nynus began the first Impyre ;
Habraham of weir had no[8] desyre :
Nynus began Idolatrye ;
Habraham, in spreit and veritye,
He prayit to the Lorde allone,
Fals Imagry he wald haue none.
Off hym discendit, I heir[9] tell,
The twelf gret Trybis[10] of Israell.
Those peple maid adoratioun,

and the other gods of the Romans.

The pagan goddesses had a similar origin,

of whom were Venus, Juno, Pallas, &c., &c.

The poets genealogize them.

Abraham,

and Ninus, contemporaries,

contrasted,

The former abhorred images.

The tribes of Israel, his seed, worshipped,

[1] E vindie [2] E veill [3] L suerd [4] L ane [5] L to
[6] E oup [7] L Abrahame and his seid [8] L na
[9] E hard [10] Trybbis

With humyll supplicatioun,
Tyll hym quhilk wes[1] of kyngis king,
That hewin and erth[2] maid of no thing:
not dead idols, but the God of life. Dede Ymagis thay held at nocht,
That wer with mennis handis wrocht,
Bot the almychtie God of lyue.
My sonne, now haif I done discryue
Thir questionis, at thy command,
The quhilkis[3] thow did at me demand.

COURTIOUR.

¶ Quhat wes the cause,—schir, mak me sure,—
Why did idolatry last so long? Ydolatrye did so[4] lang indure
Outthrouch the warld so generalie,
And with the Gentilis, specialie?

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he: sum causis principall
I fynd in my memoriall.
Prescription, First, wes throuch princis commandiment,
Quhilk did ydolatrye inuent;
Syne,[5] singulare proffeit of the preistis,
Payntours, Goldsmythis, Masonnis,[6] Wrycht*is*:
lucre of gain, Those men of craft full curiouslie
Maid Imagis so plesandlie,
And sauld thame for ane sumptuous[7] pryce,
So, be thare crafty Merchandyce,
Thay wer maid ryche abone[8] mesure.
priestcraft, account for it. As for the Priestis, I the assure,
Large proffeit gat, ouerthort all landis,
Throuch sacrifyce and offerandis,
And, be thare fayned[9] sanctitude,
Abusit mony one[10] man of gude;
Daniell xiii. Thus, in the time of Daniel, the priests of Bel, As, in the tyme of Daniell,
The preistis of this Idoll Bell.
Quhen Nabuchodonosor[11] king
In Babilone royallie did ring,

[1] L is [2] L erd [3] L quhilk [4] L sa [5] L And [6] L and [7] E sowmptiouss [8] L abufe [9] E fenȝet, L feinȝeit [10] L ane [11] L Nabingodonosar

Those preistis the kyng gart vnderstand,
That ymage, maid be mennis hand,
He wes one glorious God of lyfe,[1]
And had sic ane prerogatyfe,
That, by[2] his gret power deuyne,
Wald eait Beif, Muttone, Breid, and wyne:
And so the king gart, euery daye,
Affore Bell, on his[3] Aulter, laye
Fourty fresche Wodderis, fatt[4] and fyne,
And sax gret Rowbouris[5] of wycht wyne,
Twelf gret Louis[6] of bowtit floure,
Quhilk wes all eaitin in one[7] houre,—
Nocht be that Image, deif and dum,
Bot be the prestis, all and sum,—
As in the Bibill thow may ken,—
Quhose nummer[8] wer thre score and ten:
Thay and thare wyfis, euerilk day,
Eait all that on the Aulter lay.
Than Daniell, in conclusioun,
Schew the king thare abusioun,
And of thare subtlety[9] maid hym sure,
Quhow,[10] onderneth the tempyll flure,
Throuch[10] ane passage they cam, be nycht,
And eait that meit with candell lycht.
The king, quhen he the mater knew,
Those preistis, with all thare wyffis,[11] he slew:
Thus subtellie the kyng was sylit,
And all the peple[12] wer begylit.
My sonne, said he, now may thow ken
Quhov, by the Preistis and craftismen,
And be thare craftines and cure,
Idolatrye did so[13] lang indure.
¶ Behauld[14] quhow Ihone Boccatious
Hes wryttin workis wounderous
Off Gentilis superstitioun,
And of thare gret abusioun,—

2216 extolling their idol,
2220 led Nebuchadnezzar to believe it voracious,
2224 and to make it bounteous offerings of victual and drink.
2228 The priests, seventy in number,
2232 and their wives, consumed the viands, of course.
2236 Daniel unmasked the imposture.
2240 Fatal retribution.
2244 Idolatry was kept up by craft and greed.
2248 See Boccaccio on pagan superstition,

[1] L on live [2] L be [3] L the [4] L wedderis gude
[5] E rubbouris [6] E lavis [7] L an [8] E number, L nomber
[9] L subtillite [10] L throw [11] L wivis [12] E, L pepill
[13] L sa [14] E behold, L behald

on the descent of the gods, and chiefly, on Demogorgon,

As in his gret Buke thow may see,—
Off fals Goddis the geneologie,
Off Demogorgon, in speciall,
Fore Grandschir[1] tyll[2] the Goddis all,
Honourit amang Archadience,[3]
And of the fals Philistience,[4]

Dagon, and suchlike.

With thare gret deuilische god Dagone,
With vtheris Idolis mony one.

I shrink to tell how the princes of Israel fell into idolatry.

Bot I abhore the treuth to tell
Off the Princis of Israell,
Chosin be God Omnipotent,—
Quhow thay brak his commandiment.

iii. Reg. xi.

Kyng Salomone, as the scripture sayis,

Solomon, in his senility, to please his wives,

He doitit in his latter dayis:
His wantoun wyffis to compleis,
He curit nocht God tyll[5] displeis,
And did committ Idolatrye,
Wyrschipyng caruit Ymagerye,—[6]

adored Moloch, Chemosh, and Ashtaroth.

As Moloch, god of Ammonitis,
And Chamos, god of Moabitis,
Astaroth, god of Sydoniains.[7]

So, for his inobediens
And fowle abhominatioun,

Therefore his descendants were punished,

Wer puneist his successioun:
His sonne Roboam, I heir tell,
Tynt the ten Trybis of Israell,

in losing the headship of the ten tribes.

For his fatheris[8] Ydolatrye,
As in the scripture[9] thow may see.

FINIS.

[1] Granschir [2] L to [3] L Archadianis [4] L Philistianis
[5] L his God for to [6] L Ymagrie [7] L Sedoniance
[8] L faderis [9] E schriptour

¶ OFF IMAGEIS VSIT AMANG CRISTIN MEN.

COURTIOUR.

FATHER,[1] 3it ane thyng I wald speir.
Behald, in euery[2] kirk and queir
Throuch[3] Christindome, in burgh and land,
Imageis maid with mennis hand,
To quhome bene gyffin[4] diuers names:
Sum Peter, and Paull, sum Ihone,[5] & Iames;
Sanct Peter, caruit with his keyis;
Sanct Mychaell, with his wyng*is* and weyis;
Sanct Katherine,[6] with hir swerd and quheill;
Ane hynde sett vp besyde sanct Geill.
It war to lang for tyll[7] discryue
Sanct Frances, with his woundis fyue.
Sanct Tredwall, als, there may be sene,
Quhilk on ane prik heth[8] boyth hir eine;
Sanct Paull, weill payntit with ane[9] sworde,
As he wald feycht at the first worde;
Sanct Apollin[10] on altare standis,
With all hir tethe in tyll hir handis;
Sanct Rochee,[11] weill seisit, men may se,
Ane byill[12] brokin on his thye;[13]
Sanct Eloy[14] he doith staitly stand,
Ane new hors schoo in tyll his hand;
Sanct ringane,[15] of ane rottin stoke;
Sanct Duthow,[16] boird out of ane bloke;
Sanct Androw,[17] with his croce in hand;
Sanct George, vpone ane hors rydand;

2280 We see, in churches and elsewhere, images of Christian saints:

2284 SS. Peter, Paul, &c.,

SS. Michael and Catherine,

2288 S. Giles,

SS. Francis and Tredwell,

2292

S. Apollonia,

2296

SS. Roch

and Eligius,

2300

SS. Ninian,

Duthak, Andrew, &c.,

2304

[1] L Fader [2] E euerilk [3] L Throw [4] E gevin
[5] E Iohnne [6] E Katrene [7] L to [8] E haith, L hes
[9] L a [10] L Appollonce [11] P Rochoe, E Roche, L Roke
[12] L byle [13] L thee [14] L Heloy [15] L Ringȝeane
[16] Duthe [17] E, L Andro

SS. Antony and Bridget,

Sanct Anthone, sett vp[1] with ane soow;[2]
Sanct Bryde, weill caruit with ane koow,[3]
With coistlye collouris fyne and fair:
Ane thousand mo I mycht declair,

SS. Cosmas, Damian, Crispinian, and a thousand more.

As sanct Cosma, and Damiane,[4]
The Sowtars[5] sanct Crispaniane.
All thir on altare staitly standis,—
Preistis cryand for thare offrandis,—
To quhome we Communnis,[6] on our kneis,
Doith[7] wyrschip all thir Ymagereis;

To these we do worship and put up supplications.

In Kirk, in Queir, and in the closter,
Prayand to thame our Pater noster;
In pylgramage frome town to toun,
With offrand and with orisoun,
To thame aye babland[8] on our beidis,
That thay wald help ws in our neidis.

Wherein differs this from gentle idolatry?

Quhat differ*is* this,—declare to me,—
Frome the Gentilis Idolatrye?

EXPERIENCE.

In little, if you tell aright.

¶ Gyff that be trew that thow reportis,
It goith[9] rycht neir thir[10] samyn sortis:
Bot we, be counsall of Clargye,

Images are the books of the unlearned,

Hes lycence[11] to mak Imagerye,
Quhilk of vnleirnit bene the buikis;

and serve as reminders

For, quhen lauid[12] folk vpone thame luikis,
Itt bringith[13] to rememberance
Off Sanctis lyuis the circumstance,—
Quhow, the faith for to fortifye,
Thay sufferit pane rycht pacientlye.
Seand the Image of the Rude,

of Christ,

Men suld remember on the Blude
Quhilk Christ, in tyll his Passioun,
Did sched for our Saluatioun:
Or, quhen thow seis ane portrature

and of S. Mary,

Off blyssit Marie, Uirgen pure,

[1] E owp [2] E, L sow [3] E, L kow [4] L Demane
[5] L Sowteris [6] E Commondis, L Commonis [7] L Dois
[8] L baibland [9] L gais [10] L the [11] L licience
[12] L lawit [13] L bringis

One bony Babe[1] vpone hir kne,
Than, in thy mynde, remember the
The wordis quhilks the Propheit said,—
Quhow sche suld be boith Mother[2] and Maid.
¶ Bot quho that sittis doun on thare kneis,
Prayand tyll ony Imagereis,[3]
With oritioun[4] or offerand,
Kneland with cap in to thare hand,
No difference bene, I say to the,
Frome the Gentilis Idolatrye.
¶ Rycht so, of diuers nationis
I reid abominationis,[5]—
Quhow Grekis maid thare deuotioun haill
To Mars, to saif[6] thame in battaill;
Tyll[7] Iupiter sum tuke thare vayage,
To saif[6] thame frome the stormys rage;
Sum prayit to Uenus, from the splene,
That thay thare luffis[8] mycht obtene;
And sum to Iuno, for ryches,
Thare pylgramage thay wald addres.
¶ So doith our commoun[9] populare,
Quhilk war to lang for tyll[7] declare
Thare superstitious pylgramageis
To mony diuers Imageis;—
Sum to sanct Rochee,[10] with deligence,
To saif thame frome the pestilence;
For thare teith, to sanct Apollene;
To sanct Tredwell, to mend thare eine:
Sum makis offrande to sanct Eloye,[11]
That he thare hors may weill conuoye:
Thay ryn, quhen thay haif Iowellis tynte,
To seik sanct Syith, or euer thay stynte;
And to sanct Germane, to get remeid
For maladeis in to thare[12] heid.
Thay bryng mad men, on fuit and horsse,
And byndis thame to sanct Mongose crosse:[13]

and the prophecy touching her.

But to pray to them

is sheer idolatry.

As it was when the ancients paid their devotions to Mars,

Jupiter,

Venus,

Juno,

so it is when our commonalty repair to

S. Roch,

SS. Apollonia,

Tredwell, and Eligius,

SS. Swithe and Germanus,

SS. Kentigern

[1] L Ane bony bab [2] L Moder [3] L Imagryis
[4] E, L orisoun [5] E, L Abbominationis [6] L sauf
[7] L To [8] L wivis [9] L commonis [10] L Roke
[11] L Heloy [12] E, L the [13] L corss

and Barbara, To sanct Barbara[1] thay cry full faste,
To saif[2] thame frome the thonder[3] blaste:
For gude nouellis, as I heir tell,
SS. Gabriel and Margaret, Sum takis thare gait[4] to Gabriell:
Sum wyffis sanct Margret doith exhort
In to thare byrth thame to support;
SS. Antony, To sanct Anthony, to saif the soow;[5]
Bridget, and To sanct Bryde, to keip calf and koow:[6]
Sebastian, To sanct Bastien thay ryn and ryde,
That frome the schote he saf thare syde;
or visit Crail-cross. And sum, in hope to gett thare haill,[7]
Rynnis to the auld Rude of Kerrail.[8]
Quhowbeit thir simpyll peple[9] rude
The poor creatures mean well; Think thare intentioun be bot gude,
Wo be to[10] Priest*is*, I say for me,
Quhilk suld schaw thame the verratie.
but the priests and bishops, because of their encouraging false religion, will have to give answer hereafter. Prelatis, quhilkis hes of thame the cure,
Sall mak answeir thareof, be sure,
On the gret day of Iugement,—
Quhen no tyme beis for to repent,—
Quhare manyfest Idolatrye
Sall puneist be perpetuallye.

[1] L Berbera [2] L sauf [3] L thunderis [4] E gett
[5] E, L sow [6] E, L kow [7] E heill [8] E Karreil, L Carail
[9] pepill [10] L Wo to

HEIR FOLLOWIS ONE EXCLAMATIOUN AGANIS IDOLATRIE.

EXPERIENCE.

IMPRVDENT Peple,[1] Ignorant and blynd,
By[2] quhat reasone, law, or authoritie,
Or quhat attentyck scripture,[3] can ȝe fynd
Leifsum[4] for tyll commit Idolatrie?
Quhilk bene to bow ȝour bodye, or[5] ȝour kne,
With deuote humyll adoratioun,
Tyll ony Ydoll maid of stone or tre,
Geueand[6] thame offerand or oblatioun.

What warrant is there for idolatry?

Quhy did ȝe gyf the honour, laude, and[7] glore,
Perteynyng God,—quhilk maid all thyng of nocht,
Quhilk wes, and is, and salbe euirmore,—
Tyll Ymagis by mennis handis wrocht?
O fulysche[8] folke, quhy haif ȝe succour socht
Off thame quhilk can[9] nocht help ȝow in distres?
Ȝit reasonably reuolfe, in to ȝour thocht,
In stok nor stone can be non holynes.

Why is God's sole due given to images?

¶ In the desert the peple[1] of Israell,—
Moyses remanyng in[10] the mont Synaye,—
Thay maid one moltin Calf of fyne mettell,
Quhilk thay did honour as thare God verraye;[11]
Bot, quhen Moyses discendit, I heir saye,
And did consydder thare Ydolatrye,

Of Moses and the golden calf.

Exodi. xxxii.

[1] L Pepill [2] L Be [3] E Scriptoure [4] L Iesum
[5] E on [6] E gevand [7] L or [8] L fulage [9] L may
[10] L at [11] E werraye

Off that[1] peple thre thousand gart he slaye,
As the scripture at lenth doith[2] testifye.

Daniell, xiiii.

¶ Because the holye propheit Daniell
In Babilone Ydolatrie repreuit,
And wald nocht worschip[3] thare fals Idoll Bell,

Of Daniel, Bel, and the seven ramping lions.

The hole[4] peple at him wer so aggreuit,
To that effect that he suld be myscheuit,
Delyuerit hym tyll[5] rampand Lyonis sewin:
Bot of that dangerous den he wes releuit
Throuch myrakle of the gret God of hewin.

Dan. iii.

¶ Behald quhow Nabuchodonosor[6] king
Into the vaill[7] of Duran did prepare
One Image of fyne Gold, one meruallous[8] thing,

Of Nebuchadnezzar's colossus;

Thre score of cubyts heycht,[9] and sax in square,—
As more cleirlye the scripture doith declare,—
To quhome all peple, by proclamatioun,
With bodeis bowit, and on thare kneis bare,
Rycht humelye maid adoratioun.

¶ Ane gret wounder, that day, wes sene, also,
Quhow Nabuchodonosor,[6] in his yre,

and of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, in the fire.

Tuke Sydrach, Misach, and Abednago,—[10]
Quhilks wald nocht bow thare kne, at his desyre,
Tyll that Idoll,—gart kast thame in the fyre,
For to be brynt, or he sterit of that steid:
Quhen he beleuit thay wer[11] brynt, bone[12] and lyre,
Wes nocht consumit one small hair of thair heid.

¶ The Angell of the Lord wes *with* thame sene,
In that hait furneis[13] passing vpe[14] and doun,
In tyll ane rosye Garth as thay had bene,—

No harm came to them.

None spott of fyre distenyng cote[15] nor goun.
Off victorie thay did obtene the croun,
And wer, to thame that maid adoratioun
To that Ydoll, or bowit thare body doun,
One wytnessing of thare dampnatioun.

[1] L thois [2] L dois [3] E virschip [4] L hoill [5] L to
[6] L Nabugodonosar [7] L land [8] L merwalus
[9] E cubitis heiche, L hiecht [10] L Abdunago
[11] E var, L war [12] L baine [13] L hoit fourniss
[14] E owp [15] E coit

Quhat wes the cause, at me thow may demande,
That Salomone[1] vsit none Ymagrye[2]—
In his tryumphand[3] Tempyll for tyll stande—
Off Abraham, Ysac, Iacobe, nor Iesse,
Nor of Moyses, thare sauegarde[4] throuch the see,
Nor Iosue, thare valȝeant Campioun.
Because God did command the contrarye[5]
That thay sulde vse sic superstitioun.

Famous ancients that eschewed idolatry.

¶ Behald quhow the gret God Omnipotent,
To preserue Israell frome Idolatrye,
Derectit thame one strait commandiment,
Thay suld nocht mak none caruit ymagrye,
Nother of gold, of syluer, stone, nor tre,
Nor gyf[6] worschip tyll ony simlytude
Beand in hewin, in erth, nor[7] in the see,
Bot onelye tyll his souerane celsitude.

Exodi. xx.
Deut. v.

It is divinely prohibited.

¶ The Propheit Dauid planely did repreue
Ydolatrye, to thare confutioun
In grauit stok or stone that did beleue,
Declaryng thame thare gret abutioun;[8]
Spekand, in maner of dirysioun,
Quhow dede Idolis, be mennis handis wrocht,
Quham thay honourit with humyll orisioun,
Wer in the markat daylie sauld and bocht.

Baru. vi.

David denounced and derided it.

☞ The Deuyllis,[9] seand the euyll conditioun
Off the Gentylis, and thare vnfaithfulnes,
For tyll agment thare superstitioun,
In those Ydolis thay maid thare entres,
And in thame spak, as storyis doith expres:
Than men beleuit of thame to gett releif,
Askand thame help in all thare besynes;
Bot, finallye, that turnit to thare myscheif.

Through idols the devils worked their will of the gentiles.

¶ Traist weill, in thame is none Diuinitie,
Quhen reik & rowst[10] thare fair colour doith faid:

No gods,

[1] L Salamon [2] E Imagerye [3] E tryumquhant, L trivmphant
[4] L saufgard [5] E contray, L contraire [6] E ȝit [7] L or
[8] L habusioun [9] E Dewillis [10] E ruist, L roust and reik

Thocht thay haue feit, one fute thay can not flee,
Quhowbeit the tempyll byrn abone[1] thair haid:
images are only images, In thame is nother freindschip nor remaid.[2]
In sic fyguris quhat fauour can ȝe fynd?
With mouth, and eris, & eine thocht thay be maid,
All men may se thay ar dum,[3] deif, and blynd.

Quhowbeit thay fal doun flatlyngis on the flure,
Thay haif none[4] strenth thare[5] self to rais agane:
and can help neither themselves nor others. Thocht Rattonis ouir *th*ame ryn, thay tak no cure:
Quhowbeit *th*ai breik *th*are neck, thay feil no pane.
Quhy sulde men psalmes to thame sing or sane?
Sen growand treis that ȝeirly berith[6] frute
Ar more to pryse—I mak it to the plane—
Nor cuttit stockis, wanting boith crope and rute.

☞ Off Edinburgh the gret Idolatrye
And manifest abominatioun,[7]
On *th*are feist day, all creature may se:
Edinburgh notorious for its idolatry. Thay beir ane auld stock Image throuch[8] *the* toun,—
With talbrone, troumpet,[9] schalme, and Clarioun,—
Quhilk hes bene vsit mony one ȝeir bigone;
With preistis and freris in to[10] processioun,
Siclyke as Bell wes borne throuch Babilone.

¶ Aschame ȝe nocht, ȝe seculare prestis and freris,
Tyll so gret superstitioun to[11] consent?
Ydolateris ȝe haue bene mony ȝeris,
The poet dehorts, Expresse agane the Lordis commandiment:
Quharefor, brether, I counsall ȝow, repent:
Gyff no honour to caruit stock[12] nor stone;
Geue laude and glore to God Omnipotent
Allanerlie, as wyselie wryttis[13] Ihone.[14]

[1] E about [2] L force nor feid [3] E doum [4] L no
[5] L *th*ame [6] L quhilk ȝeirlie beiris [7] L abhominatioun
[8] L throw [9] L talberoun, trumpat [10] L omitted
[11] E till [12] E, L stok [13] L writith [14] E Iohnne

¶ Fy on 3ow Freris that vsis for to preche,
And dois assist to sic Idolatrye!
Quhy do 3e nocht the Ignorant peple teche
Quhow ane dede Image, caruit of one[1] tre,
As it wer holy sulde nocht honourit be,
Nor borne on Burges backis vp and doun?
Bot 3e schaw planely 3our Ipocrasie,
Quhen 3e passe formest in processioun.

and inveighs,

¶ Fy on 3ow fostraris[2] of Idolatrye,
That tyll ane dede stock dois sic reuerence,
In presens of the peple, publykelie![3]
Feir 3e nocht God, to commit sic offence?
I counsall 3ow, do 3it 3our diligence
To gar suppresse sic gret abusioun.[4]
Do 3e nocht so, I dreid 3our recompence
Salbe nocht ellis bot clene confusioun.

and forecasts dreadful consequences.

Had sanct Frances bene borne out throuch *the*[5] toun,
Or sanct Domnick,[6]—thocht 3e had nocht[7] refusit
With thame tyll haif[8] past in processioun,—
In tyll that cais sum wald haif 3ow excusit.
Now men may see quhow that 3e haue abusit
That nobyll town, throuch 3our Ipocrasye:
Those peple trowis that thay may rycht weil vs it,
Quhen 3e pas with thame in to cumpanye.

The Edinburghers degenerate,

¶ Sum of 3ow hes bene quyet counsallouris[9]
Prouocand princis to sched saikles blude,
Quhilk neuir did 3our prudent predecessouris:
Bot 3e lyke furious Phariceis, denude
Off charitie, quhilk rent Christ on the rude:
For Christis floke, without malyce or yre,
Conuertit fragyll faltouris, I conclude,
Be Goddis worde,[10] withouttin sweird or fyre.

and exciters to wrongful bloodshedding.

[1] L ane [2] L fosteris [3] L pul lictlie [4] L habusioun
[5] L that [6] E, L Dominik [7] E bene [8] L to haue
[9] E consallowris [10] E vord

Reid 3e nocht quhow *that* Christ hes gyffin[1] co*m*mand,
Math. xviii. Gyff thy brother doith oucht the tyll offend,
Than secretlye correct hym, hand for hand,
Forgiveness inculcated, In freindly maner, or thow forther wend:
Gyff he wyll[2] nocht heir the, than mak it kend
Tyll one, or two, be trew narratioun:
Gyf he, for thame, wyll nocht his mys amend,
Declare hym to the congregatioun:

¶ And, gyf he 3it remanith obstinat,
And to the holy kirk Incounsolable,[3]
Than lyke ane Turke hald hym excomminicat,[4]
but consistently with discipline. And with all faithfull folk abhominabyll;
Banysing hym, that he be no more able
To dwell amang the faithfull cumpanye:
Quhen he repentis, be nocht vnmerciable,
Bot hym ressaue[5] agane rycht tenderlye.

¶ Bot our dum Doctoris of Diuinitie,
And 3e of the last fonde[6] religioun,
Off pure Transgressouris 3e haue no petie,
The contemporary clergy, Bot cryis to put thame to confusioun:
As cryit the Iowis, for the effusioun
Off Christis blude, in to thare byrnand yre,
Crucifige! so 3e,[7] with one vnioun,
Cryis 'fy, gar cast that faltour in the fyre.'

Roma. xvi. Unmercifull memberis of the Antichrist,
Ephe. v. Extolland 3our humane traditione
Contrar the Institutione of Christ,[8]
for their malpractices, Effeir 3e nocht Diuine punytione?
Thocht sum of 3ow be gude of conditione,
Reddy for to ressaue new recent wyne,
I speik to 3ow auld bosis of perditione:
Returne in tyme, or 3e ryn to rewyne,[9]

[1] E, L gevin [2] L weill [3] L incounsalabill
[4] L excomunicat [5] resauv [6] E found, L fund
[7] E omitted [8] E Cryst [9] L ruwyne

¶ As ran the peruerst Prophetis of Baall,— *iii. Reg. xviii.*
Quhilkis did consent to the Idolatrye
Off wickit Achab, king of Israell,— are menaced with the fate of the prophets of Baal,
Quhose nommer[1] wer four hundreth and fyftie,
Quhilkis honourit that Idoll opinlye:
Bot, quhen Elias did preue thare abusioun,[2]
He gart the peple sla thame creuellye;
So at one hour came thare confusioun.

☞ I pray 3ow, prent in 3our remembrance[3]
Quhow the reid Freris, for[4] thare Idolatrye,
In Scotland, Ingland, Spane, Italy, & France,
Upone one day wer puneissit[5] pietuouslye. and that of the red friars.
Behald quhow 3our awin brether, now laitlye,
In Ducheland, Inglaand, Denmark, and Norowaye,
Ar trampit doun, with thare Ipocrasye,
And, as the snaw, ar meltit clene awaye.

I maruell *that* our Byschoppis thynk*is* no schame
To gyf 3ow freris sic preheminens,—
Tyll vse[6] thare office, to thare gret diffame, The influence of monks decried,
Precheing for thame in opin audiens:
Bot, mycht A. Byschope eik tyll[7] his awin expens,
For ilk Sermone,[8] ten Ducatis in his hand,
He wald, or he did want that recompens,
Go preche hym self, boith in to burgh and land.

¶ I traist to se gude reformatione
Frome tyme we gett ane faithfull prudent king
Quhilk knawis the treuth and his vocatione:
All Publicanis, I traist, he wyll doun thring, and reformation hoped for,
And wyll nocht suffer in his realme to ring
Corruppit[9] Scrybis nor[10] fals Pharisiens,
Agane the treuth quhilk planely doith[11] maling:
Tyll[12] that kyng cum we mon tak paciens.

[1] E number, L nomber [2] L habusioun [3] L remomberance
[4] L throw [5] L pvnist [6] E vss [7] L to [8] E, L Sermond
[9] L Corrupt [10] L and [11] dalie dois [12] L Quhill

Now fairweill, freindis; because I can nocht flyte:
Quhowbeit I culde,[1] ȝe mon hald me excusit,
Thocht I agane Ydolatrye Indyte,
Or thame dispyte that wyl nocht ȝit refus it.
in the suppression of idolatrous practices. I praye to God that it be no more vsit
Amang the rewlaris of this Regioun,
That commoun peple be no more abusit,[2]
Bot gyf hym glore that bair the creuell[3] croun;

Quhilk techeit ws, be his deuine Scripture,
Tyll rycht prayer the perfyte reddy way;
As wrytith Matthew,[4] in his sext Chepture,
The Paternoster recommended, In quhat maner and to quhome we suld pray
One schort compendious orisone, euerilk day,
Most proffitabyll for boith body and saull;
The quhilk is nocht derectit, I heir say,
To Ihone[5] nor Iames, to Peter nor to Paull,

¶ Nor[6] none vther of the Apostlis[7] twelf,
Nor to no Sanct, nor Angell in[8] the Hewin,
Bot onely tyll our Father,[9] God hym self;
which is addressed to God, Quhilk orisione it doith[10] contene, full ewin,—
Most proffitabyll for ws,—petetionis sewin;
Quhilk we lawid[11] folk the Pater Noster call.
Thocht we say Psalmis nyne, ten, or alewin,
Off all prayer[12] this bene the principall;

Be reasoun of the makkar[13] quhilk it maid,
Quhilk wes the Sonne of God, our Saluiour;
Be reasoun, als, to quhome it suld be said,—
and, on many grounds, is the chief of prayers. Tyll the Father[9] of hewin, our Creatour,
Quhilk dwellis nocht in tempyll nor in tour.
He cleirlye seis our thocht, wyll, and intent:
Quhat nedith ws[14] at vtheris seik succour,
Quhen in all place his power bene present?

[1] L couth [2] L habusit [3] L crewall [4] E wrytteth Mathow [5] E, L Iohnne [6] L Nor to [7] L Appostillis [8] L of [9] L Fader [10] L orisoun it dois [11] L laude [12] L prayeris [13] E maker [14] E neid was

¶ 3e princis of the preistis, that suld preche,
Quhy suffer 3e so gret abutioun?
Quhy do 3e nocht the sempyll peple teche
Quhow and to quhome to dresse thare orisoun? 2648 Why do not the bishops teach to pray aright?
Quhy thole 3e thame to ryn frome toun to toun,
In Pylgramage tyll ony Ymagreis,—
Hopand to gett, thare, sum Saluatioun,—
Prayand to thame deuotlye on thare kneis? 2652

☞ This wes the prettike[1] of sum pylgramage:
Quhen fillokis, in to Fyfe, began to fon,
With Ioke & Thom than tuke thay thare vayage[2]
In Angusse, tyll the feild Chapell of Dron: 2656 What is done on pilgrimage,
Than Kyttoke thare, als cadye as ane Con,
Without regarde other to Syn or schame,
Gaiff Lowre[3] leif at layser to loupe on:
Far better had bene tyll haif biddin at hame. 2660

¶ I haue sene pass one meruellous multytude,
3ong men and wemen, flyngand on[4] thare feit,
Under the forme of feynit[5] sanctytude,
For tyll adore one Image in Loreit.[6] 2664 and at the chapel of Loreit,
Mony came with thare marrowis for to meit,
Committand, thare, fowll fornicatioun:
Sum kyst the claggit taill of the Armeit:[7]
Quhy thole 3e this abominatioun? 2668

¶ Off Fornicatioun and Idolatrye
Apperandlye 3e tak bot[8] lytill cure,
Seand the maruellous[9] Infelicitye
Quhilk heth[10] so lang done in this land indure, 2672 scenes of dissoluteness.
In 3our defalt quhilk heth[10] the charge and cure.
This bene of treuth, my Lordis, with 3our leue,[11]
Sic pylgramage heth[10] maid mony one hure,
Quhilk, gyf I plesit, planelye I mycht preue.[12] 2676

¶ Quhy mak 3e nocht the scripture manifest Why are not
To pure peple, twyching Idolatrye?

[1] L practik [2] L woyage [3] L Lowrie [4] L by
[5] E, L fen3eit [6] L Laureit [7] L Hermeit [8] E omitted
[9] L merwalus [10] E haith, L hes [11] E, L leif [12] E preif

In 3our precheing quhy haif 3e nocht exprest
Quhow mony kyng*is* of Israell creuellye[1] 2680
the fruits of old idolatry set forth? Wer puneissit, be God, so rigorouslye?
As Ieroboam, and mony mo, but doute
For wyrschippyng of caruit Imagerye,
iii. Reg. xiii. War frome thare realmes rudlye rutit oute. 2684

¶ Quhy thole 3e, onder 3our Dominioun,
Ane craftye preist or fen3eit fals armeit
Abuse[2] the peple of this Regioun,
Onely for thare perticular profeit, 2688
Why is priestcraft suffered, And, speciallye, that Heremeit[3] of Lawreit?
He pat the comoun[4] peple in beleue
That blynd gat seycht, and crukit gat thare feit,
The quhilk that pal3ard no way can[5] appreue. 2692

3e maryit men that hes trym wantoun wyffis,
And lusty dochteris of 3oung tender aige,
Quhose honestie 3e suld lufe as 3our lyffis,
to the special detriment of womankind? Permyt thame nocht to passe in pylgramage, 2696
To seik support at ony stok Image:
For I haue wyttin gud wemen passe fra hame,
Quhilk hes bene trappit with sic lustis rage,
Hes[6] done returne boith w*ith* gret syn and schame. 2700

¶ Gett vpe![7] thow slepist[8] all to lang, O Lorde;
And mak one haistie reformatioun
On thame quhilk doith tramp doun *th*i gratious[9] worde,
Domine, usquequo! And hes ane[10] deidly Indignatioun 2704
Att thame quhilk makith trew narratioun
Off thy[11] Gospell, schawing the verytie.
O Lord! I mak the supplicatioun,
Supporte our Faith, our Hope, and Charytie.[12] 2708

FINIS.

[1] L crewallie [2] P Abuſe [3] L Hermit [4] E comond
[5] L culd [6] L Haue [7] E oup [8] E slepit [9] L gracius
[10] L haith one [11] L the [12] E Cheritie

HEIR FOLLOUIS QVHOV KYNG NYNUS BEILDIT THE GRET CITIE OF NYNIUE; AND QUHOW HE UINCUSTE ZOROASTES, THE KYNG OFF BACTRIA.[1]

EXPERIENCE.

THIS Nynus, of Asseria king,[2]
Quhen he had maid his conquessing,
To beild one Citie he hym drest,
Chosing *the* place quhare he thocht best,
Quhare he had first dominioun,
In Asseria, his awin regioun.
Thocht Assur,[3] as *the* scriptur says,
Quhilk come affore king Nynus dayis,
And foundit that famous Citie,
The quhilk was callit Nyniue;
Bot, as rehersis[4] Diodore,
Nynus that Citie did decore
So maruellous[5] tryumphantlye
As ȝe sall heir Immedeatlye,
Upone the flude of Euphrates,
Quhilk to behauld gret wounder wes.
One hundreth and fyftye stagys
That Citie wes of lenth, I wys:
The wallis, one hundreth fute of heycht,
No wounder was thocht thay wer wycht:
Sick breid, abufe[6] the wallis, thare was,
Thre cartis mycht sydlingis on thame pas:
Four hundreth stageis and four score
In circuit, but myn or more.

Ninus builds a city.

Gene. x.

An apparent discrepancy between Holy Scripture

and a statement of Diodorus.

Nineveh was on the Euphrates,

and was of great extent,

with huge walls,

[1] E Bactis [2] L the king [3] L als sure [4] L rehersith [5] L marwalus [6] E abone

Off towris, aboute those wallis, I wene,
Ane thousand and fyue hundreth bene,
and many lofty towers. Off heycht two hundreth fute[1] and more,
As wryttis[2] famous Diodore.
Jona. iii. ¶ The scripture makis mentioun,
Quhen God send Ionas to that toun,
To schaw thame of his puneisment,
Jonah attests its magnitude. Outthrouch the Citie quhen he went,
Thre dayis Iornay tyll[3] hym it wes:
The Bybill sayis it wes no les.
My Sonne, now haif I schawin to the
Off the beildyng of Nyniue:
It was named after its founder. For the agmentyng[4] of his fame,
Nynus gart[5] call it efter his name.
☞ Quhen he that gret Citie had endit,
To conques more ȝit[6] he intendit,
Ninus sets out for And did depart frome Nyniue,
And rasit vp[7] one gret arme
Off the most stalwarte men and stoute
Off all his Regionis rounde aboute:
In gret ordour tuke thare Iorna
Bactria, Towarte the realme of Bactria.
Off wycht fute men, I vnderstande,
with an immense army. He had sewintene hundreth thousande,
Withoute hors men and weirlyke cairtis,
Quhome he ordourit in sindry partis;
Quhilk tyll[8] discryue I am nocht abyll,
Quhose nummer[9] bene so vntrowabyll.
Oxyartes, king of Bactria, ¶ Zoroastes, that nobyll kyng,
Quhilk Bactria had in gouernyng,—
That prudent Prince, as I heir[10] tell,
Did in Astronomye precell,
and author of magic, And fand the Art of Magica,
With naturall science mony ma,—
Seand king Nynus on the feilde,
encounters with Ninus. Fordwart he cam, with speir[11] and scheilde,—

[1] E hundret fut [2] L writith [3] L to
[4] L And for agmenting [5] L He gart it [6] L omitted
[7] E oup [8] L to [9] L nomber [10] L hard [11] E spere

Foure hundreth thousand men he wes :
In his Armie thare wes no les,—
And mett king Nynus, on the bordoure,
Rycht vailȝantlie, and in[1] gude ordoure,
On the Uangarde of his Armie,
On thame he ruscheit rycht rudelie,
And of thame slew, as I heir[2] saye,
One hundreth thousand men, that day :
The rest that chapit wer vnslane
To Nynus gret[3] oiste fled agane.
¶ Off that king Nynus wes so noyit,
He restit neuer tyll he distroyit
All hoill that Regioun, vpe and doun,
And frome the King did reif the croun,
And maid the realme of Bactria
Subiectit tyll Asseria.
And in that samyn land, I wys,
He tuk to wyfe Semeramis,
Quha,[4] as myne Author dois discryue,
Was, than,[5] the lustiest on lyue.
That beand done, without sudgeorne[6]
Tyll Nyniue he did returne,
With gret tryumphe of victorie.
As myne Authore dois specifie,
Boith Occident and Orient
War all tyll hym[7] obedient.
It wald abhore the tyll heir red[8]
The saikles blude[9] that he did sched.
Quhen he had roung, as thow may heir,
The space of thre and fourtye ȝeir,
Beand in his excelland glore,
The dolent deith did hym deuore,—
In quhat sorte, I am nocht certane :
Sum Author sayis that he wes slane,—
And left, tyll bruke his Heretage,
One lytill Babe[10] of tender aige :

A fierce battle ensues,

and horrid slaughter.

Ninus perseveres,

reduces Bactria,

marries Semiramis,

and returns home.

Mighty conqueror,

and shedder of much innocent blood,

after reigning 43 years, he dies.

How he dies is not clear.

[1] L wailȝeandlie and with [2] L herd [3] E omitted
[4] L And [5] L That tyme [6] L sudeorne [7] L Till him war all
[8] E reid [9] E bluid [10] L litill bab

Ninyas

Ȝoung Nynus wes the chyldis name,
Quhilk efter fluryste in gret fame.
Sum sayis that, be his wyffis[1] treasoun
Is left heir at his death. Kyng Nynus deit in presoun; 2808
As I sall schaw, or I hyne fair,
Quhow Diodore hath done[2] declair,

* FINIS. *

[1] E vyffis [2] E donne, L doith

HEIR FOLLOWIS SUM OF THE WOUNDERFULL DEDIS OF THE LUSTIE QUENE SEMERAMIS.

EXPERIENCE.

NYNVS luffit so Ardentlye — Ninus, uxorious,
Semeramis, his fair Ladye,
Thare wes no thyng scho wald command[1]
Bot al obeyit[2] wes fra hand.
Scho, seand hym so Amorous,
Scho grew proude and presumptuous,[3] — allowed Queen Semiramis,
And at the king scho did desyre
Fyue[4] dayis to gouerne his Impyre;
And he, of his beneuolence,
Did grant hir that preheminence,— — with all regal ensigns and prerogatives,
With Sceptour, Crown, and Rob royall,
And hole[5] power Imperiall,—
Tyll fyue dayis wer cum and gone, — to reign for five days.
That scho, as king, sulde ring allone.
¶ Than all the Princis of the land
Duryng that tyme maid hir ane band:
With bankat Royall myrrellie[6] — Merrymaking.
Scho treatit thame Tryumphantlie.
So, the first day, the peple all — The first day, all the people waited on her;
Came tyll[7] hir seruyce, bound and thrall;
Bot, or the secunde day wes gone,
Scho tuke sic glore[8] to ryng allone,
Be one decreit, maid thame amang, — on the second day, she cast the king into prison.
The king scho patt[9] in presone strang.
I reid weill of his presoning,
Bot nocht of his delyuering: — He was in full glory
Quhow euir, it wes in tyll[10] his flowris

[1] L demand [2] E all obeit [3] E presomptious
[4] E Fyffe [5] L haill [6] E merelye, L meralie
[7] L to [8] L plesour [9] L put [10] L into

when he died,

He did of deith suffer the schowris,
And mycht nocht lenth his lyfe[1] one houre,
Thocht he wes the first Concreoure:[2]

a sanguinary monster.

Quhose Conquessing, for to conclude,
Wes nocht bot[3] gret schedding of blude.
Now haue[4] ȝe hard of Nynus king,
Quhow he began, and his ending;

So writes Diodorus.

Quhowbeid myne Author,[5] Diodore,
Off hym haith wryttin mekle more.
Princis, for wrangus conquessing,
Doith[6] mak, oft tymes, ane euyll ending:

The moral of his story.

Thocht he had lang prosperitie,[7]
He endit with miseretie.

FINIS.

[1] E lyff [2] L conqueriour [3] E bot be, L but
[4] E haif [5] L my Autour [6] L dois
[7] L omits lines 2849-2850.

OFF KYNG NYNUS SEPULTURE.

EXPERIENCE.

THE Quene a[1] sepultur sche[2] maid,
Quhar sche[2] king Nynus body laid,—
Off curius crafty wark[3] & wycht,
The Quhilk had stagis ix.[4] of hycht,
& ten stagis of breid it wes:
Diodore saith[5] it wes no les.
For aucht Stagis one myle thow tak,
And thairefter thy nummer[6] mak;
So, be this compt, it wes,[7] full rycht,
One myle als and one[8] stage of hycht.
Except the Towre of Babilone,
So heych one wark[3] I reid of none.
¶ Semiramis, this[9] lustye Quene,
Consyddring quhat dainger bene
To haif on[10] King of tender aige,
Quhilk mycht nocht vse no vassalage,
Scho tuke one curagious consait,
Thinkand that scho wald mak debait,
Geue[11] ony maid rebellioun
Contrar hir Sonne, or his Regioun,
Quhome sche did foster tenderly,
And kepit hym full quyetly.
Scho laid apart hir awin cleithyng,
And tuke the Rayment of ane king:
Quhen scho wes in tyll Armour dycht,
Mycht no man knaw hir be one knycht.
Scho valȝeantlye[12] went to the weir,
And to gyf battell tuke na feir,

His was a right noble mausoleum,
according to Diodorus,
and, in height, was second to the tower of Babylon only.
Semiramis,
to secure the succession,
tendered her son diligently,
and, herself, played the man valiantly.

[1] L ane [2] E, L scho [3] L werk [4] E, L nyne
[5] L sayis [6] L nomber [7] L is [8] L and als ane
[9] L his [10] E, L one [11] L gif [12] E wailȝeantlie

She was feared and fortunate.

Dantyng all Realmes rounde aboute,
That all the warld of hir had doute;
More fortunat, in hir conquessing,
Nor[1] wes hir Husband, Nynus king.

Babylon she strengthened and adorned;

¶ Babilone scho did fortyfie,
Templis and towris, tryumphandlie,
So plesandlye[2] did thame prepair,
Quhilk in the erth had no compair.
Quhowbeid Nemrod,[3] of quhome I spake,
The hydduous dungeoun he gart make,
And of the Citie the Fundiment,[4]—
To quhome God maid Impediment,—

and she completed what Nimrod had begun;

Quhare Nemrod[3] left, thare scho began,
And pat to wark mony one man
Off all the Realmes round aboute:
Off most Ingyne scho socht thame oute.

employing, in the work, 1,200,000 men at once, and more, if we may credit Diodorus.

Scho had, wyrkand with tre and stonis,
Twelf[5] hundreth thousand men at onis:[6]
Go reid the buke of Diodore,
And thow sall fynd the nummer[7] more.

She enlarged the city,

On euerilk[8] syde of Euphrates
That nobyll Citie beildit wes;
And so that ryuer of renown
Ran throuch the mydpart of the town.

and built strong bridges,

Ouerthort that flude scho bryggis[9] maid
Off maruellous[10] strenth, boith lang and braid:
Thay wer fyue stagis large of lenth:

and fortified them.

On euerilk bryg scho maid ane strenth.

The size of Babylon,

The[11] circuit, as I said affore,
Foure hundreth stagis and four score;
The wallis hycht, quho wald discryue,

and its walls, as to height and width.

Thre hundreth fute, thre score, and fyue.
Sax Cairtis mycht pas, rycht easalie,[12]
Abufe[13] the wallis of that Citie,
Sydlingis, withoute[14] Impediment.
Consydder, be[15] 3our Iugement,

[1] L Than [2] E plesantlie
[3] E Quhowbeit Nembrod, L Nembroth
[4] E foundement, L foundment [5] P Twell [6] L attonis
[7] L nomber [8] E every [9] L brigis [10] E marvalus, L merwalus
[11] L in [12] E asalye [13] E aboue [14] L but [15] L than be

Geue[1] those wallis wer hie,[2] or nocht,
And also curiouslye wer wrocht,
As Diodore hes done defyne—
Quhilk doith transcend my rude Ingyne—
Off Babilone the magnificens;
To quhome ȝe wald gyf no credens,
Geue[1] I at lenth wald put in wryte,
Quhilk Diodore hes[3] done indyte.
Compare of Cities fynd I none
Tyll Nyniue and Babilone.
Frome Nyniue, in Asseria,
Tyll Babilone, in Caldia,
By Bryggis[4] plesandlye ȝe may pas
Upone the fludе of Euphratas.
Amang the fludis of Paradyce
This Euphratas maye beir the pryce.
All warkis quhilkis the[5] Quene began
Transcendit the ingyne of man.
The proude Quene Pantasilia,
The Princes of Amasona,
With hir Ladyis tryumphandlye,
Att Troye quhilk faucht so wailȝeantlye,
Nor ȝit the fair Madin of France,
Danter of Inglis Ordinance,
To Semeramis, in hir dayis,
Wer no compare, as bukis sayis.
Except tryumphand[6] Iulyus,
Strong Hanniball, or[7] Pompeyus,
Or Allexander the Concreoure,[8]
I fynd no gretter Werioure.
¶ Wald I rehers, as wryttis Clerkis,
Hir wounderfull and vailȝeand[9] werkis,
It wer to me one[10] gret laubour,
And tiddious to the Auditour:—
Quhat scho did in Ethopia,
And in the lande of Medea;

They were a wonder.

The magnificence of Babylon has been incredibly depicted by Diodorus.

Nineveh and Babylon were connected by bridges over the Euphrates,

a noble stream.

Neither was Penthesilea

nor the maid of Orleans

comparable with Semiramis;

and she has had few male superiors in warfare.

It were laborious and tedious to rehearse what she did in

Ethiopia and Media,

[1] E Gyff, L Gif [2] L hech [3] L my autour haith
[4] L Bargis [5] L this [6] E tryvmquhant [7] E and
[8] L conqueriour [9] E wailȝeant [10] L oure

in building, &c., Beildand Cities, Castellis, and Towris,
Parkis, and Gardyngis of plesouris,
For the exaltyng of hir name,
And Immortall to mak hir fame.

in levelling Mount Zarcæum, Off Iarcieus the heych Montanis
Scho gart ryue[1] down and mak thame planis:
Gret Orontes, that Montane wycht,
Twenty and fyue stagis of hycht,

and in making a conduit through Mount Orontes. Tyll hir Palyce to[2] draw ane louche,
By fors of men scho raif[3] it throche.

☞ Had scho kepit hir Chastitie,
Scho mycht haue bene one A per se.

But she was unchaste, Quhen scho had ordorit[4] hir Impyre,
Off Uenus wark[5] scho tuke desyre.
One secreit Mansioun scho gart mak,
Quhare scho maist[6] plesandlye mycht tak

was gregarious in her lewdness, ȝoung Gentyll men, for hir plesour;
The quhilk scho vsit[7] abufe mesour.
One man allone mycht nocht be abyll
To stanche hir luste insaciabyll:

and never satisfied; Quhen scho wes satifyit of one,
Scho gart ane vther cum anone.
The Lustiest of all the land
Come quyetlye,[8] at hir command:

and she slew all her paramours. Quhen thay, at lenth, had lyin hir by,
Scho slew thame all, rycht creuelly.
Quhen hir Sone come tyll aige perfyte,
Off hym scho tuke so gret delyte,

Of her incest with her own son. Scho causit hym with hir to lye,
Amang the rest, rycht quyetlye.
Sum sayis, throuch sensuall lustis rage,

Some say she married him. Scho band hym in to Mariage,
And held hym vnder tutorye,
To vphald hir auctoritye.[9]

FINIS.

[1] E ryf [2] E till [3] E reif [4] E orderit, L ordourit
[5] L werkis [6] L most [7] L did [8] L quicklie
[9] E auctoryte, L autorite

QUHOV THE QUENE SEMERAMIS, WITH ONE[1] GRET ARMIE, PAST TO YNDE, AND FAUCHT WITH THE KYNG STAWROBATES; AND OF HIR MISERRABYLL END.

EXPERIENCE.

VHEN Scho had lang tyme leuit in rest, — After long repose,
To conques more scho hir addrest;
Because of diuers scho hard tell
Quhow that the Ynde Orientell — she plans to subjugate India,
Preceld in gret commoditeis,
As Bestiall, Cornis, and fructfull treis, — a land rich in all manner of natural products,
Al kynde of Spyce delicious,
Golde, Syluer, stonis precious;
And quhow[2] that plentuous[3] land did beir
Corne, Frute,[4] and Wyne twyse[5] in the 3eir;
With Oliphantis Innumerabyll, — elephants included.
In Battell wounder terrabyll.
Scho, herand this, and mekle more,
Beleuand tyll agment hir glore,
Gart mak strait Proclamationis — To this end, she issues an edict to her feudatories,
In all and syndrie Nationis,
Schawand quhow[2] it wes hir desyre,
All Princis vnder hir Impyre,—
In Egypt, and Arrabia,
In Perce,[6] in Mede, and Caldia,
In Grece, in Caspia, and Hyrcane, — scattered over divers countries,
In Capadoce, Leid, and Maritane,
In Armanie, and Phrigia,
In Pamphilie,[7] and Asseria,—

[1] L a [2] E how [3] L plantuous [4] E fruct
[5] E twyss [6] L Peirs [7] L Pamphilia

to produce great armies,
That ilke[1] Land, efter thare degre,
Sulde bryng tyll[2] hir ane gret Armie,
In all the gudlye haist thay may,
and to join her in Bactria,
And meit hir in tyll[3] Bactriay; 3012
Declaryng thame that hir intent
Was tyll[2] pas to the Orient,
for a raid on India.
And mak Weir on the king of Ynde.
Frome tyme thay knew quhat wes hir mynde, 3016
Than, be thare[4] self*is*, ilke[1] Regioun
Her commands are obeyed.
Come fordwart, with thare Garnisoun:
Tryumphantlye, in gude array,
Tyll Bactria tuke the reddy way, 3020
And maid thare Mostouris to the Quene.
Such a force had never, till then, been seen on earth.
Bot sic ane sycht wes neuer sene—
In Battell ray so mony one Man
Att onis—sen God the warld began. 3024
But Spain, France, &c., were not yet.
Bot Spanȝe, France, Scotland, Ingland,
Ducheland, Denmark, nor ȝit Yrland
War nocht Inhabit in those dayis,
Nor lang efter, myne Author sayis. 3028
¶ Ethesias he dois specifie
The muster of her
The noumber[5] of this gret Armie,
Sayand, thare come, at hir command,
infantry,
Fute men[6] threttye hundreth thousand, 3032
cavalry,
Off hors men, montit galȝeardlye,
Fyue hundreth thousand, veralye,
camelry,
One hundreth thousand Camelis wycht,[7]—
On euerilk Cameill raid ane knycht,— 3036
Preparit tyll[8] passe in to all partis.
vehicles, and boats
Thare wes ane hundreth thousand Cairtis:
Twoo thousand boittis with hir scho careis,
On Hors, Camelis, and Dromodareis. 3040
Bryggis for to mak scho did conclude
wherewith to bridge the Indus,
Ouerthort Yndus, that furious flude,
Quhilk bene of Ynde the vtmoist bordoure;
On the quhilk flude, with rycht gude ordoure, 3044

[1] E, L ilk [2] L to [3] L into [4] L *th*ame
[5] L nummer [6] E futmen [7] E veycht
[8] E to

Off hir[1] Bairgis sche bryggis maid,
Quhareon hir gret Oiste saifly raid.

over which her host passed safely.

COVRTIOVR.

¶ Father,[2] I wald men vnderstude
Quhow sic ane maruellous[3] multytude
Mycht be att onis brocht to the feild,
Reddy to feycht with speir and scheild.
Sum men wyll Iuge this be[4] ane fabyll,
The mater bene so vntrouabyll.

How was such a vast multitude assembled?

EXPERIENCE.

¶ Itt may weill be, my Sonne, said he,
As, be exempyll, we may se
Quhow Dauid, king of Israell,
His peple[5] gart nummer[6] and tell
Be Ioab, his cheif Capitane,
As holy Scripture schawis plane:
Off feychtand men, in to that land,
He fand threttyne hundreth thousand.
Sen Dauid, in that small countre,
Mycht haue rasit sic ane Armie,
To this Lady it wes no wounder,—
The quhilk had greter[7] Realmes ane hunder
Nor Dauidis lytill Regioun,—
Thocht scho had mony A[8] Legioun
Off men mo nor[9] I tauld affore:
Tharefor, my Sonne, maruell no more.

If King David possessed

1,300,000 men-at-arms, in a small country,

it is no marvel that Semiramis collected so many legions as she did.

¶ Stawrobates, the kyng of Ynde,
Gretlie perturbit in his mynd,
Heryng of sic ane multytude,
To mak defens he did conclude,
And send one Message[10] to the Quene,
Prayand hir Maiestie serene
That scho wald, of hir speciall grace,
Gyf hym Licence to leif in peace;[11]

Stabrobates, King of India, perturbed,

sends her a petition, praying to be left alone;

[1] E this [2] L Fader [3] E mervalus, L merwalus
[4] L to be [5] E pepill [6] L nomber [7] E gryttar
[8] E ane, L one [9] L more *than* [10] L ane messenger
[11] E paice

but he also sends a menace;
Failand of that, thocht he suld dee,
That he suld gar hir fecht[1] or flee.
And tyll his God ane wowe he maid,
and he makes a vow to crucify her, if captured.
Gyff no peace mycht of hir be had,[2]
And gyf he wan the victorye,
That he the Quene suld Crucifye.
¶ At this bostyng the Quene maid bourdis,
She jeers and perseveres.
Sayand, it sall nocht be, no[3] wourdis
Sall gar me passe frome[4] my purpose,
Bot mychtie straikis, as[5] I suppose.
Her answer reported.
The Messingeir schew to the kyng
Off hir presumptuous answeryng.
Than Stawrobates, wyse and wycht,
He advances to do battle,
Come fordwart, lyke ane nobyll Knycht,
With mony one thousand speir and scheild,
Arrayit Royallie on the feild;
valiant, and of desperate resolve.
Thynkand he wald his land defend,
Or in the Battell mak[6] ane end.
¶ The Quene, apone the vther syde,
Full of presumptioun and of pryde,
Hir Banaris plesandly displayit,
With hardy hart and vneffrayit.
Semiramis and he fight on the Indus,
Apone[7] Indus, that famus flude,
Thay mett, quhare sched wes mekle blude.
in vessels.
In Bote, in Balingar, and Bargis,
The twa Armyis on vtherris chargis.
She wins,
Semeramis the Battaill wan,
Quhare drownit[8] and slane wer mony one man,
with dire slaughter.
So that the walter[9] of the flude
Ran reid, myxit with mannis blude.
The king of Ynde, with all his mycht,
Frome Yndus flude he tuke the flycht:
He retreats to his chief city,
Tyll[10] his cheif Citie he reterit,
Quhare in his presens thare apperit,
and reinforces with horsemen
In Battell raye, ane new armye
Off rycht Inuincibyll Cheualrye,

[1] E feycht [2] E haid [3] L na [4] L fra
[5] L omitted [6] L to mak [7] E Wpoune, L Apounn
[8] L dround [9] E Vatter, L Watter [10] L to

With Elephantis ane hyddous[1] nommer,
Quhilk efterwart maid mekle cummer.
¶ Semeramis and hir cumpanye,
In the mene tyme,[2] full creuellie
Distroyit the bordouris of that land,
Tuke presonaris mo than ten thousand.
Sche tuke one curagious consait,
Gret Elephantis to contrafait:
Sche had ten thousand Oxin hydis,
Weill sewit to gydder, bak and sydis,
With mouth, and nois, teith, Eris, and eine,—
Quyke Elephantis as thay had bene,—
Rycht weill stuft[3] full of stray and hay,
Quhareof the Yndianis tuke affray.
Apone Camelis and Dromodareis
Those fals figouris with hir scho careis.
Sere[4] Yndianis, quhen thay saw that sycht,
Afferitlye thay tuke the flycht;
For sic one sycht wes neuir sene,
Gyff naturall beistis thay had bene.
The Kyng hym self wes rycht afferit,
Tyll he the veritie had sperit,
And knew, be his exploratouris,
Thay wer bot fenȝeit fals figouris.
¶ Than, manfullye,[5] lyke men of weir,
Fordwart thay came[6] withouttin feir;
Rycht so Semeramis the Quene,
Quhilk for one man wes, aye, fyftene.[7]
Thir two Armeis full creuellye
Thay ruscheit to gydder[8] so rudlie,
With hyddous cry and trumpettis sound,
Tyll thousandis dede laye on the ground.
Semeramis had sic one nummeir,[9]
Tyll order[10] thame it wes gret cummeir.
Than the gret Elephantis of ynde,
Rycht strang and hardy of thare kynde,

and elephants.

Semiramis harries his borders successfully.

A happy idea.

She devises sham elephants,

which are mounted on camels and dromedaries,

and so strikes a panic.

The King, by the aid of his scouts, discovers the cheat.

His troops rally;

and Semiramis, on her part, is nothing daunted.

Another slaughterous contest then follows.

The Indian elephantry

[1] L hiddius [2] E meintyme [3] E, L stuffit
[4] E The, L Seir [5] L manifestlie [6] L come, E cam
[7] L fivetene [8] E, L togidder [9] L ane nomber [10] L ordour

Fordwart thay came,[1] and wald nocht ceis,
make terrible confusion, Tyll throcht[2] the myddis of the preis
Off the gret oist thay rudlye ruscheit,
That men and horsse tyll erth[3] trabuscheit. 3152
and trample down the stuffed effigies. Those fenzeit beistis, withouttin spreit,
Wer fruschit and fulzeit vnder feit.
The King and the Queen meet, The king of Ynde, with curage kene,
Mett with Semeramis the quene, 3156
He[4] rydand on ane Eliphand:
and engage in a duel. Bot scho with hym faucht hand for hand,
And gaif the king so gret assaye
That he wes neuir in sic affraye. 3160
He finds her well-nigh his match, To stryke[5] at hym scho tuke no feir,
So weill sche vsit[6] wes in weir.
His strakis scho had bot[7] lytill comptit,
albeit he is the better mounted. Wer nocht the king wes so weill montit. 3164
Athir at[8] vther straik so faste
They tire. Tyll thay wer tyrit at the laste.
Stimulated by shame, ¶ The king he thocht hym self eschamit
With one woman to[9] be diffamit, 3168
And wes determit nocht to flee,
and grown desperate, Thocht in that[10] Battell he suld dee.
As man the quhilk disparit bene,
He rudely ran vpone the quene, 3172
he wounds her; And throuch the arme gaif[11] hir ane wound
Quhilk tyll hir hart gaif[11] sic one stound
and she takes to flight. That sche constranit wes to fle.
Than all the rest of hir Armie, 3176
Quhen thay persauit that scho wes gone,
Her army follows. Tyll yndus flude thay fled, ilk one.
The Quene ouerthort the flude sche raid
While crossing the Indus on the bridge of boats, On bryggis quhilkis wer of botis[12] maid; 3180
With hir, one sobir cumpanye,
Quhilk with hir fled affraytlie.
pursued by the Indians, The Yndianis followit on the chace:
Than on the Bryggis come sic one prace[13] 3184

[1] E cam, L come [2] L throw [3] E on erth they [4] L omitted
[5] E strak [6] E scho wsit [7] L full [8] L on [9] E till [10] L *the*
[11] E geff [12] E boittis, L boitis [13] E preis, L praiss

Off fleand folkis,—quhilk wes gret wounder,—
So that the Bargis brake[1] in schonder.
Sum sank, sum doun the reuar ran:
Than drownit thare mony one nobyll man,
Quhilk wer gret piete tyll deplore,
As wryttis[2] famous Diodore.
¶ And, fynallie, for to conclude,
Wes neuer sched so mekle blude
At one tyme sen the warld began,
Nor slane so mony one saikles man;
And all throw the occasioun
And the prydefull perswasioun
Off this ambitious, wyckit Quene:
Sick one wes neuir hard nor sene.
¶ Staurobates, the king of Ynde,
Gretlye Reioysit, in his mynde,
Off this[3] tryumphe and victorye:
Semeramis, with hart[4] full sorye,
Seand sa mony tane and slane,
Tyll hir countre returnit agane,
Lamentand fortunis variance
Quhilk brocht hir to so gret myschance,—
Affore quhilk wes so fortunat,
And than of confort desolat.
¶ Hir Sonne, one[5] man of perfectioun,
Consyddrand[6] his subiectioun,
His lybertie he did desyre,
That he mychte gouerne his Impyre.
Seand his Mother vitious,[7]
And, with that, so ambitious,—
As myne Author doith[8] specifye,—
He slew his Mother[9] creuellye.
Quhat vther cause, or Intentioun,
I fynd no speciall Mentioun:
Sum sayis, to be at Lybertie;
Sum[10] sayis, for hir Adultrie.

great numbers are drowned.

Unprecedented was the loss of life;

and all owing to this incomparably wicked woman.

Stabrobates rejoices;

but Semiramis is sore at heart for her mischance,

after such past good fortune.

Her son, chafing under subjection,

and seeing his mother's character,

puts her to death.

His motives for so doing?

[1] L, E brak [2] L writith [3] L his [4] E hir hart
[5] L than ane [6] L considderand [7] L vicius
[8] L Autour dois [9] L Moder [10] L And sum

Was her end a judgment?

None vther cause I can defyne,
Except punissioun deuyne.
¶ Off this fair Lady coragious[1]
Behald the endyng dolorous;

She became queen when 20 years old,

Quhilk wes bot twenty ȝeir of aige,
Quhen scho began hir vassalage,

reigned for 42 years,

And rang tryumphandlye, but weir,
The space of two and fourtye ȝeir:

and died at the age of 62.

Quhen scho wes slane, scho was thre score,
With ȝeris two—scho wes no more;
As Diodore wryttis[2] in his buke,
His Cronikle quho lyste to luke.
¶ Off this Lady I mak ane[3] end,

She is not to be commended for her virile ways.

Thynkand no way I can commend
Wemen for tyll[4] be to manlye,
Nor men for tyll[4] be womanlye:

It is the will of God,

For quhy, It bene the Lordis mynde
All Creature tyll vse thare kynde;
Men for tyll haue preheminens[5]

that women should be subordinate to men, whatever their aspirations to the contrary.

And wemen vnder obediens;
Thocht all wemen inclynit be
Tyll haif the Soueranite,
As this Lady, quhilk wald nocht rest

This lady, ambitious, kept down her husband.

Tyll scho hir Husband had subprest,[6]
Tyll[4] that intent that scho mycht ryng,
Allone to[7] haif the gouernyng.
¶ Ladyis[8] no way I can commend

Female sovereigns disapproved of,

Presumptuouslye quhilk doith[9] pretend
Tyll vse the office of ane kyng,
Or Realmes tak in gouernyng,

be they never so knightly,

Quhowbeit[10] thay wailȝeant be and wycht,
Goyng in Battell lyke one knycht,

like Penthesilea,

As did[11] proude Pantasilia,
The Princes of Amasona,

against reason.

In mennis habyte, aganis reassoun:
Siclyke I think dirisioun.

[1] L Ladyis curagius [2] L writith [3] L one [4] L to
[5] L preeminence [6] L supprest [7] E till [8] E Ladeis
[9] L dois [10] E Howbeit [11] L doith

One prince to be effaminate,
Of knychtlye corage desolate,
Neglectand his auctoritie,[1]
Throuch[2] beistlye sensualitie,
Accompanyit, boith day and nychtis,
With wemen, more than wailȝeant knychtis:
Sic kyngis I discommend at all,
Exempyll of Sardanapall.

On the other hand, a prince, if cowardly, slothful, and sensual, like Sardanapalus, is, likewise, to be condemned.

COVRTIOVR.

Father,[3] said I, schaw me quhow[4] lang
The successioun of Nynus rang.

How long reigned the line of Ninus?

EXPERIENCE.

That sall I[5] do, with diligens,
My Sonne, said he, or I go hens.
Sen I haif schawin, at thy disyre,
Quhat man began the first Impyre,
Now wald I it wer to the kend
Off that Impyre the fatell end.

Promise of an answer.

FINIS.

[1] E auchoratie, L autorite [2] L Throw [3] L Fader
[4] E how [5] L sall I

QUHOV KING SARDANAPALUS, FOR HIS VITIOUS LIFE, MAID ANE MISERABILL END.

EXPERIENCE.

We may pass, at once, to Sardanapalus

BETVIX this Conquerour[1] Nynus
And sensuall Sardanapalus
I can nocht fynd no speciall storye
Worthy to put in memorye,
Except quhilk I haif done discryfe
Off Semerame,[2] king Nynus wyfe:[3]

and of him there is no good to be said.

Bot I can fynd no gude at all
To wrytt of kyng Sardanapall,

He was the thirty-sixth king after Ninus.

Quhilk wes the saxt and threttye kyng
Be lyne frome[4] Nynus discendyng.

Detail is here unnecessary;

At lenth his lyfe for to declare
I thynk it is nocht necessare;

for that many have written of him, the last of the Assyrian monarchs,

Because that mony cunnyng clerkis
Hes hym discryuit in thare werkis:
Quhow he wes last of Asserians
Quhilk had the hole preemynans,[5]
That tyme of the first Monarche,—
In Cronicles as thow may se,—

and the most depraved of them all.

The last and the most vitious kyng
Quhilk in that Monarche did ryng.
That Prince wes so effeminate,[6]

Of his vile life,

With sensuall luste intoxicate,[7]
He did abhor the cumpanye

[1] L Conqueriour [2] E, L Semeramis [3] L wive
[4] L of [5] E preheminans, L preeminans [6] L infaminat
[7] E intoxiocate

Off his most nobyll chewalrye:
That he mycht haue[1] the more delyte
Tyll[2] vse his beistlye appetyte,
Conuersit with wemen nycht and daye,
And[3] clothit hym in thare arraye,
So that na man that hym had sene
Could Iuge ane man that he had bene:
So, in huredome[4] and harlatrye
Did keip hym self so quyetlye,
The Princis of Asserience
Off hym thay could gett no presence.
Thus leuit he contynualye,
Agane nature Inordinatlye.

¶ Quhen to[5] the Peirsis and the Medis
Reportit wer his vitious dedis,
With the Rewlaris[6] of Babilone,
Thay did conclude, all in tyll one,
Thay wald nocht suffer for tyll[2] ryng
Abufe thame[7] sic ane vitious kyng:
Bot Arbates, ane Duke of Mede,
He Darflye tuke on hand that dede.

¶ Bot first he come to Nyniue,
To see the kyngis Maiestie,
And tyll one of the kyngis gaird
He gaif one secreit ryche rewaird,
Tyll put hym in ane quyet place,
Quhare he mycht se the kyngis grace,
And be onsene with ony wycht.
Bot he saw nother King nor Knycht
In tyll his maisteris cumpanye,
Except[8] wemen, allanerlye:
And as ane woman he wes cled,
With wemen counsalit and led;
And schamefullye he wes syttand,
With Spindle and with Rock spinnand.
Quhen Arbates that sycht had sene,

aloof from men.

His cotqueanity,

libidinousness,

and seclusion.

The Persians and Medes

imagine his dethronement.

Arbaces, a Median duke,

comes to Nineveh.

Through a bribe to one of the king's guards,

he is admitted into the palace,

and secreted.

He sees the king surrounded by women,

habited like a woman,

and shamefully spinning.

[1] E haif [2] L to [3] E He [4] E hurdoume
[5] L omitted [6] L Reullaris [7] E omitted
[8] E Acept

His reasonable inference.

His corage rasit frome the splene,
And thocht it small difycultie
For tyll[1] depryue his Maiestie.

He gathers an army.

¶ Than rasit he the Persianis,
With Medis and Babilonianis:
Inarmit weill with speir and scheildis,
Tryumphantlye thay[2] tuke the feildis.

Sardanapalus resists,

¶ The king rasit Asserianis,[3]
To gidther[4] with the Caldianis,
And thame resystit as he mycht;

but, at last, flees to Nineveh.

Bot, fynallie, he tuke the flycht,
To saif hym self, in Nyniue.

It is besieged.

Than segit thay that gret Citie,
Contynuallie, two ȝeir and more,—
As wryttis[5] famous Diodore,—

The Euphrates floods its banks,

Tyll that the flude of Euphrates[6]
Arrose with sic one furiousnes,

with disastrous effect.

Quhare throuch[7] ane gret part of the toun
By[8] violence wes doungin doun.
Than, quhen the kyng saw no remeid
Bot to be takin, or to be deid,

The King, in despair, makes up a furious fire,

As man disparit, full of yre,
Gart mak ane furious flammand[9] fyre,

casts in his valuables, his regal insignia, his servants,

And tuke his gold and Iowellis all,
With Sceptur,[10] Croun, and Robe Royall,
With all his tender seruituris
That of his Corps had gretest[11] curis,

queens, and concubines, and then himself.

To gydder[4] with his lustye Quenis,
And all his wantoun Concubenis,[12]
And in that fyre he did thame cast,
Syne lape hym self in, at the last,
Quhare all wer[13] brynt in poulder small.

And so he perished, unrepentant,

Thus endit kyng Sardanapall,
Withouttin ony repentence,
As may be sene be this sentence,

[1] L to [2] E he [3] E the Asserianis [4] L, E Togidder
[5] L writith [6] E Eufrates [7] E Quhairthroch, L Quhairthrow
[8] L Be [9] L flamband [10] E Scheptour [11] E gryttest
[12] E Conquebenis, L Concubynis [13] L was

☞ Heir followyng, quhilk[1] he did indyte,
Affore his deith, in gret dispyte,—
Quhilk is ane rycht vngodly thing,
As ȝe maye se be his dyting.

as witness his ungodly epitaph on himself.

* FINIS. *

EPITAPHIUM SARDANAPALI.

☞ CVM te mortalem noris, præsentibus exple
Delitijs animum,—post mortem nulla voluptas,—
Et venere, & cœnis, & plumis SARDANAPALI.

Carpe diem, etc.

☞ Now haif I schawin, with deligence,
The Monarche of Asserience,[2]
The quhilk at[3] Kyng Nynus began,
And endit at this myscheant Man,
And did Indure, withouttin weir,
Ane thowsand, twa hundreth, and fourty ȝeir,
As dois Indyte Ewsubius:
Reid hym, and thow sall fynd It thus.

The Assyrian monarchy, beginning with Ninus, and ending with Sardanapalus, lasted 1240 years, according to Eusebius.

☞ FINIS. ☜

HEIR ENDIS THE SECUND PART, AND BEGYNNIS THE THRID PART.

[1] E quhow [2] E the Asserience [3] L *that*

AND, IN THE FIRST, MAKAND NARRATIONE OF YE MISARABYLL DISTRUCTIOUN OF THE FYUE CIETEIS CALLIT SODOME, GOMORE, SYBOIN, SEGORE, AND ADAMA, WITH THARE HOLE[1] REGIOUN; AND ANE SCHORT DISCRIPTIOUN OF THE SECUND, THRID, AND FERD MONARCHEIS; WITH YE MISARABYLL DISTRUCTIOUN OF IERUSALEM; AND, LAST, OF THE SPIRITUALL MONARCHIE.

COURTIOUR.

FATHER,[2] I pray 3ow to me tell
Quhat notabyll thyngis that befell
The history of the nations subject to the Assyrian monarchy ? Duryng the Ryng[3] of Asseriens, 3384
Quhilk had so lang prehemynens,—
I mene of vther Nationis
Under thare dominationis.

EXPERIENCE.

That may be done in termys schorte, 3388
Said he, as storyis doith reporte.
During the time of this monarchy Induryng this first Monarchie
Become that wofull misarie
perished Sodom and Gomorrah, *Gen. xix.* Off Sodome, Gomore, and thare Regione,— 3392
As Scripture[4] makis Mentione,—
Quhose peple[5] wer so sensuall
for their sins, In fylthie[6] Synnis vnnaturall,
not to be dilated on in the vulgar tongue, The quhilk in to my vulgar veirs 3396
My toung abhorris to reheirs:
Lyke brutall beistis, by thare myndis,
as being unnatural and altogether abominable. Unnaturally abusit thare kyndis
By fylthie stynkand Lychorie 3400
And most abhominabyll Sodomie.
As holy scripture[7] doith[8] discryue,

[1] E, L Hoill [2] L Fader [3] E King [4] E Scriptoris
[5] E Quhais pepill [6] E fyllthy [7] E scriptour [8] L dois

In that countre[1] wer Citeis fyue,
Quhilk wer Sodome, and Gomora,
Seboin, Segore, and Adama:
Amang thame all funde wes thare none
Undefylit, bot Lott allone.
☞ Holy Abraham dwelt neir hand by,
Quhilk prayit for Lott effectuously:
For God maid hym aduertysment,
That he wald mak sic punyschement.[2]
To Lott two Angellis God did sende,
Hym frome that furye tyll defende.
Quhen the peple[3] of that regioun
Saw the Angellis cum to the toun,
Transformit in to fair ȝoung men,
Thay purposit thame for to ken,
And abuse[4] thame vnnaturallye
With thare foule[5] stynkand Sodomye.
Off that gude Lott wes wounder woo,
And offerit thame his Douchteris[6] twoo,
Thame at thare plesour for tyll vse:
Bot thay his Douchteris[6] did refuse.
And than the Angellis, be thare mycht,
Those men depryuit of thare sycht;
And so, perfors, leitt thame allone.
To Lottis lugyng[7] quhen thay wer gone,
Thay hym commandit haistelie
For tyll depart of that Citie.
That foule vnnaturall Lychorie
A vengeance to the hewin did crye,
The quhilk did mofe God tyll sic yre,
That frome the hewin Brintstone and fyre,
With awfull thoundryng, ranit doun,
And did consume that hole regioun.[8]
Off all that land chapit no mo
Except Lott and his Douchteris[6] two:
His wyfe wes turnit in[9] A stone,—

In the five cities of the plain,

Lot only was righteous;

for whom Abraham, knowing what would befall, interceded.

Two angels are sent to Lot.

The people make mistaken overtures to them.

Lot offers them his daughters,

who are declined.

Angelic vengeance.

Lot is warned to escape at once from the city.

Fire and brimstone rain down, destructively.

Lot and his daughters save themselves,

[1] E, L cuntre [2] E punyshment, L pvnisment
[3] E, L pepill [4] E aboue [5] E fuill [6] P douctheris
[7] L ludgeing [8] E grounde or regioun [9] E into

So wyfles wes he left allone,—
but not so Lot's disobedient wife. For scho wes Inobedient,
And kepit no commandiment.
Quhen the Angell gaif[1] thame command
Sone tyll[2] depart out of that land,
Of the warning not to look back. He monyste thame, vnder gret pane,
Neuer to luke bakwart agane.
Lot's wife, Quhen Lottis wyfe hard the thoundring
Off flammand fyre and lychtnyng,
hearing the uproar in the rear, The vgly cryis lamentabyll
Off peple[3] most appouentabyll,—
For none of thame had fors[4] to flee,—
moved by curiosity, turned round, Scho ȝarnit that sorrowfull sycht to see;
And, as scho turnit hir, anone
and was transformed into a stone, still extant. Scho wes transformit in a[5] stone,
Quhare scho remanis tyll[6] this daye:
Off hir I haue no more to saye.
To schaw at leynth I am nocht abyll
That pietious proces lamentabyll,—
Cities, castles, &c., were consumed, Quhow Ceteis, Castellis,[7] Tounis, and Towris,
Uillagis, Bastailȝeis,[8] and Bowris,
Thay wer all in to poulder[9] drewin;
trees uptorn, Forrestis be the ruttis vprewin;[10]
Thare Kyng, thare Quene, and peple all,
ȝong and auld, brynt[11] in poulder small.
life everywhere destroyed, No Creature wes left on lyfe,—
Foulis, Beistis, Man, nor Wyfe:
and the earth bared, The erth, the Corne, herb,[12] frute, and tre,
The Babbis vpone the Noryse[13] kne,
Rycht suddantlye, in one Instent,
in judgment, as in Noah's days, Unwerly come thare Iugement;
As it come in the tyme of Noye,
Quhen God did all the warld distroye.
For that self Syn of Sodomye,
only now to punish impurity. And most abhominabyll bewgrye;[14]
That vyce at lenth for tyll declare

[1] E geff [2] L to [3] E, L pepill [4] E horss, L force
[5] L one [6] E, L to [7] L Bastilȝeis [8] L Castilȝeis
[9] L powder [10] E owprevin [11] L war brint
[12] L herbis [13] E Nurryss, L Nuriss [14] E bowgre

I thynk it is nocht necessare.
¶ Quhen all wes brynt,—flesche, blud, & bonis, 3476 After the conflagration,
Hyllis, valais,[1] stokis, and stonis,—
The Cuntre sank, for to conclude ; the earth sank.
Quhare now[2] standith[3] ane vglye flude,
The quhilk is callit the dede see,— 3480 Hence the Dead Sea,
Nixt to the cuntre of Iudee,—
Quhose stynkand strandis, blak as tar, fetid and black.
The flewre of it men felith on far.
In tyll Orocius thow may reid 3484
Off that cuntre the lenth and breid ; Orosius's measurement of it.
Of lenth, fyftye mylis and two,
And fourtene myle in[4] breid, also.
☞ Lott of his wyfe[5] wes so agast 3488 Lot commences hermit,
That he tyll A[6] wyld Montane past :
Off cumpanye he had no mo attended by his two daughters,
Except his lustye Douchteris two ;
And, be thare prouocatioun, 3492
As Moyses makith[7] narratioun,
Allone in to that montane wylde, on a wild mountain.
His Douchteris boith[8] he gat with chylde.
For thay beleuit, in thare thocht, 3496 Thinking the world bereft of males, save their father,
That all the warld wes gone to nocht,
As it become of that Natioun ;
Thynkand that Generatioun to keep up the race,
Wald faill, withoute thay craftellye 3500
Gar thare Father with thame to lye.
And so thay fand ane crafty[9] wyle, the maidens craftily bemuse Lot with strong drink,
Quhow thay thare Father mycht begyle,
And causit hym to drynk wycht wyne, 3504
Quhilk men to Lychorye doith[10] Inclyne. aphrodisiac,
Quhen he wes full, and fallin on sleip,
His Douchteris quyetlye did creip
In tyll his bed, full secreitlye, 3508 profit by his oblivion,
Prouokand[11] hym with thame to lye :
And knew nocht quhow he wes begylde,

[1] E walleys [2] E Quhairthrow [3] L standis
[4] L of [5] L life [6] L to ane [7] L makis [8] L tuo
[9] L subtell [10] L dois [11] E Prowoikand, L provocand

and become mothers, each of a son.

Tyll boith his Douchteris wer with chylde :
And bure two Sonnis, in certane,—
Thay beand in that wyld Montane,—

Thence sprang two nations,

Off quhome two Nationis did proceid,
As in the scripture thow may reid,

according to Scripture.

In the quhilk scripture thow may se
Att lenth this wofull misarie.

This catastrophe to Sodom, &c., took place 391 years after the Flood,

¶ This misarie become, but weir,
Frome Noeis flude thre hundreth 3eir,
To gidther[1] with four score and alewin,—
As comptit Carione,[2]—full ewin.

41 years after the death of Noah,

And efter Noeis deith, I ges,
Ane and fourtye 3eir thare wes ;

and when Abraham was 99.

Quhen Abraham was of aige, I wene,
Foure score of 3eris and nynteine ;
Quhen this foule Syn of Sodomye
Was puneisit so regorouslye.

From the sin thus visited may God preserve us!

Gret God Preserue ws, in our tyme,
That we commit nocht sic ane cryme.

During the course of this monarchy,

¶ Tiddius It wer for me to tell
This Monarche duryng quhat befell,
And wounderis that in erth[3] wer wrocht,
Quhilk to thy[4] purpose langith nocht :—

Exod. i.

the Israelites sojourned in Egypt,

As quhow[5] the peple of Israell
Did lang tyme in to[6] Egypt dwell ;

and were vexed of Pharaoh ;

And of thare gret puneisioun,[7]
Throuch Pharois persecusioun ;

Moses led them through the *Exod. xiiii.* Red Sea, where Pharaoh and his host perished ; the Israelites roamed for 40 years ;

And quhow[5] Moyses did thame conuoye
Throuch[8] the reid sey, with mekle Ioye,
Quhare kyng Pharo,[9] rycht misarably,
Wes drownit, with all his huge army ;
And quhow[5] that peple wandrand[10] wes
Fourtye 3eris in wyldernes.

Exod. xx. Moses received the law ;

Moyses, that tyme, as I heir saye,
Ressauit the Law on Mont Sinay :

Iosue iii.

That tyme, Iosue throuch[8] Iordan

[1] E, L Togidder [2] L Charioun [3] L in erd that
[4] L my [5] E how [6] L intill
[7] E punissioine, L pvnitioun [8] E Throcht, L Throw
[9] L Pharao [10] L wanderand, E wandrane

Led those[1] peple to Canaan,
Quhare Saule, Dauid, and Salamone,
With Hebrew Kyngis mony one,
Did rychelye ryng in that countre,[2]
Induryng this first Monarche.
¶ The Sege of Thebes, misarabyll,
Quhare blude wes sched, Incomparabyll,
Off nobyll men, in to those dayis,
With vtheris[3] terribyll affrayis;
As quhow the Grekis wrocht vengeance
Apone the nobyll Troyiance,
Because that Pareis did conuoye,
Perfors, fair Helena[4] to Troye,—
Quhilk wes king Menelaus wyfe,—
Quhare mony one thousand loste thare lyfe.
¶ That tyme, the vailȝeant Hercules
Out throuch[5] the warld[6] did hym addres,
Quhare he did mony ane douchtye deid,
As in his storye thow may reid;
And quhow, throuch[7] Dyonere, his wyfe,
That Campione did lose[8] his lyfe:
In flammand[9] fyre full furiouslye
The deith he sufferit creuellye.
¶ That tyme, Remus and Romolus
Did found that Citie most famous
Off Rome, standing in Italie,
As in thare[10] storye thow may se.
Wald thow reid Titus Leuius,
Thow suld fynd warkis wounderus;
Quhose douchtye deidis ar[11] weill kende,
And salbe to the warldis ende;
Thocht thay began with creueltie,
And endit with misaritie;
As bene the maner, to conclude,
Off all scheddaris of saikles blude.
¶ In Grece the ornat Poetry,

3548 Joshua pioneered; and Saul, David, and Solomon, with other Hebrew kings, flourished.

3552 Thebes was, then, besieged, with sad suffering;

3556 the Greeks warred on the Trojans,

because of Helen of Troy, wife of Menelaus;

3560

3564 Hercules transacted doughty gests, and,

3568 through Deianira, came to an untimely end;

3572 and Romulus and Remus founded Rome.

3576 Whose explores Livy will read of wondrous things,

ever memorable.

Of cruelty and the bitter wages

3580 of the cruel.

[1] E the [2] L cuntre [3] L vther [4] L Elena
[5] L Outthrow, E Owt throcht [6] E wardill
[7] E throwch, L throw [8] L loiss [9] L flamband
[10] L the [11] L war

Medecene, Musike, Astronomy,[1]
Duryng this first Monarche began
Then, in Greece, appeared Homer and Hesiod; Be Homerus, that famous man,
To gydder with Hesiodus,
As diuers Auctoris schawis[2] ws.
It wer to lang to put in ryme
and many books were written. The buk*is* quhilk thay wret[3] in thare tyme.
Thir wer the actis principell
That Monarche duryng quhilk[4] befell.
Gen. xvii. Then, too, under Abraham, As for gude Abraham and his seid,
In to the Bibyll thow may reid
Quhow, in this tyme, as I heir tell,
began the spiritual kingdom. Began the Kyngdome Spirituell,
As I haue schawin to the affore;
Quharefor I speik of thame no more.

* FINIS. *

[1] L and Astronomye [2] L Autouris schawith
[3] L wrait [4] L quhat

ANE SCHORT DISCRIPTIOUN OF THE SECUND, THRID, AND FERD MONARCHE.[1]

COURTIOUR.

FATHER, said I, quhilk wes the man — The next monarchy?
That the nyxt Monarchye began?

EXPERIENCE.

Cyrus, said he, the kyng of Pers,— — Cyrus, king of Persia,
As Cronicles hes done[2] rehers,—
Prudent, and full of Pollicye, — laid its foundations.
Began the secunde Monarchye:
For he wes the most godly[3] kyng — Godly was he;
That euer in Pers or Mede[4] did ryng;
For he, of his Benyngnitie, — *ii. Para. xxxvi.*
Delyuerit frome Captyuitie — for he set at liberty the whole people of Israel,
The hole Peple of Israell,—
In to the tyme of Daniell,—
The quhilkis had bene presoneris, — led captive for seven-score years.
In Babilone, sewin score of ȝeris:
Tharefor God, of his grace benyng, — God inspired him with wisdom;
Gaif hym ane diuyne knawleging.
Duryng his tyme, as I heir tell, — and he took counsel with Daniel.
He vsit counsall of[5] Daniell.
Carione[6] at lenth doith[7] specifie — Carion tells of his nativity, and of
Off his maruellous[8] Natyuitie,
And of his vertuus vpbrynging,
And quhow he vincuste Cresus king, — his vanquishing King Crœsus.
With mony vther vailȝeant deid;—
As in to Carione[6] thow may reid,—

[1] L Monarchies [2] L Croniclis doith [3] L godlie
[4] L Mede or Pers [5] L omitted [6] L Carioun
[7] L dois [8] E marvalus, L merwalus

He had ten successors,

Quhose[1] Successioun did indure
Tyll the tent Kyng: thareof[2] be sure.
¶ Bot, efter his gret conquessyng,

but, himself, ended miserably,

Rycht miserabyll wes his endyng.
As Herodotus doith[3] discryfe,
In Scythia he lost his lyfe,

slain during the invasion of Scythia.

Quhare the vndantit Scethianis
Uincuste those nobyll Persianis.
And, efter that Cerus[4] wes dede,

Queen Tomyris struck off his head,

Quene Tomyre hakkit of his hede,—
Quhilk wes the quene of Scethianis,—
In the dispyte of Persianis:

threw it into a vessel of blood,

Scho[5] kest his heid, for to conclude,
In tyll ane vessell[6] full of blude,
And said thir wourdis, creuellye:

and bade it drink its fill.

'Drynk, now,[7] thy fyll, gyf thow be drye:
For thow did aye blude schedding thryste,
Now drynk at laser, gyf thow lyste.'

Then reigned his successors,

Efter that, Cyrus successioun
Off all the warld had possessioun,

till the time of Alexander, king of Macedon,

¶ Tyll Allexander, with swerd and fyre,
Obtenit, perfors, the thrid[8] Impyre,—
Quhilk wes the king of Macedone:

who overcame Darius, the last monarch of his line.

With vail3eant[9] Grekis mony one,
In battell fell and furious,
Uincuste the mychtie Darious,[10]
Quhilk wes the tent and the last kyng
Quhilk did efter king Cyrus ryng.
As for this[11] potent Empriour,

Alexander's exploits may be read at length in English.

Allexander the Conquereour,
Geue thow at lenth wald reid his ryng,
And of his creuell conquessyng,
In Inglis toung, in his gret buke,
Att lenth his lyfe thare[12] thow may luke:—

He ravaged for 12 years,

Quhow Allexander, that potent Kyng,
Wes twelf 3eris in his Conquessyng;

[1] L Quhois [2] E, L thairof [3] L dois [4] L Cyrus
[5] L Quho [6] L one weschall [7] L *th*ou [8] E third
[9] L wail3eand [10] L Darius [11] L the [12] L that

And quhow,[1] for all his gret conquest,
He leuit bot ane ȝeir in rest,
Quhen be his Seruand secretlye
He poysonit wes, full pietuouslye.
¶ Lucane doith Allexander compair
Tyll thounder, or fyreflaucht in the air,
One creuell[2] Planeit, A mortall weird
Doun thryngand peple with his sweird.
Ganges, that most famous flude,
He myxit with the Indianis blude;
And Euphrates, with the blude[3] of Pers:
Quhose creueltie for to rehers,
And saikles blude quhilk he did sched,
War rycht abhominabyll to[4] be red.
Efter his schort prosperitie,
He deit with gret miseritie.
¶ Itt wer to lang for to dissydit
Quhow all his realmes wer deuydit.
Aye quhill that Cesar Iulyus,
Quhen he had vincust Pompeyus,
Wes chosin Emperiour and kyng,
Abufe[5] the Romanis for tyll[6] ryng,
That potent Prince wes the first man
Quhilk the ferd Monarche began;
And had the hole[7] Dominioun
Off euerilk land and Regioun:
Quhose successouris did ryng, but weir,
Ouer the warld, mony one hundreth ȝeir.
Bot gentyll Iulyus, allace!
Rang Empriour bot lytill space,
Quhilk I thynk petye tyll[8] deplore:
In fyue Moneth and lytill more,
By fals exhorbitant treasoun,
That prudent Prince wes trampit doun
And murdrest, in his counsall hous,
By creuell[2] Brutus and Cascius.[9]

lived one year in quiet,
and was poisoned by his servant.
Lucan's comparisons of him.
He stained the Ganges with blood, and eke the Euphrates,
mercilessly.
His success and its sequel.
Julius Cæsar,
king of the Romans,
set on foot the fourth monarchy.
He reigned universally;
and so did his successors for many centuries.
But he himself was king
but little more than five months;
treasonably murdered by Brutus and Cassius.

[1] L how [2] L crewall [3] E fluid [4] E for to
[5] E abouf [6] L to [7] L hoill [8] E for tyll
[9] E Cascious, L Cassius

Next came Octavian,

¶ Efter that Iulyus wes slane,
Did ryng the[1] gret Octauiane,
Off Empriouris one of the best:

a blessed sovereign.

Duryng his tyme wes peace[2] and rest
Ouer all the warld, in ilk regioun,
As storyis makith mentioun.
And als[3] I mak it to the plane,

In his days was the birth of Jesus,

Duryng the tyme of Octauiane,
The Sonne of God, our Lord Iesew,
Tuke mankynd of the Uirgine trew,

in Bethlehem,

And wes, that tyme, in Bethelem borne,

Math. ii.

To saif[4] mankynde, quhilk[5] wes forlorne;

incarnate for man's salvation.

As Scripture makith[6] narratioun
Off his blyst[7] Incarnatioun.
¶ Now haif[8] I tald[9] the, as I can,

This of the four monarchies;

Quhow the four Monarchyis began.
Bot, in thy mynde, thow may consydder
Quhow warldly power[10] bene bot slydder;

and there has been no fifth.

For all thir gret Impyris ar gone:
Thow seis thare is no Prince allone
Quhilk hes the hole[11] Dominioun,
This tyme, of euery Regioun.

COURTIOUR.

What right had the kings aforesaid to do as they did?

¶ Father,[12] quhat reasone[13] had those[14] kyngis
Reuarris[15] to be of vtheris ryngis,
But ony rycht or Iuste querrell
Quhairthrouch[16] that thay mycht mak battell,
And commoun[17] pepyll to[18] dounthyrng?
To this, said I, mak answeryng.

EXPERIENCE.

¶ My Sonne, said he, that sall be[19] done
As I best can, and that rycht sone.

These monarchies were foreordained,

Thir Monarcheis, I vnderstand,
Preordinat wer by the command

[1] E ane [2] E paice [3] L also [4] L sauf
[5] L that [6] L makis [7] L blissit [8] L haue
[9] L tauld [10] E pouir [11] E holle, L hoill
[12] L Fader [13] L ressoun [14] L thois
[15] L reveris [16] E Quhairthrocht, L Quhairthrow
[17] E commounde [18] L till [19] E salbe

Off God, the Plasmatour of all,
For to doun thryng and to mak thrall
Undandit Peple vitious,
And als for to be gratious
To thame quhilk vertuous wer and gude:
As Daniell heth[1] done conclude,
At lenth, in tyll his Propheseis,[2]
Quhow thare suld be four Monarcheis.
His secund Chepture[3] thow maye see:
Quhow, efter the first Monarchie,
Quhen Nabuchodonosor[4] kyng
Ane Ymage sawe, in his slepyng,
With austeir luke, boith heych and breid;
And of fyne pure Gold wes his heid,
His breist and armes of syluer brycht,
His wamb[5] of Copper, hard and wycht,
His loynis[6] and lymmis of Irne[7] rycht strong,
His feit of clay Irne myxt among.
Frome A[8] montane thare come allone,
But hand of man, A mekle stone,
Quhilk on that Figouris feit did fall,
And dang all doun in poulder[9] small.
¶ Off quhose Interpretatioun
Doctouris[10] doith mak Narratioun.
The hede of gold did signifye,
First, of Asserianis Monarchye;
The syluer breist thay did apply
To Persianis, quhilk rang secundly;
The wambe[11] of copper or of brasse,
Thridly, to[12] Grekis comparit wasse;
His loynis and lymmis of Irne and steill,
Clerkis hes thame comparit weill
To Romanis, throuch thare diligence
To haue the Feird Preemynence
Abufe all vther Natioun.
Be this Interpretatioun,

Dani. vii.
by God, to repress the bad,
and to advantage the good.
The prophet Daniel foretold them.
Of the vision of Nebuchadnezzar, and of the image seen therein,
the composition of its various members,
and how it was pulverized.
The interpretation of the vision, as denoting
the Assyrian,
the Persian,
the Grecian,
and the Roman monarchies,
and also

[1] L haith [2] L into his prophacyeis [3] L cheptour
[4] L Nabugodonosar [5] E vyme [6] L lonys, E lynis
[7] E Yrn [8] L ane [9] L powder [10] L Daniel
[11] E vymbe [12] L to the

The myxit feit with Irne and clay
these latter days; Did signifye this letter[1] day,
Quhen that the warld sulde be deuydit,
As efterwart salbe disydit:
and Christ, of ever-during monarchy, To Christ is signifyit the stone,
Quhose[2] Monarche sall neuer be gone;
For vnder his Dominioun
All Princis sall be[3] trampit doun.
which will be manifest at the General Judgment. Quhen that gret kyng Omnipotent
Cumis to his generall Iugement,
His Monarche, than, salbe knawin,
As efter sall be[3] to the schawin.
☞ And als the Scripture sall the tell
What Daniel saw, in his vision, Quhow, in the aucht of Daniell,
He saw, in to his visioun,
Be ane plane expositioun,
about the Greeks, Quhow that the Grekis sulde wyrk[4] vengeence
Upone the Medis and Persience;[5]
Comparand Grekis tyll ane Gote
With ane horne,—fers, furious,[6] and hote,—
and about the Medes and Persians. Quhilk slew the Ram with hornis two,
Comparit tyll[7] Pers and Mede, all so.
And so, be Daniell*is* prophesyis,[8]
All thir gret mychtie Monarchyis,
The quhilkis[9] all vther realmes supprysit,[10]
God devised these monarchies. Be the gret God thay wer deuysit:
As he of Tytus, the Romane,
Sonne and Air to Uespasiane,
Titus an instrument to scourge the Jews. Maid hym ane Furious Instrument,
To put the Iowis to gret torment;
Quhilk I purpose, or I hyne fair,
Schortlie that processe[11] to declair.

* FINIS. *

[1] E lattir, L latter [2] L Quhois [3] L salbe
[4] E virk [5] L Persianis [6] L furious fers
[7] L to [8] L prophacyeis [9] L Quhilk
[10] L suppressit [11] L processe shortlie

OF YE MOST MISERABYL AND MOST TERRABILL DISTRUCTIOUN OF IERUSALEM.

COURTIOUR.

FATHER,[1] said I, declare to me
Induryng this ferd Monarchie
The maist Infortune that befell.

What was the chief calamity under the fourth monarchy?

EXPERIENCE.

My Sonne, said he, that sall I tell.
The moist and manyfest misarie
Became apon[2] the gret Cetie
Ierusalem, quhen it wes supprest,
As storyis makis manifest.
Bot, as the Scripture doith deuyse,
Ierusalem wes distroyit twyse;
First, for the gret Idolatrye
Quhilk thay commyttit in Iowrye:
The honour aucht to God allone
Thay gaif Figuris[3] of stoke and stone.
Affore[4] Christis Incarnatioun
Come this first desolatioun,
Fyue hundreth ȝeris, four score, and ten,
In Cronicles as thow may ken:—
Quhow Nabuchodonosor[5] kyng
That famous Citie did doun thryng;
Thare Kyng, with peple mony one,
Brocht thame, all bound, to[6] Babilone,
Quhare thay remanit Presoneris
The space of thre score[7] and ten ȝeris:
And that first desolatioun

It was the fall of Jerusalem.

Baru. vi. This city was twice laid waste; once, for its idolatry,

in lieu of right worship,

590 years B.C.,

by Nebuchadnezzar,

who carried its people to Babylon,

and there held them in bonds for 70 years,

[1] L Fader [2] E vpoune [3] E Fygouris, L to Fygouris
[4] E Affoir [5] L Nabugodonosar [6] L till
[7] E scoire, L score of ȝeiris

Wes callit the Transmigratioun.
Wes no man left,[1] in all thare landis,
Bot Purellis lauborand[2] with thare handis,
Tyll mychtie Cyrus, king of Pers,—
As Daniell heth done[3] rehers,—
Wes mouit, be God, for tyll restore
The Iowis quhare that thay wer afore.[4]
¶ Geue[5] I neglect, I wer to blame,
The last Sege of Ierusalem,
Quhose rewyne wes most miserabyll,
And for to tell rycht terrabyll.
Wes neuer, in erth,[6] Cetie nor toun,
Gatt sic extreme distructioun:
The townis of Tyre, Tebes,[7] nor Troye,
Thay sufferit neuer half sic noye.
The Emprioure Uespasiane
He did deuyse that Sege, certane.
¶ Thare wes the Prophesie[8] compleit
Quhilk Christ spake on mont Olyueit.
Quhen he Ierusalem beheld,
The teris frome his eine disteld:
Seand, be Diuyne prescience,
The gret distructioun and vengence
Quhilk wes to cum on that Cetie,
His hart wes persit with Petie,
Sayand: Ierusalem, and thow knew
Thy gret rewyne, sore wald thow rew;
For no thyng I can to the schaw,
The veritie thow wyll[9] nocht knaw,
Nor hes[10] in consydderatioun
Thy[11] holy visitatioun.
Thy peple wyll no way considder,
Quham[12] gadtherit[13] I wald haif[10] to gidder,—
As errand scheip bene with thare hirdis,
Or as the Hen gadderis[14] her byrdis
Under hir wyngis, tenderlye,—

the poor alone excepted.
Cyrus came to their rescue.
At the last siege of Jerusalem, the destruction surpassed that of
Tyre, Thebes, and Troy.
Vespasian was its besieger.
Then was fulfilled the prophecy of Christ,
Luc. xix, xxi.
Mark xiii.
Who, divinely prescient,
was moved to pity,
reflecting that the Holy City knew not its fate,
and would not consider,
Mathew xxiii.
and refused to accept His protection.

[1] E left no man [2] E laubowrand [3] L doith
[4] L Affoire [5] L gif [6] L erd [7] E Thebis, L Tebis
[8] L prophacie [9] E vill [10] L haue [11] L The
[12] L Quhome [13] E gatherit, L gadderit
[14] E gatheris, L gadderith

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OF

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Quhilk thay refusit dispitfullye.
Quharefor sall cum that dulefull day,
That no remedy[1] mak thow may:
Thy Dungiounis[2] sall be dung in schounder,
So that the warld[3] sall on the wounder;
Thy tempyll, now most tryumphand,
Sall be[4] tred doun amang the sand.
And, as he said, so it befell,
As heir efter I sall the tell.

The doleful day, He said,
would come when it should be spoiled;
Mathew xxiiii.
and spoiled it was.

COURTIOUR.

¶ Schaw me, said I, with circumstance,
The speciall cause of that myschance.

The cause of this?

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he: as scripture doith[5] conclude,
For scheddyng of the saikles blude
Off Prophetis quhilk*is* God to thame send,
And, als, because that thay myskend
Iesu, the Sonne of God Souerane,
Quhen he amang thame did remane.
For all the Myraklis[6] that he schew,
Maliciouslye thay hym mysknew;
Thocht, be[7] his gret power diuyne,
The walter[8] cleir he turnit in wyne,
And, be that self power and mycht,
To the blynde borne he gaif the sycht,
And gaif[9] the[10] crukit men thair feit,
And maid the lypir[11] haill compleit:
He halit all, and rasit the dede;
Ȝit held thay hym at mortall fede.
Because he schew the veritie,
Thay did conclude that he sulde de.

The shedding the innocent blood of the prophets,
and the mistaking Jesus,
despite of His miracles;
Ihon ii.
for, though He wrought many and great, on wine, the blind, the halt, &c.,
Ihon xi.
Math. x.
He was had at enmity, and was doomed to die.

☞ The Byschoppis, princis of[12] the preistis,
They grew so boildin,[13] in thare breistis;
The Scrybis, the Doctouris of the law,

The local Jewish clerisy,

[1] L remeid [2] E Doungeounis [3] E vardle
[4] E Salbe [5] L dois [6] E mirakles [7] L he be
[8] E, L watter [9] E gef [10] L to [11] E lippir
[12] E and [13] E boldin

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aweless, Off God nor man quhilkis stude none aw
On Christ Iesu to wyrk vengeance; 3888
and the Pharisees, Rycht so, the fals Pharesiance,
Ane Sect of fenȝeit Religioun,
plotted His ruin, Deuysit his confusioun,
And send thare seruandis, at the last, 3892
Iho. xix. And with strang cordis thay band hym fast,
bound Him, scourged Him ruthlessly with stripes, Syne scurgit[1] hym, boith bak and syde,
That none for blude mycht se his hyde:
Thare wes nocht left ane penny breid 3896
Unwoundit, frome his feit tyll heid.
In maner of dirisioun,
crowned Him with thorns, Thay plett for hym ane creuell croun
Off prunȝeand[2] thornis, scharpe and lang, 3900
Quhilk on his hewinlye heid thay thrang;
made Him bear His own gallows to Calvary, Syne gart hym, for the gretter lack,[3]
Beir his awin Gallous, on his back,
Tyll the vyle place of Caluare, 3904
Quhare mony ane thousand man[4] mycht se.
¶ That Innocent thay tuke, perforce,
and there nailed Him to a cross. And platt hym bakwart to the Croce;[5]
Throuch[6] feit and handis gret nalis thay thryst, 3908
Tyll blude aboundantlye[7] out[8] bryst:
His patience. Without grunschyng,[9] clamor, or crye,
That pane he sufferit patientlye.
And, for agmentyng of his grefis, 3912
Two thieves were executed with Him. Thay hangit hym betuix two thefis;[10]
Quhare men mycht se the bludy strandis
From His feet and hands Quhilk*is* sprang furth of his feit and handis:
Frome thornis, thristit on his heid, 3916
ran blood abundantly. Ran doun the bulryng stremis reid:
In the presens of mony one man,
That blude royall on roches ran.
Briefly, in anguish He spoke His last words, Schortly to say, that heuinlye[11] Kyng 3920
In extreme dolour thare did hyng,[12]
Tyll he said 'Consumatum est:'

[1] L schurgit [2] L prinȝeand, E prunȝe [3] L lak
[4] E omitted [5] L cors [6] L Throw
[7] L haboundanlie [8] E did
[9] L gruncheing, E grounsching [10] L thevis
[11] E havynly [12] E ryng

With A loude[1] crye, he gaif[2] the gaist. and died.
Quhen he wes dede, thay tuke one dart,
And peirst[3] that Prence outthrouch the hart, He was pierced.
Fra quham thare ran walter[4] and blude.
The erth than trymblit,[5] to conclude;
¶ Phebus did hyde his beymes brycht, The phenomena that followed His crucifixion, with respect to the earth, the sun, the vail of the Temple, and the dead; as we hear in Scripture.
That throuch the warld thare wes no lycht;
The gret vaill of the tempyll raue;[6]
The dede men rais out of thare graue,[7]
And in the Cetie did appeir,
As in the Scripture thow may heir.
Than Ioseph, of Abaramathie,[8] He was buried,
Did bury hym rycht honestlie:
Bot ȝit he rose, full gloriouslye, but rose on the third day,
On the thrid day, tryumphandlye. *Ihon xx.*
With his Disciplis,[9] in certane, stayed 40 days with His disciples, and ascended into Heaven.
Fourtye dayis he did remane;
Efter that, to the heuin ascendit. *Actis i.*
Thir Iowis no thyng thare lyfe amendit, The Jews mended not,
Nor gaif[10] no credens tyll his sawis,—
As at more lenth the storye schawis,—
Bot creuellye thay did oppres but cruelly persecuted His followers,
All men that Christ*is* name did profes,
And persecutit mony one:
Thay presonit boith Peter and Ihone;[11] *Actis v.*
And Stewin[12] thay stonit to the dede; as SS. Peter, John, Stephen, and James, *Actis vi.* to their own harm.
Frome Iames the les thay straik the hede.
This wes the cause, in conclusioun,
Off thare creuell confusioun.
¶ The prudent Iow,[13] Iosephus, sayis Josephus tells us, that,
That he wes present in those dayis;
And, in his buke, makith mentioun,
Quhow, efter Christis Ascentioun 42 years after the Ascension,
The space of twa and fourty ȝeris,
Began those creuell mortall weris, the cruel wars began,
The secund ȝeir of Uespasiane,

[1] E ane luid [2] E gef [3] L persit [4] E baith watter
[5] E trembleit [6] E raiffe [7] L graif [8] L Abernamathe
[9] L Discipulis [10] E gaif, L geff [11] E Iohnne [12] E Stevyn
[13] E omitted

fatal to many. Quhare mony takin wer[1] and slane.
Iosephus planely doith[2] conclude,
Wes neuer sene sic one multytude,
The city was full of victims, Affore that tyme, in to the toun,
Quhilk come for thare confusioun.
Thare gret Infortune[3] so befell,
assembled against the Passover. That all the Princis of Israell
Conuenit agane the tyme of Peace,
Bot tyll returne thay had no grace.
Titus invades Judea. The bald Romanis, with thare Chiftane,
Tytus, the Sonne of Uespasiane,
Thare Army ouer Iudea spred:
The Jews gathered together in Jerusalem. Than all men to the Ciete fled,
Beleuand thare to get releif;
Bot all that turnit to thare myscheif.
¶ The Romanis lappit thame about,
That be no waye thay mycht wyn out.
It was besieged for six months, Sax Moneth did that[4] Sege indure,
Quhare loste wer mony one creature,
Quhilk*is* thare in misary did remane,
during which Tyll thay wer takin, all, or slane.
Duryng the tyme of this assailȝe,
thousands were starved to death, Thare meit, and drynk, and all did failȝe;
For thare wes sic ane multytude,
That thousand*is* deit for falt of fude.
Necessitie gart thame eit, perforsse,
after enduring Dog, Catt, and Rattone, Asse, and horsse.
Ryche men behuffit[5] tyll[6] eait thare gold,
grievous privation Syne deit of hunger mony fold.
Sic hunger wes, without remeid[7]
The quik behufit[5] tyll eit the deid:
and extreme distress. The fylth of Closett*is* mony eit;
To lenth thare lyfe thay thocht it sweit.
¶ The famous Ladyis[8] of the toun,
Women, from hunger, For falt of fude, thay fell in swoun.
Quhen thay mycht gett none vther meit,

[1] L war tane [2] L dois
[3] E misfortoune [4] L the [5] E behowffit [6] L to
[7] E remaid [8] E Ladeis

Thay slew thare propir Bairnis to eit;
Bot all for nocht: dispytfullye,
Thare awin sowldiouris,[1] full gredelye,
Reft thame that flesche most misarabyll;
And thay, with murnyng lamentabyll,
For extreme hunger, ȝald[2] the spreit.
Thare wes the Prophesie compleit,
As Christ affore maid narratioun,
The day of his grym Passioun.
Quhen that the Ladyis[3] for hym murnit,
Full pietuouslye he to thame turnit,
And said: douchterr*is*, murne nocht for me;
Murne on ȝour awin posteritie:
Within schort tyme sall cum the day
That men of this Ciete sall say,
Quhen thay ar trappit in the snair,
'Blyst be the wamb[4] that neuer bair;
The baren papis, than, thay sall[5] blys:
That dulefull day ȝe sall nocht mys.'
This prophesie[6] it come to pas,
That day, with mony lowde 'allas!'
Sic sorrowfull lamentatioun
Wes neuer hard in that natioun.
Seand those lustye Ladyis sweit
Deand for hunger in the streit,
Thare husbandis nor thare chyldring
Mycht geue[7] to thame na conforting,
Nor ȝit releif thame of thare harmis,
Bot atheris[8] deand in vtheris armis.
Efter this wofull Indigence,
Amang thame[9] rose sic Pestilence,
Quhare in thare deit mony hounder,[10]
Quhilk tyll declare it wer gret wounder.
¶ And, for fynall[11] conclusioun,
Those weirlyke wallis thay dang doun.
Prince Tytus, with his Chewalrye,

slew their own children for food,

which, however, the soldiers snatched from them.

Luc. xxiiii. Thus were verified the words of Christ,

Who bade the daughters of Jerusalem mourn, not for Him, but for their posterity,

who were destined bitterly to bewail their lot.

Particulars of the wretchedness of the people,

and their miserable end.

To the siege succeeded a pestilence.

The city-walls were razed;

[1] E suldiowris, L soldiouris [2] E ȝeld, L ȝauld [3] E Ladeis
[4] E vymb [5] L sall thai [6] L prophacyis that [7] E geff, L gyf
[8] E ather [9] E omitted [10] E hunder [11] L small

and Titus entered Jerusalem.

With sound of trompe, Tryumphandlye
He enterrit in that gret Ciete.
Bot tyll declare I thynk piete[1]

Shrieks,

The panefull clamour horrabyll
Off woundit folk most miserabyll.

killing,

Thare wes nocht ellis bot tak and[2] slay;
For thare mycht no man wyn away.

blood,

The strandis of blude ran throuch the stretis[3]
Off dede folk trampit vnder fetis;[4]
Auld Wedowis in the preis wer smorit;

rape,

3oung Uirginis,[5] schamefully deflorit;
The gret Tempyll of Salamone,—
With mony A[6] curyous caruit stone,

sacrilege, in destroying the Temple of Solomon,

With perfyte[7] pynnakles on hycht,
Quhilk*is* wer rycht bewtyfull and wycht,
Quhare in ryche Iowell*is* did abound,[8]—
Thay ruscheit rudlye to the ground,
And sett, in tyll thare furious yre,

burning,

Sancta Sanctorum in to[9] fyre;
And, with extreme confusioun,

ruin.

All thare gret Dungionis[10] thay dang doun.

¶ Thare bursin wer the boildin breistis

The clergy,

Off Byschoppis, princis of the preistis:
Thare takin[11] wes the gret vengeence[12]

reaping the recompense of their wickedness,

On[13] fals Scrybis and Pharisience.
All thare payntit Ipocrasie,
That tyme, mycht mak thame no supplie.

grieved that they had slain the Christ,

That day thay[14] dulefullye repentit
That to the deith of Christe consentit:
Thocht it wes oure Saluatioun,
Itt wes to thare Dampnatioun.[15]

and shed innocent blood.

The vengeance of the blude saikles,
Frome Abell tyll Zacharies,

Mathew xxiii. Vengeance, that day, fell on Jerusalem,

That day apon[16] Ierusalem fell.
Bot tiddius[17] it wer to tell
The gret extreme confusioun,

[1] E grett pitie [2] L or [3] E streittis [4] E feittis
[5] E Wyrginis [6] L one [7] E parfit [8] L habound [9] E the
[10] E Doungeonis [11] E talkyne [12] E wengeance [13] L off
[14] L omitted [15] L Condampnatioun [16] E vponne
[17] E tyddious, L tedius

And of blude sic effusioun :[1]
Wes neuer slane so mony ane man,
At one tyme, sen the warld began.
The Iowis, that day, gat thare desyre,
Quhilk thay did aske, in to thare yre,—
As bene in Scripture specifyit,—
The day quhen Christe wes Crucifyit.
Quhen Ponce Pylat, the precedent,[2]
Said to thame, 'I am Innocent
Off the Iust Blude of Christ Iesus,'
Thay cryit, 'his Blude lycht vpon ws,
And on our Generatioun :'
Thay gat thare Supplicatioun :
That day, with mony cairfull cry,
Thare blude wes sched aboundantly.[3]
¶ Iosephus wryttith,[4] in his buke,—
His Cronicle quho lyste to luke,—
Duryng that creuell Sege, certane,
Wer alewin[5] hundreth thowsand slane ;
Off Presonaris, weill tauld and sene,
Foure score of thousandis, and sewintene.
Out of the land thay did expell
All the peple of Israell,
And, for thare gret Ingratytude,
Thay leif ȝit vnder Seruytude.
Thare is no Iow, in no cuntre,
Quhilk hes one fute of propertie,
Nor neuer had, withouttin weir,
Sen this day fyuetene[6] hundreth ȝeir,
Nor neuer sall, I to the schaw,
Tyll that thay turne to Christis law.
¶ Sum sayis that Iowis mony fald
Wer thretty for ane penny sald ;
As Iudas sauld the Kyng of Glore
For thretty pennyis,[7] and no more.
¶ Efter that mony wer myscheuit,

in unparalleled slaughter.

The Jews were then answered,

who had accepted,

Math. xxvii.

for themselves and their heirs,

the consequences of doing the Christ to death.

Josephus records, that,

during the siege, 1,100,000 were slain, and 97,000 taken captive.

Expelled from their home,

the Jews are still in servitude.

They have been without land

since Christ's time, and will so remain, till converted.

It is said that they were once sold, thirty for a penny.

[1] L affusioun [2] L president [3] L haboundanly
[4] E vrettith [5] E alevyn [6] L fivetene, E fyftene
[7] E penneis

Quhen nouell*is* past quhow[1] lang thay leuit
Some were ripped open for their gold; Apone thare Gold, withouttin doute
Thay slyt thare bellyis,[2] to sers[3] it oute.
others were banished into Egypt; The rest in Egypt thay did sende,
Presonaris to thare lyuis ende.
Tytus tuke, in[4] his cumpanye,
and others were carried, bound, to Rome, Gret nummer[5] of the most worthye:
With hym to Rome he led thame bound,
Syne creuelly did thame confound:
to be made a public spectacle, His[6] victory for tyll decore,
And for agmentyng of his glore,
Gart put thame in to publict placis,
Quhare all folk mycht behald thare facis;
and at last to be eaten by lions. Syne with wyld Lyonis creuellye
He gart deuore thame dulefullye.
¶ This hie, Tryumphand, mychtie toun
Paschal confusion expiated Paschal wrong. At Pasche wes put to confusioun,
Because that in the tyme of Peace
Thay Crucifyit[7] the Kyng of grace.
Sum hes this mater done indyte
More Ornatly than I can wryte;
Self-depreciation. Quharefor I speik of it no more:
Onely to God be laude and glore.

* FINIS. ✠

[1] E how [2] E belleis [3] L serche [4] E and
[5] L nomber [6] E As [7] E Crusifeyt

OFF YE MISERABYLL END OFF CERTANE TYRANE[1] PRINCIS, AND, SPECIALLYE, THE BEGYNNARIS OF THE FOUR MONARCHEIS.

EXPERIENCE.

NOW haue[2] I done declare, at thy desyris,
As thow demandit, in to termys schort,
And quhow[3] began the principall impyris,
As Cronicle and Scripture dois report:
Quhairfor, my Sone, I hartly *the* exhort,
Perfytlie prent in *thi* reme*m*brance[4]
Off this Inconstante warld the varia*n*ce.

The lesson of the four temporal Monarchies.

¶ The Princis of thir foure gret Monarcheis,
In thare most hiest pompe Imperiallis,
Traistyng to be moist sure sett in thare seis,[5]
The fraudful warld gaif to thame mortall fallis,—
For thare rewarde,[6] bot dyrk memoriallis:
Thocht ouir the warld thay had preheminence,
Off it thay gat[7] none vther recompence.

Their princes are not of fragrant memory.

¶ For, siclyke as the snaw doith melt in May,
Throuch the reflex of Phebus bemys brycht,
Thir gret Impyris rychtso ar went away:
Gone bene thare glore, thair power, & thair mycht,
Because thay wer reuar*is* withouttin rycht,
And blude scheddaris[8] full creuell, to conclude:
Rycht creuellye, tharefor, wes sched thare blude.

Usurpers, and merciless, they reaped their due.

¶ Behald quhow God, aye sen the warld began,
Hes maid of tyrrane Kyngis Instrumentis

Of tyrants

[1] L Tirrane [2] E haif [3] E how, L quho
[4] L rememberance [5] E settis [6] E revard
[7] L ȝit gat thai [8] E bludscheddaris

God has ever made scourges,

To scurge peple,[1] and to keill mony one man,
Quhilk*is* to his law wer Inobedientis:
Quhen thay had done perfurneis[2] his ententis,
In dantyng wrangus peple schamefullye,
He sufferit thame be scurgit creuellye;

Ewin as the scule[3] Maister doith mak ane wand,
To dant and dyng Scollaris of rude ingyne,
The quhilkis wyll nocht study at his command:
He scurgis[4] thame, and only to that fyne,
That thay suld to his trew counsall inclyne:
Quhen thay obey, and mesit bene his yre,
to be destroyed when done with: He takis the wand and castis in to the[5] fyre.

Exo. vii.

¶ God of kyng Pharo[6] maid one Instrument,—
Quhilk wes the gret kyng of Egyptience,[7]—
His awin peculier peple to torment:
as King Pharaoh, for instance; That beand done, he wrocht[8] on hym vengence,
And leit hym fall throuch[9] Inobedience;
And, fynallie, he, with his gret armye,
Exo. xiiii. In the reid sey thame drownit dulefullye.

¶ Rycht so, of Nabuchodonosor[10] kyng,—
God maid of hym ane furious Instrument,
Ierusalem and the Iowis to doun thryng,[11]
and King Nebuchadnezzar; Quhen thay to God wer Inobedient;
Syne reft hym frome[12] his ryches and his rent,
And hym transformit in ane beist brutell,
Dan. iiii. Sewin ȝeris and more, as wryttis Daniell.

¶ Alexander, throuch prydefull tyrrannye,
In ȝeris twelf did mak his gret conquest,
Aye scheddand saikles blude full creuellye:
and Alexander the Great; Tyll he wes kyng of kyngis, he tuke no rest.
In all the warld quhen he wes full possest,
In Babilone thronit[13] tryumphantlye,
Throuch poysoun strang deceisit dulefullye.

[1] E schurge pepill, L scurg the pepill
[2] E perforneis, L performe [3] L scole [4] E scurgit [5] L in the
[6] L Pharao [7] E Egipsianis [8] E vroycht [9] L throw
[10] L Nabugodonosar [11] E dounthring [12] L fra
[13] E crounit, L tronit

¶ Duke Hannibal, the strang Cartagiane,
The danter of the Romanis pompe and glorye,
Be his power wer mony one thousand slane,
As may be red at lenth in tyll his storye.
At Cannas, quhare he wan the victorye,
On Romanis handis *th*at dede lay on *th*e ground,
Thre hepit[1] Buschellis wer of Ryngis found.

and Hannibal, the Carthaginian,

¶ In to that mortall battell, I heir sane,
Off the Romanis moste worthy weriouris,
By presonaris, wer fourty[2] thousand slane;
Off quhom thare wes thretty wyse Senatouris,
And xx.[3] Lordis, the quhilk*is* had bene Pretouris,
That deit in to[4] defence of thare cuntre,
And for tyll[5] hald thare lande at lybertie.

who wrought great mischief to the Romans,

☞ Quhat rewarde gatt this creuell Campioun,
Quhen he had slane so gret one multytude,
And quhen[6] the glasse of his glorye wes roun?
Ane schamefull deith,—and, schortlye to conclude,
This bene reward of all scheddaris of blude;—
For he gat sic extreme confusioun,
He slew hym self in drynking strang poysoun.[7]

and afterwards put an end to himself with poison.

¶ Behald the two moste famous Campionis,
That is to say, Iulyus and Pompey,
Quhilk*is* did conquesse all erthly[8] Regionis,—
Alsweill maine land as Ylis in the sey,—
And to the toun of Rome gart thame obey:
For Pompeyus subdewit the Orient;
And Iulyus Cesar, all the Occident.

And Julius and Pompey; great conquerors,

¶ Bot, fynaly, thir two did stryue for stait,
Quhare throw thre hundreth M.[9] men wer slane;
Bot Pompeyus, efter that gret debait,
He murdreist wes: the storye tellis plane.
Than Iulyus wes Prince and Souerane,

but of short-lived glory,

[1] E hapit [2] E fyfte [3] L twenty
[4] L omitted [5] L to [6] L omitted [7] E poysone
[8] L erdlie [9] E, L thowsand

as kings,

Abufe the hole[1] warld Empriour and kyng;
Bot, in to rest, schorte tyme indurit his ryng:

¶ For, within fyue[2] moneth[3] and lytill more,
Amyd his Lordis in the counsall hous,
He murdreist wes,—quhat nedeth proces[4] more?—
according to the Roman history. As I haue said, be Brute and Cascius.
Geue[5] thow wald knaw thare dethis dolorous,
Thow most at lenth go reid the Romane storye,
Quhilk hes this mater put in memorye.

¶ Gone is the Goldin warld of Asserianis,[6]
Off quhome kyng Nynus wes first & principall;
The four Monarchies have, all, passed away; Gone is the syluer warld of Persianis;
The Copper warld of Grekis now is thrall;
The warld of Irne, quhilk wes the last of all,
Comparit to the Romanis in thare glore,
Ar gone, rychtso: I heir of thame[7] no more.

¶ Now is the warld of Irne myxit with clay,
As Daniell at lenth hes done indyte:
and the world draws to a conclusion, The gret Impyris ar meltit clene[8] away;
Now is the warld of dolour and dispyte.
I se nocht ellis bot troubyll infinyte:
Quharefor, my Sonne, I mak it to the kend,
This warld, I wait,[9] is drawand to ane end.

¶ Tokynnis[10] of darth, hunger,[11] and pestilence,
With creuell weris, boith be sey and land,
as witness divers tokens. Realme aganis realme with mortall violence,
Quhilk signifyis the last day ewin at hand:
Quharefor,[12] my Sonne, be in thy faith constand,
Rasyng[13] thy hart to God, and cry for grace,
And mend thy lyfe, quhil thow hes tyme & space.

* FINIS. ✠

[1] L hoill [2] E fywe [3] L month [4] L nedis wordis
[5] L Gif [6] E Asseriance [7] L also of thame I heir
[8] L quite [9] E watt [10] E Toknis [11] L hunger, darth
[12] L Thairfore [13] E Raysing, L Rasing

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE FYFT SPIRITUALL[1] AND PAPALL MONARCHIE.

COURTIOUR.

FATHER,[2] Is thare no Prince ringand,
Quhilk hes the warld, now, at command;
As had the Kyngis of Asserianis,
The Persis, Grekis,[3] or the Romanis?
Quho hes, now, most Dominioun
Off euerilk land and Regioun?

Who is, now, universal monarch, or most nearly like one?

EXPERIENCE.

¶ Thare is no Prince, my Sonne, said he,
That hes the principall Monarche
Abufe[4] the warld vniuersall,
With hole power Imperiall,
As Alexander, or Darius,
Or as had Cesar Iulyus:
For Orient and Occident
To thame wer all obedient.
Nochtwithstandyng, I fynd one kyng
Quhilk in tyll[5] Europe doith ryng,—
That is, the potent Pope of Rome,
Impyrand[6] ouir all Christindome,—
To quhome no Prince may be compare,
As Canon lawis can declare.[7]
All Princis of the Occident
Ar tyll his grace obedient;
For he hes hole power compleit,
Boith of the body and the spreit,
Quhilk neuer had no prince affore,

There is, at present, no universal monarch,

like Alexander, &c.,

ruling East and West.

But there is, in the Pope of Rome, a king over all Christendom,

paramount as to all other princes,

and reigning over both body and soul.

[1] L Fyft and Spirituall Monarchie [2] L Fader
[3] L the Greikis [4] E Abouf [5] L into
[6] E Impyreand owr [7] L omits ll. 4264, 4265

Except the mychtie kyng of glore.
Christ's Lieutenant, To Christe he is gret Lewtennand,
In holy Peteris Saitt[1] syttand : 4272
he is king of all the kings in Europe. So he is of all kyngis Kyng
Quhilk*is* in to Europe now doith Ryng.
¶ And, as the Romane Empriouris,
Hauyng the warld[2] vnder thare curis, 4276
Had Princis, Knychtis, and Campionis,
As dominated the Roman emperors, Rewlaris in tyll all Regionis,
Uphaldyng thare Aucthoritie,[3]
Usyng Iustice and polisie ; 4280
so dominates the Pope of Rome. ¶ Rycht so, this potent pope of Rome,
The Souerane kyng of Christindome,
He hes, in tyll ilk countre,
Princes, His Princis of gret[4] grauytie ; 4284
cardinals, In sum countreis, his Cardinallis,
In thare moste precious apparallis :
archbishops, &c., Archibyschoppis, Byschoppis, thow may se,—
Defendyng his auctoritie,— 4288
With vther potent Patriarkis ;
heads of learned and religious houses, Collegis full of cunnyng Clerkis ;
Abbottis and Priour*is*, as ȝe ken,
Misrewlaris of relegious men ; 4292
officials, Officiallis, with thare Procuratouris,
Quhose langsum law[5] spolȝeis the puris ;
archdeans, &c., Archidenis and Denis of dignitie ;
doctors of divinity, with their attendants, Gret Doctouris of Diuynitie ; 4296
Thare Chantouris, and thare Sacristanis,
Thare Tresoureris,[6] and thare subdenis ;
Legionis of preistis Seculeris,
monks, and the like, Personis, Uicaris, Monkis, and Freris, 4300
Off diuers Ordouris mony one,—
Quhilk langsum wer for tyll[7] expone,—
quaint in dress, In syndrie habit*is*, as ȝe ken,
Diffrent frome vther Christin men ; 4304
nuns, Fair Ladyis of Relegioun,

[1] E Seitt [2] E Havand the vardle [3] L Autorite
[4] E omitted [5] L lawis [6] L Thesauraris
[7] L to

Proffessit[1] in euery Regioun;
Fals Heremitis,[2] fassonit lyke the freris; hermits, parish priests, &c., &c.,
Proude parische[3] clerkis, and pardoneris,
Thare Gryntaris, and thare Chamberlanis,
With thare temporall Courtissianis.
Thus, all the warld, be land and sey, are, all, subject to him.
His Sanctitude thay do obey:
Nocht onely his spirituall kyngdome,
Bot the gret Empriour[4] of Rome,
And Kyngis of euerilk regioun, Kings, when crowned,
That day quhen thay resaue[5] thare crown,
Thay mak aith of fidelytie swear fealty to him,
Tyll defende his auctorytie;
Moreouir,[6] with humyll reuerence,
Thay mak tyll hym obedience, and acknowledge obedience.
Be thare[7] selfis, or Ambassaldouris,
Or vtheris ornate Oratouris.
Quho doith[8] ganestand his Maiestie, All that withstand him
His lawis, or his Lybertie,
Or haldis ony opinioun
Contrar his gret Dominioun,
Outher be way of deid or wourdis, are put out of the way.
Ar put to deith, be fyre or swourdis.[9]
Sanct Peter stylit wes Sanctus; S. Peter was Sanctus; he is Sanctissimus,
Bot he is callit Sanctissimus.
His style at lenth gyf thow wald knaw,
Thow moste gc luke the Canon law, and has other great titles, besides;
Boith[10] in the Sext and[11] Clementene:
His staitly style thare may be sene:
Thare sall thow fynd, reid gyf thow can,
Quhow[12] he is nother God nor man. and he is neither God nor man.

COURTIOUR.

☞ Quhat is he, than, be 3our Iugement? What is he, then,
Quod[13] I. Me thynk hym different,
Far, frome our Souerane, Lord Iesus,

[1] L Profest [2] L Hermyttis [3] L paroche
[4] L Empriouris [5] E resaif [6] L Moreoure
[7] E tham, L thame [8] L Quha dois [9] E swerdis
[10] E And [11] E of [12] E How [13] E Quhod

And tyll his kynd contrarious : 4340

If he is neither ? For Christ wes God and naturall man.

Thou i. Gyf he be nother, quhat is he, than ?

EXPERIENCE.

The canon law declares. ¶ The Canon law, my Sonne, said he,
That questioun wyll[1] declare to the. 4344

It is beyond me to define him. It doith[2] transcend my rude Ingyne
His Sanctitude for tyll defyne,
Or to schaw the aucthoritie
Pertenyng to his Maiestie. 4348

He is a prince that looses and binds, So gret one Prince quhare sall thow fynd,
That Spiritually may louse[3] and bynd ;
Nor be quhame synnis ar forgyffin,[4]
Be thay with his Disciplis schrewin ? 4352

with the authority of God. Quhame euer he byndis by his mycht,
Thay boundin ar in Goddis sycht :
Quhame euer he[5] lowsis in erth heir doun,
Ar lousit be God in his Regioun. 4356

And he is Prince of Purgatory. Als,[6] he is Prince of Purgatorie,
Delyuering Saulis frome paine to glorie :
Off that dirke[7] Dungeoun, but doute,
Quham euir he[5] plesis he takis thame oute. 4360

Through him, our sins are remitted; Oure secreit synnis, euery 3eir,
We mon schaw to sum preist or freir,
And tak thare absolutioun,
Or ellis we gett no remyssioun. 4364

So, be this way, thay cleirly ken
The secret*is*[8] of all seculare men ;

and through him we are, also, held in thrall. Thare secret*is* we knaw nocht at all :
Thus ar we to thame bound and thrall. 4368

Quhat euir thare Ministeris[9] commandis
Most be obeyit, without demandis.
Quharefor, my Sonne, I say to the,

Hence I call him a marvellous monarch, over both body and soul. This is ane maruellous[10] Monarche, 4372
Quhilk hes power Imperiall
Boith of the body and the Saull.

[1] E vill I [2] L dois [3] E Sprytually may lowss
[4] L forgevin [5] L Quhome he [6] L Alsua
[7] E dark [8] E secreittis [9] L Minster
[10] L one merwalus, E mervalus

COURTIOUR.

¶ Father,[1] quod I, declare to me
Quhow did begyn this Monarche.

How originated the Papacy?

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he: Christ Iesus,[2] God and Man,
That Impyre gratiouslye began,
Nocht be the fyre, nor be the swourde,[3]
Bot be the vertew of his wourde;

Jesus founded it,

Ephi. i.

And left, in tyll his Testament,
Mony ane deuote document,

and peacefully.

Luc. ix.

With his Successouris to be vsit,
Thocht mony of thame be now abusit.
For Peter and Paull, with all the rest
Off thare Brethrin,[4] maid manifest
The law of God, with trew intent,
Precheing[5] the Auld and New Testament.
Thay led thare lyfe in pouertie,

SS. Peter and Paul, and the rest,

poor, devout, and humble,

Deuotioun, and Humilytie,
As did thare Maister, Christ Iesus;
And war nocht half so glorious
As thare Successouris now in Rome,

were not altogether the patterns of modern Rome.

Impyrand[6] ouer all Christindome.
¶ Efter the deth of Peter and Paull,
And Christis trew Disciplis[7] all,
Thare Successouris, within few ȝeris,—
As at more lenth thare storye beris,—
Full craftelye clam to the heycht,
Frome Spirituall lyfe to temporall mycht.

Their successors soon passed

from the spiritual to the temporal.

COURTIOUR.

¶ Father, or we passe forther[8] more,
Quhen did begyn thare[9] temporall glore?

When began this temporal glory?

EXPERIENCE.

Sonne, said he, thow sall vnderstand.
Or euer ane Pape gat ony land,

The early Popes were landless,

[1] L Fader [2] L Iesu [3] E swerd [4] L Brethir
[5] E Preching [6] E Impyreand [7] L Discipulis
[8] L fordermore [9] L that

and wore no crown but that of martyrdom.

Two and thretty gude papis[1] in Rome
Ressauit the crown[2] of Martyrdome,
Bot nocht the Thrinfald Diadame,—
To weir[3] thre crownis thay thocht gret schame :—
Tyll Syluester the Confessoure

Of the donation of Constantine to Pope Sylvester.

Frome Constantene the Emprioure
Ressauit the Realme of Italie,
Rychtso, of Rome the gret Cetie.
That wes the rute[4] of thare ryches :
Than sprang the well[5] of welthynes.

The first Pope that was also a king became so A.D. 330.

Quhen that the Pape wes maid ane kyng,
All Princis bowit[6] at his biddyng.
This Act wes done, withouttin weir,
Frome Christis deith thre hundreth ȝeir.

Lady Sensuality then took lodgings at Rome,

¶ Than Lady Sensualitie[7]
Tuke Lugeing[8] in that gret Cetie,

and grew mighty.

Quhare scho sensyne hes done remane,
As thare awin lady Souerane.

Other kings, in imitation, soon began to patronize the Church.

Than Kyngis, in tyll all Nationis,
Maid Preistis gret fundationis :[9]
Thay thocht gret mereit and honour
To contrafait the Empriour ;

Note the pious foundations of Scotland,

As did Dauid, of Scotland kyng,
The quhilk did founde, duryng[10] his ryng,
Fyftene[11] Abbayis, with temporall landis,
Withouttin teindis and offerandis ;

impoverishing its king.

Be quhose holy simplicite
He left the Crown in pouerte.
Now haif I schawin the, as I can,

Thus the temporal power of the Church began at Rome,

Quhow thare temporall Impyre began,
Ascendyng vp,[12] aye gre by gre,
Abufe[13] the Empriouris Maieste.
So, quhen thay gat amang thare handis
Off Italie all the Empriours landis,

and spread to other lands.

Efter that, in ilke cuntrie
Sprang vp thare temporalite,

[1] L popis [2] E croune [3] E wair [4] E rutt
[5] L waill [6] L levit [7] L Spiritualite
[8] E Lugyng [9] L funditionis [10] E durand
[11] L Fivetene [12] E owp [13] E abouf

With so gret ryches and sic rent,
That thay gan[1] to be negligent — Negligence followed,
In makyng[2] Ministratioun
To Christis trew Congregatioun,
And tuke no more paine in thare precheing, — in preaching and teaching,
And far les trauell[3] in thare techeing;
Changeing thare Spiritualitie
In temporall Sensualitie. — and also luxury.

COURTIOUR.

¶ Father,[4] thynk ȝe that thay ar sure — Will this empire last long?
That thare Impyre sall lang indure?

EXPERIENCE.

Apperandlye it may be kende,
Quod he, thare glore sall haue ane ende: — Probably, it will not.
I mene, thare temporall Monarchie
Sall turne in tyll humylitie.
Throuch Goddis wourde, without debait, — The clergy will soon become again as they were aforetime.
Thay sall turne to thare first estait:
As Daniellis Prophesie apperis,
Thareto sall nocht be mony ȝeris.
Quhowbeit, Christis faith sall neuer faill;
Bot more and more it sall preuaill, — Christ's religion is indefectible.
Thocht[5] Christis trew congregatioun
Suffer gret trybulatioun.

COURTIOUR.

¶ Father,[4] said I, be quhat reassoun — Why will this power be broken?
Thynk ȝe thare Impyre may cum doun?

EXPERIENCE.

Consydderyng thare preheminence, — By reason of disobedience,
Quod he, for Inobedience;
Abusyng the commandiment — *Math. xxviii. Ihon xv. Acti. i.* shown in corrupting the faith.
Quhilk Christ left in his Testament;[6]
Usyng thare awin traditioun

[1] E begane [2] E makin [3] E travaill [4] L Fader
[5] E Trouche [6] L Testiment

More than his Institutioun.
¶ For Christ, in his last conuentioun,[1]
Christ commanded his disciples — The day of his Ascentioun,
Tyll his Disciplis[2] gaif command,
That thay suld passe in euery land,
to teach and preach, — To teche and preche,[3] with trew intent,
His law and his commandiment.
None vther office he to thame gaif:
and did not bid them seek for riches. — He did nocht bid thame seik nor craif
Cors present*is*[4] nor offerandis,
Nor gett Lordschipis of temporall landis.
¶ Bot now it may be hard and sene,
Baith with thyne eiris and thyne eine,
Now we see the prelates careless of Christ's commands, — Quhow Prelatis, now, in euery[5] land,
Takis lytill cure of Christ*is* command,
Nother[6] in to thare deidis nor sawis;
Neglectyng[7] thare awin Canon lawis,
and bearing themselves unchristianly. — Usyng thame selfis contrarious,
For the most part, to Christ Iesus.
Mat. iiii. Christ did not shame to instruct: — Christ thocht no schame to be ane Precheour,
And tyll all peple[8] of trewth ane techeour.[9]
Ane pope, byschope, nor Cardinall,
To teche nor preche wyll[10] nocht be thrall:
but the Pope and the rest instruct by proxy. — Thay send furth Freris for[11] to preche for thame,
Quhilk garris the peple[8] now abhor thame.
Ihon vi. Christ, who refused to be a king, — ¶ Christ wald nocht be ane temporall kyng,
Rychely in to no realme to ryng,
Bot fled temporall auctorite,
As in the Scripture thow may se.
contrasted with the Popes, — All men may knaw quhow popis ryngis,
In Dignitie abufe all kyngis,
Als weill in temporalitie
As in to Spiritualitie.
Thow may se, be experience,
princely potentates. — The popis Princely preheminence,
In Cronicles geue[12] thow lyst to luke,

[1] E inventioune [2] L Discipillis [3] L preche and teche
[4] L Corpspresentis [5] L euerilk [6] L nouther
[7] L neglectand [8] E pepill [9] E Prechour [10] E will
[11] L omitted [12] E gyf

Quhow Carion wryttis,[1] in his buke, — Carion tells us, that,
Ane Notabyll Narratioun:
The ȝeir of oure Saluatioun 4508
Alewin hundreth and sax and fyftie, — in A.D. 1156, Pope Alexander III.
Pope[2] Alexander, presumptuouslie,—
Quhilk wes the thrid pope[2] of that name,—
To Fredrike[3] Empriour did diffame: 4512
In Ueneis, that tryumphand town, — set his foot on the Emperor Frederic, lying prostrate,
That nobyll Empriour gart ly down
Apone his wambe,[4] with schame and lake,
Syne tred his feit apone his bake, 4516
In toknyng[5] of obedience.
Thare he schew his preheminence, — the papal assistants singing, the while.
And causit his Clergy for to syng
Thir wourdis efter following: 4520
¶ "Svper Aspidem & basiliscum ambulabis,
Et conculcabis leonem & draconem."[6] — *Ps. xci.* 13.
¶ Than said this humyll Empriour: — The Emperor's protest.
'I do to Peter this honour.' 4524
The Pope[2] answerit, with wordis wroith: — The Pope's reply.
'Thow sall me honour, and Peter, boith.'
☞ Christ, for to schaw his humyll spreit, — Christ was humble:
Did wasche[7] his pure Disciplis[8] feit: 4528
The Popis holynes, I wys, — the Pope is haughty.
Wyll suffer Kyngis his feit to kys.
Birdis had thare nestis, and toddis thare den; — *Luc. ix.*
Bot Christ Iesus, Saiffer[9] of men, 4532 Christ was quite indigent:
In erth had nocht ane penny breid
Quhare on[10] he mycht repose his heid.
¶ Quhowbeit, the Popis excellence
Hes Castellis of Magnifycence; 4536 the Pope has grand edifices; and so have the abbots, &c.,
Abbottis, Byschoppis, and Cardinallis
Hes plesand palyces royallis:
Lyke Paradyse ar those prelattis places,
Wantyng no plesoure[11] of fair faces. 4540 and fair companions, withal. The Apostles
Ihone,[12] Androw, Iames, Peter, nor Paull

[1] E vrettis [2] L Paip [3] P Fedrike, E Fedrake [4] E vymbe
[5] E takyne [6] E drachonem [7] L wesche [8] L Discipulis
[9] L Sufferit [10] L, E Quhairon [11] L plesouris [12] E Ihonne

had few houses,
Had few housis amang thame all:
Actis. iiii.
Frome tyme thay knew the veritie
Thay did contempne all propertie,
despised wealth, and fared hardly.
And wer rycht hartfully content
Off meit, drynk, and Abil3ement.[1]
Ihon xi.
¶ To saif[2] Mankynde, that wes forlorne,
Of Christ's crown,
Christ bure ane creuell[3] crown of thorne;
and of the Pope's crowns.
The Pope, thre crownis, for the nonis,
Off gold, poulderit with pretious stonis.
Off gold and syluer, I am sure,
Christ died in utter poverty:
Christ Iesus tuke bot lytill cure,
And left nocht, quhen he 3ald the spreit,
To by hym self ane wynding scheit.
Pope John, at his death,
¶ Bot his Successoure, gude Pope[4] Iohne,[5]
Quhen he deceisit in Auinione,
left a matter of twenty-five millions,
He left behynd hym one treassoure
Off gold and syluer, by mesoure,
Be one Iuste computatioun,
Weill fyue and twentye myllioun,
Palmerius asserts.
As dois Indyte Palmerius:
Reid hym, and thow sall fynd it thus.
The Disciples were known by their graces;
¶ Christis Disciplis wer weill knawin
Throuch vertew, quhilk wes be thame schawin,
In speciall feruent charitie,
Gret pacience, and humylite:
the Pope's flock, by their tonsure.
The popis floke, in all regionis,
Ar knawin best[6] be thare clyppit crounis.
Ihon ii.
Christ he did honour Matromony
Christ, in Cana of Galilee, honoured marriage, practically;
In to the Cane[7] of Galaly,
Quhare he,[8] be his power Diuyne,
Did turne[9] the walter[10] in to Wyne;
And, als, chesit sum Maryit men
To be his seruandis, as 3e ken:
and S. Peter had a wife, lifelong.
And Peter, duryng all his lyfe,
He thocht no Syn to haif ane wyfe.[11]
3e sall nocht fynd, in[12] no passage,

[1] L Habil3ement [2] L sauf [3] L one crewall [4] L Paip
[5] E Iohnne [6] L best knawin [7] L Chan [8] L omitted
[9] E return [10] L, E watter [11] E vyff [12] L into

Quhare Christ forbiddith mariage ; Wedlock is not an unchristian thing.
Bot leifsum tyll[1] ilk man to marye,
Quhilk wantis the gyft of Chaistitye.
¶ The Pope hes maid the contrar lawis The Pope suffers not his priests to marry,
In his kyngdome, as all men knawis :
None of his preistis dar marye wyfis,[2]
Under no[3] les paine nor thare lyfis.
Thocht thay haif[4] Concubynis fyftene,[5] but winks at their concubines.
In to that cace, thay ar ouersene.
Quhat chaistytie thay keip in Rome Rome unchaste.
Is weill kend ouer all christindome.
¶ Christ did schaw his obedience *Mat. xvii.* Christ deferred to the temporal rulers;
Onto the Empriouris excellence,
And causit Peter for to pay
Trybute to Cesar for thame tway.
Paull biddis ws be obedient and S. Paul enjoins obedience to kings.
To Kyngis, as the most excellent.
¶ The contrar did Pope Celistene, Pope Celestine deemed otherwise.
Quhen that his Sanctytude serene
Did crown Henry the Empriour : His ignominious treatment of the Emperor Henry, on crowning him;
I thynk he did hym small honour ;
For with his feit he did hym crown,
Syne with his fute[6] the crown dang doun,
Sayand : 'I haif[4] Auctoritie and his proud speech, proclaiming his own authority.
Men tyll exalt to[7] dignitie,
And to mak Emperiouris and kyngis,
And Syne depryue thame of thare Ryngis.'
Peter, be my Opinioun, S. Peter never did the like.
Did neuer vse sic Dominioun.
Apperandlye, be my Iugement,
That Pope red neuer the new Testament : Had this Pope read the New Testament, he would have avoided such vaingloriousness, after old example.
Gyf he had lernit at that lore,
He had refusit sic vaine[8] glore,
As Barnabas, Peter, and Paull,
And, rycht so, Christis Disciplis[9] all.
¶ The Capitane Cornelius, Of Cornelius, *Actis. x.*

[1] L lesum to [2] E vyffis, L wivis [3] L na [4] L haue
[5] L fivetene [6] E futt [7] E till, L in [8] E waine
[9] L Discipillis

Quhen Sanct Peter come tyll his hous,
Tyll worschyp[1] hym, fell at his feit:
and of S. Peter's humility before him. Bot Sanct Peter, with humyll spreit,[2] 4616
Did rais hym vpe with diligence,
And did refuse sic Reuerence.

Of S. John, and of the angel ¶ Rychtso, Sanct Iohne the Euangelist
The Angellis feit he wald haif[3] kist; 4620
Apoca. xix. & xxii. who forbade his worship, showing cause. Bot he refusit sic honoure,
Sayand: 'I am bot Seruitoure,
Rychtso, thy fallow and thy brother:
Gyff glore to God, and to none vther.' 4624

Act. xiiii. Of SS. Barnabas and Paul, who, at Lystra, refused the honour of the priests of Jupiter, ready to sacrifice to them, whereat they were troubled; ¶ Alykewyis,[4] Barnabas and Paull
Sic honour did refuse at all.
In Listra, quhare thay wroucht gret werkis,
The preist[5] of Iupiter, with his clerkis, 4628
And all the peple,[6] with thare auyse,
Wald haif maid to thame Sacrifyse;
Off quhilk thay wer so discontent,
That thay thare clothyng[7] raif[8] and rent; 4632
and S. Paul admonished them to give glory to God alone. And Paull amang thame rudely ran,
Sayand: 'I am ane mortall man:
Gyf glore to God, of kyngis kyng,
That maid heuin, erth,[9] and euery thyng.' 4636
Sen Peter and Paull vaine glore refusit,
And the Popes? With Popis[10] quhy sulde sic glore be vsit?
Peter, Andro, Iohne, Iames, and Paull,
And Christis trew Disciplis,[11] all, 4640
There is no apostolic warrant for the manner in which the Pope defends his tradition. Be Goddis worde thare faith defendit;
To byrne and skald[12] thay neuer pretendit.
The pope defendis his traditioun
Be flammand[13] fyre, without remissioun: 4644
Breaches of the divine law, Quhowbeit men breik[14] the law Diuyne,
Thay ar nocht put to so gret pyne.[15]
For huredome, nor Ydolatrye,
how grievous soever, For Incest, nor Adultrye, 4648
Or quhen 3oung Uirginnis ar deflorit,—

[1] E vyrschipe [2] E line 4616 omitted [3] L haue
[4] E Alykvays [5] E prist [6] E pepile [7] L cleithing
[8] E reif, L raue [9] L erd [10] L Paipis [11] L Discipillis
[12] L scad [13] L flamband [14] L brak
[15] L sic ruwyne

For sic thyng men ar nocht abhorit. — are less recked of
Bot quho that eitis flesche in to lent[1] — than eating flesh-meat in Lent,
Ar terriblye[2] put to torment;
And gyf ane preist happinnis to marye, — and a priest's marrying,
Thay do hym baneis, cursse, and warye,
Thocht it be nocht aganis the law — though the Law of God allows it.
Off God, as men may cleirlie knaw.
Betuix thir[3] two quhat difference bene,
Be faithfull folke it may be sene.
Sic Antithesis[4] mony mo — But enough of antitheses.
I mycht declare, quhilk*is* I lat go,
And may nocht tary to compyle — The vanity, as to titles,
Off ilk ordour the staitlye style.
The seilye[5] Nun[6] wyll thynk gret schame, — of nuns,
Without scho callit be Madame;
The pure Preist thynk*is* he gett*is* no rycht, — of priests,
Be he nocht stylit lyke ane Knycht,
And callit 'schir' affore his name, — with their 'Sir,'
As 'schir Thomas' and 'schir Wil3ame.'
All Monkrye,[7] 3e may heir and se, — of monks, who,
Ar callit Denis, for[8] dignite:
Quhowbeit his mother mylk[9] the kow, — though low-born,
He man be callit Dene Androw,[10] — are, all, 'Deans.'
Dene Peter, dene Paull, and dene Robart.
With Christ thay tak ane painfull part,
With dowbyll clethyng frome the cald, — Of their delicacy
Eitand and drynkand quhen thay wald;
With curious Countryng[11] in the queir: — and mummery.
God wait gyf thay by heuin[12] full deir.
My lorde Abbot, rycht[13] venerabyll, — Of the precedence of abbots,
Ay marschellit[14] vpmoste at the tabyll;
My lord Byschope, moste reuerent, — of bishops,
Sett abufe Erlis, in Parliament;
And Cardinalis, duryng thare ryngis, — of cardinals,
Fallowis to Princis and to Kyngis;
The Pope exaltit, in honour, — and of the Pope.

[1] L in lent [2] L terrabillie [3] E omitted [4] L Anthethisis
[5] L sely [6] E Nonn [7] L Channonis, Monkis [8] L of
[9] L mylkit [10] E Androve [11] L Countering
[12] E havin [13] L most [14] L merchellit

Abufe the potent Empriour.
The proud parson, living at ease,
The proude Persone, I thynk trewlye,
He leidis his lyfe rycht lustelye;
For quhy he hes none vther pyne,
though he may neglect his cure,
Bot tak his teind, and spend it syne.
Bot he is oblyste,[1] be resoun,[2]
To preche on tyll perrochioun:[3]
neglects not his perquisites.
Thoucht thay want precheing sewintene ȝeir,
He wyll nocht want ane boll of beir.
Some parsons are given to pellicacy,
Sum Personis hes at thare command
The wantoun Wencheis[4] of the land;
Als, thay haue gret prerogatyffis,
and change their mistresses at pleasure.
That may depart, ay, with thare wyffis,
Without Diuors[5] or summondyng,
Syne tak ane vther but woddyng.[6]
Some would value this privilege,
Sum man wald thynk ane lustye lyfe,
Ay quhen he lyst, to chenge[7] his wyfe,
And tak ane vther of more bewte:
denied to laymen,
Bot Secularis want*is* that lyberte,
The quhilk ar bound in[8] mariage.
but enjoyed brutishly by the clergy.
Bot thay, lyke Rammis[9] in to thair rage,
Unpissillit rynnis amang the ȝowis,
So lang as Nature in thame growis.
The vicar will rob a poor family-man.
¶ And, als, the Uicar, as I trow,[10]
He wyll nocht faill to tak ane kow,
And vmaist claith, thoucht bab*is* thame ban,
Frome ane pure selye housband man.
If the poor man be dying, and has three cows,
Quhen that[8] he lyis for tyll de,
Haiffeing[11] small bairnis[12] two or thre,
And hes thre ky, withouttin mo,
the vicar takes one, with his coverlet;
The Uicare moist haue one of tho,[13]
With the gray cloke that happis the bed,
Howbeit that he be purelye cled.
and he takes the second cow, if the wife dies;
And gyf the[14] wyfe de on the morne,
Thocht all the babis suld be forlorne,
The vther kow he cleik*is*[15] awaye,

[1] E oblesit [2] L by ressoun [3] L vnto his parrochin
[4] L Winchis [5] L Divorss [6] E, L wedding [7] L chang
[8] E omitted [9] E Rames [10] E twro [11] L Having
[12] E bernes [13] E two [14] E ȝe [15] E clekis

With hir pure coit[1] of roploch graye.
And[2] gyf, within tway[3] dayis or thre,
The eldest chyild hapnis[4] to de,
Off the thrid kow he wylbe sure.
Quhen he hes all, than, vnder his cure,
And Father[5] and Mother[6] boith ar dede,
Beg mon the babis,[7] without remede:
Thay hauld the Corps at the kirk style;
And thare it moste remane ane quhyle,
Tyll thay gett sufficient souerte
For thare kirk rycht and dewite.
Than cumis the Landis Lord, perfors,
And cleiks tyll hym ane herield[8] hors.
Pure laubourars wald that law wer doun,
Quhilk neuer was fundit be[9] resoun.
I hard thame[10] say, onder confessioun,
That law is brother[11] tyll Oppressioun.
¶ My Sonne, I haue schawin, as I can,
Quhow this fyft Monarchie began,
Quhose gret Impyre for to report
At lenth the[12] tyme bene all to schort.

4724 and, if the eldest child dies, the third cow.

4728 And then he delays to bury his dead parishioners,

until he is sure of his dues.

4732 The landlord, too, is extortionate.

4736 The law sanctioning all this is accounted oppressive.

4740 So much for the Fifth Monarchy.

* FINIS. *

[1] L cote [2] L Or [3] L tuo [4] L happinnis
[5] E, L Fader [6] L Moder [7] L barnis [8] L herezeild
[9] L foundit of [10] L men [11] E broder [12] E omitted

¶ HEIR FOLLOWIS ANE DISCRIPTIOUN OF[1] THE COURT OF[1] ROME.

COURTIOUR.

FATHER,[2] said I, quhat rewll keip thay *in* rome,
How is Rome, the head of Christendom, ruled? Quhilk hes the Spirituall Dominatioun
And Monarchie abufe all Christindome?
Schaw me, I mak 3ow supplicatioun.

EXPERIENCE.

My Sonne, wald I mak trew narratioun,[3]
Not after SS. Peter and Paul. Said he, to Peter & Paul thocht thay succeid,
I thynk thay preue nocht that, in to thare deid.

For Peter, Androw, & Iohne war fyschear*is* fyne
Off men and wemen, to the christin faith;
The fishing of Rome differs from that of the Apostles. Bot thay haif[4] spred thare Net, with huik and lyne,
On rentis ryche,[5] on gold, and vther graith:
Sic fyscheing to neglect thay wylbe laith;
For quhy *th*ai haif[4] fyscheit in ouerthort *the* strandis,
Ane gret part, trewlye, of all temporall landis:

¶ With that, the tent part of all gude[6] mouebyll,
For the vphaldyng of thare digniteis:
Rome makes draughts of fine gold. So bene thare fyscheing wounder profitabyll
On the dry land als weill as on the seis.
Thare herywalter[7] thay spred[8] in all countreis,
And, with thare hois nett, daylie[9] drawis to Rome
The most fyne gold that is in[10] Christindome.

[1—1] L omits [2] L Fader [3] E l. 4747 omitted [4] L haue
[5] E, L ryches [6] L gudis [7] L hery watter, E hely watter
[8] L send [9] E deyle [10] L into

¶ I dar weill say, within this fyftie ȝeir,
Rome hes ressett,[1] furth of this Regioun,
For Bullis &[2] Benefyce,[3]—quhilk thay by full deir,—
Quhilk mycht, ful weil, haif[4] payit a king*is* ransoun.
Bot, war I worthye for to weir ane crown,
Preistis suld no more our substance so consume,
Sendyng, ȝeirlye, so gret ryches to Rome.

The incoming is prodigious.

In to thare Tramalt[5] nett thay fangit ane fysche,
More nor[6] ane quhaill worthye of memorye,—
Of quhome thay haue had mony dayntay[7] dysche,
Be quhome thay ar exaltit to gret glorye,—
That maruelous[8] monstour callit Purgatorye.
Howbeit tyll[9] ws it is nocht amyable,
It hes to thame bene veray[10] profytable.

Right profitable to Rome is Purgatory.

Latt thay that fructfull fysche eschaip thare nett,
Be quhome thay haif so gret commoditeis,
Ane more fatt fysche I traist thay sall nocht gett,
Thocht thay wald[11] sers[12] ouerthort the occiane[13] seis.
Adew the daylie dolorous Derigeis!
Selye pure preistis may syng w*ith*[14] hart full sorye,
Want thay that painefull palyce, Purgatorye.

To lose that fish would be a loss indeed;

Fairweill, Monkyre, w*ith*[15] Chanoun, Nun, & Freir!
Allace! thay wylbe lychtleit in all landis:
Cowlis wyll no more be kend in kirk nor queir,
Lat thay th*at*[15] fructfull[16] fysche eschaip thare handis.
I counsall thame to bynd hym fast in bandis:
For Peter, Androw, nor[17] Iohne culde neuer gett
So profytable ane Fysche in to thare nett.

and it had better be guarded carefully.

¶ Thare Merchandyce, in tyll all Nationis,
As prentit lede, thare walx, and perchement,
Thare pardonis, and thare Dispensationis,
Thay do exceid sum temporall princis rent:

Of the gain from pardons, dispensations,

[1] L resauit [2] L of [3] E Benyfies [4] L haue
[5] L Tramald [6] L than [7] L dantie [8] L Merwalus
[9] L Quhowbeit to [10] E wery [11] E wad [12] L serche
[13] L occient [14] E thow [15] E the [16] L frutefull
[17] L and

In sic trafyke[1] thay ar nocht neglygent.[2] 4796
and benefices. Off benefyce thay mak gude marchandyce,[3]
Throuch[4] Symonye, quhilk[5] thay hald lytill vyce.

Ioh. xxi. Christ did command Peter to feid his scheip;
And so he did feid thame full tenderlye: 4800
Off that command thay take[6] bot lytill keip;
How Christ's sheep are now entreated; Bot Christis scheip thay spolȝe petuouslye;[7]
And with the woll thay cleith thame curiouslye:
Lyk gorman*d* wolfis, thay tak[6] of thame thare fude, 4804
Thai eit *th*air flesche, & drynk*is* boith mylk & blude.

¶ For that[8] office thay serue bot lytill hyir:
I thynk sic Pastour*is* ar nocht for to pryse,
and how the shepherds abuse their charges. Quhilk can nocht gyde *th*are scheip about *the* myir,[9] 4808
Thay ar so besye in thare merchandyse.
Mat. xvi. Thocht Peter wes porter of Paradyse,
That plesand passage craftelye thay close:
Throuch thame rycht[10] few gett*is* entres, I suppose. 4812

Mathow xxiii. ¶ Christ Iesus said, as Mathew did report,[11]
Of Scribes and Pharisees, ancient and modern. Wo be to[12] Scribes and to[13] Pharisience,
The quhilkis did close of Paradyse the port.
Off thame we haif the sam experience: 4816
To enter thare thay mak small deligence,
Thay tak sic cure in temporall besynes;
Rychtso, frome ws thay stop the plane entres.

Those spiritual keis quhilk*is* Christ to Peter gaif, 4820
Thare colour[13] cleir w*ith* reik and rowst ar fadit;
Unoccupyit thay hald thame in thare neif:
What has come to the keys given S. Peter. Off that office thay serue to be degradit,
With Goddis worde without that thay remeid it, 4824
Oppinyng *the* port quhilk la*n*g tyme hes bene closit,
That we may enter, with thame, and be reiosit.

[1] L traffique [2] E thay mak gude marchandrece
[3] E l. 4797 omitted [4] L Thocht [5] L that [6] L tuke
[7] L spuilȝe pietiuslie [8] L thair [9] L myre
[10] L omitted [11] E ll. 4813 to 4817 omitted [12] L to ye
[13] L cullour

¶ Contrar tyll[1] Christis Instytutioun, *John x.*
To thame that deis in habit of ane Freir,
Rome hes thame grantit full remissioun,
To passe tyll heuin straucht way, withoutin weir;
Quhilk bene in Scotland vsit mony ane ȝeir.
Be thare sic vertew[2] in ane Freris hude,
I thynk in vane Christ Iesu sched his blude.

A friar's hood supersedes Christ's blood.

Wald God the Pope,[3] quhilk hes preheminence,
With aduyse[4] of his counsall generall,
That thay wald do thare detfull deligence,
That Christis law mycht keipit be ouir all,
And trewlye precheit baith to gret and small,
And geue[5] to thame Spirituall Auctorite
Quhilk culde[6] perfytlie schaw the Uerite!

A sigh for ecclesiastical reformation.

Quho can not[7] preche a[8] preist sulde not[9] be namit,
As may be preuit be the law Diuyne;
And, be the Canon law, thay ar defamit
That takis Preistheid bot onely to that fyne:
Tyll[10] all vertew thare hartis thay suld[11] inclyne,
In speciall, to preche with trew intentis,
And minister[12] the neidfull Sacramentis.

What a right priest should skill to do.

As for thare Monkis,[13] thair chanounis, and thare Freris,
And lustye Ladyis of Religioun,
I knaw nocht quhat to thare office efferis;
Bot men may se thare gret abusioun.
Thay ar nocht lyke, in to conclusioun,
Nother in to thare wourdis nor thare warkis,
To the Apostolis,[14] Prophet*is*, nor Patriarkis.

Now-a-day saints compared with those of old.

Geue[5] presentlye thare Prelat*is* can nocht preche,
Than latt ilke Byschope haif ane Suffragane,
Or successour, quhilk can the peple[15] teche,

Bishops, above all

[1] L to [2] E werteu, L virtu [3] E Pape [4] L auise
[5] L gif [6] L couth [7] L Quha couth nocht [8] L ane
[9] E noch, L nocht [10] L To [11] L thai suld thair hartis
[12] L minster [13] E Mounkis [14] L Appostillis
[15] L pepill

On thare expensis ȝeirlye to remane,
should be able to preach. To cause[1] the peple frome thare vyce[2] refrane :
And, quhen ane prelate hapnith[3] to deceace,
Than put ane perfyte precheour in his[4] pleace.

Do thay nocht so, on thame sall ly the charge,
Geueand vnhable men auctorite ;[5]
An argument from analogy adduced. As quho wald mak ane steirman tyll ane barge
Off ane blynd borne, quhilk can no dainger se.
Geue that schyp drown, forsuth,[6] I say for me,
Quho gaif[7] that steirman[8] sic commissioun
Suld of the schip mak restitutioun.

☞ The humane Lawis that ar contrarius
And nocht conformyng[9] to the Law diuyne,
Bad laws should be repealed. Thay suld expell, and hald thame odius,
Quhen thay persaue thame cum to no gude fyne,—
Inuentit bot be sensuall mennis Ingyne,—
As that law quhilk forbiddis mariage,
Causyng ȝoung Clerkis byrne[10] in lustis rage.

Rom. vii. ¶ Difficill[11] is Chaistite tyll obserue,
But speciall grace, lauboure, and abstinence.
In tyll our flesche aye ryngith, tyll we sterue,
Sexual motions are inborn ; That first Originall syn, Concupiscence,
Quhilk we, throuch Adamis Inobedience,
Hes done Incur, and sall indure for euer,
Quhill that our saull and body deith[12] disseuer.

Tharefor God maid of Mariage the band,
Gene. ii. In Paradyse, as Scripture doith[12] recorde :
and, hence, marriage was instituted ; In Galelie, rycht so, I vnderstand,
Wes mariage honourit be Christ our Lorde :
Ihon ii. Auld Law and New thareto thay do concorde.[13]
I thynk for me, better that thay had sleipit,
Nor tyll haue maid ane law and neuer keip it.[14]

[1] L causs, E caws [2] L vicis
[3] L Quhan one prelat happinnis [4] L thair
[5] L Gevand vnabill men the autorite [6] L in faith
[7] E geue [8] L steirisman [9] L conformand
[10] L to birne [11] E Diffissill [12] L dois [13] L accord
[14] L keipit, E kepit

¶ Tuke nocht Christ Iesu his Humanitie
Off ane Uirgene in mariage contractit,
And of hir flesche cled his Diuynitie?[1]
Quhy haif thay done that blysfull band deiectit,
In thare Kyngdome? Wald God it wer correctit;
That 3oung prelattis mycht mary lustye wyffis,[2]
And nocht in sensuall luste to leid thare lyffis.

Math. i.

and for the clergy, no less than for others.

Luc. i.

Did nocht Christ cheis of honest maryit men,
Alsweill as thay[3] that kepit Chaistitie,
For to be his Disciplis, as 3e ken?
As in the Scripture cleirlye thay[4] may se,
Thay keipit, styll, thare wyffis,[2] with honeste;
As Peter, and his spousit Bretherin, all,
Obseruit Chaistitie Matrymoniall.

The Apostles were married men, and remained so.

Bot now apperis the prophesie of Paull,
Quhow sum suld ryis, in to[5] the latter aige,
That frome the trew faith sulde depart and fall,
And suld forbid the band of Mariaige:[6]
Als thow sall fynd, in to that[7] sam passaige,
Thay sulde command frome meitis tyll abstene,
Quhilk God creat, his pepyll to sustene.

i. Tim. iiii.

S. Paul's prophecy has come to pass.

Bot, sen the Pope, our Spirituall prince & kyng,
He dois ouerse sic vyces manifest,
And in his kyngdome sufferith[8] for to ryng
The men be quhome the veritie[9] bene supprest,
I excuse nocht hym self more than the rest.[10]
Allace! how suld we membris be weill vsit,
Quhen so our spirituall heidis bene abusit![11]

The Pope is as blameworthy as those under him.

¶ The famous ancient, Doctor Auiceane,
Sayis, quhen euyl rewme descendis[12] frome *the* heid
In to the membris, generith[13] mekle peane,
Without thare be maid, haistalye, remeid.

Rheum, descending,

[1] E Deuinytie [2] L wivis [3] L thame [4] L thou
[5] L ryiss now in [6] E meriage [7] L the [8] L sufferis
[9] E vertu [10] E that he rest [11] L habusit
[12] L rewyne discendith [13] generis

Quhen that cald humour dounwart dois proceid,
produces gout, In Senownis[1] it causis Arthetica,
Rychtso, in to the handis, crampe[2] Chiragra.

¶ Off Malideis it generis mony mo,—
Bot gyf men gett sum Souerane preserue,—
As, in the theis, Siatica Passio,
and, sometimes, catarrh. And, in the breist, sumtyme, the strang Caterue,—
Quhilk causis[3] men rycht haistellye to sterue,—
And podagra, difficill for to cure,
In mennis feit quhilk lang tyme dois indure.

So, to this moste tryumphant court of Rome
This simylitude full weill I may[4] compare,
Quhilk hes bene heirschyp of[5] all Christindome,
Rome, how changed! And to the warld ane euyll[6] examplare,
That vmquhyle was Lod[7] sterre & Lumynare,
And the moste sapient Sors of sanctytude,
Bot now, allace! bair of Beatytude.

Apo. xviii. Thare Kyngdome[8] may be callit Babilone,
Once a Jerusalem, now a Babylon; Quhilk vmquhyle was ane brycht Hierusalem,
As planelye menis[9] the Apostill Iohne.
Thare moste famous Citie hes[10] tynt the fame;
Inhabitar*is* thareof, thare nobyll name;[11]
For quhy thay haif[12] of Sanctis Habitacle
To Symon Magus maid ane Tabernacle,

And horribyll vaill of euerilk kynd of vyce,
Ane laithlye Loch of stynkand Lychorye,
and full of loathsome wickedness. Ane cursit Coue, corrupt with Couatyce,
Bordourit aboute with pryde and Symonye,—
Sum sayis, ane systerne full of Sodomye,—
Quhose vyce in speciall gyf I wald declair,
It wer aneuch for tyll perturbe the air.

[1] L Sennonis [2] E omitted [3] L causith [4] L may be
[5] L to [6] E omitted [7] E, L Loid [8] E Kingdon
[9] L menith [10] L haith [11] E men
[12] E haue

¶ Off treuth, the hoill[1] Christin Religioun
Throuch thame ar scandalizat[2] and offendit.
It can nocht faill bot thare abusioun[3]
Affore the Throne[4] of God it is ascendit: 4956 Reproach and prediction.
I dreid, but doute,—without that thay amend it,— *Luc. xiii.*
The plaiges[5] of Iohnis Reuelatioun *Apo. xviii.*
Sall fall vpone thare Generatioun. 4959

☞ O Lord, quhilk hes the hartis of euerilk kyng
In to thy hand, I mak the Supplicatioun,
Conuert that Court, that, of thair[6] grace benyng,
Thay[7] wald mak generall reformatioun A prayer for Rome's amendment,
Amang thame selfis, in euerilk Natioun 4964
That thay may be ane holy exemplair
Tyll[8] ws, thy pure lawid commoun[9] populair,

¶ Hungrit,[10] allace! for falt of Spirituall fude,
Because frome ws bene hyd the veritie. 4968
O Prince, quhilk sched for vs thy precious blude,
Kendle in ws the fyre of Charitie,[11] and for charity, and future beatitude.
And saif ws frome Eterne Misaritie,
Now lauboryng in to thy[12] Kirk Militant, 4972
That we may, all, cum to thy kirk Tryumphant.

AMEN.[13]

[1] L hol [2] L sklandilizat [3] L habusioun [4] L trone
[5] L plagius [6] E thy [7] E That [8] L To [9] E comund
[10] L hungerit [11] E cherytie [12] E omitted [13] E Finis

HEIR ENDIS THE THRIDE PART, AND BEGYNNIS THE FOURT

MAKAND MENTIOUN OF THE DEITH, AND OF THE ANTICHRIST, [1]AND GENERALL IUGEMENT, AND OF CERTANE PLESOURIS OF GLORIFIET BODYIS, AND QUHOW EUERY CREATURE DESYRIS TO SE THE LAST DAY, WITH ANE EXHORTATIOUN, BE EXPERIENCE, TO THE COURTIOUR.[1]

COURTIOUR.

PRVDENT Father[2] Experience,
Sen ȝe, of[3] ȝour beneuolence,
Hes causit me for to consydder
Quhow warldlye Pompe and glore bene slydder,—
By[4] diuers Storyis Miserabyll,
Quhilk*is* to reheirs[5] bene Lamentabyll,—
ȝitt, or we passe furth of this vaill,
I pray ȝow geue me ȝour counsaill,
Quhat I sall do, in tyme cumyng,
To wyn the glore Euirlestyng.

You have reminded me of the fleetingness of worldly pomp and glory.

Now tell me how I am to gain glory everlasting.

EXPERIENCE.

¶ My Sonne, said he, sett thy intent
To keip the Lordis Commandiment,
And preis the nocht to clym ouer hie
To no warldly Auctoritie.[6]
Quho in the warld doith[7] moste reiose
Ar farrest, aye, frome thare purpose.
Wald thow leue warldlye vaniteis,
And thynk on foure extremeteis
Quhilk*is* ar to cum, and that schortlye,
Thow wald neuer syn wylfullye.
Prent thir four in thy memorye:
The Deith, the Hell, and heuinnis[8] glorye,

Obey the Lord, and shun ambition.

How wilful sin is to be avoided.

Think on death, hell, heavenly bliss,

[1–1] L omitted [2] E, L Fader [3] E for [4] L Be [5] E reheris [6] L Autorite [7] L dois [8] E heuenis, L hevinlie

And extreme Iugement Generall, 4996 and doomsday;
Quhare thow man[1] rander compt of all;
Thow sall nocht faill to be content and thou shalt have peace.
Off quyet lyfe and sobir rent;
Considdryng no man can be sure 5000
In erth[2] one hour for tyll indure;
So all warldly prosperitie No prosperity is unalloyed.
Is myxit with gret[3] miseritie.
¶ Wer thow Empriour of Asia, 5004
Kyng of Europe and Affrica, As ruler of the earth, the sea, the heavens,
Gret Dominator of the sey,
And thocht the Heuinnis did the obey,
All Fyschis sowmyng[4] in the strand, 5008
All Beist and Fowle[5] at thy command,— and of all creatures,
Concludyng, thow wer kyng of all
Under the heuin Imperiall,—
In that moste heych auctoritie[6] 5012 thou wouldst, least of all, find tranquillity.
Thow suld fynd leist tranquilitie.
Exempyll of kyng Salamone, *ii. Par. ix.* Consider Solomon, with his enjoyments, *Eccle. ii.*
More prosperous lyfe had neuir none;
Sic ryches, with so gret plesoure, 5016
Had neuer kyng nor Empriour,
With moste profunde Intelligence,
And superexcelland[7] Sapience. wisdom,
His plesand Habitationis[8] 5020 magnificence,
Precellit all vtheris Nationis;
Gardyngis and Parkis for Hartis and Hyndis, luxury,
Stankis with fysche of diuers kyndis;
Moste profunde Maisteris of Musike, 5024 and other sources of pleasure,
That in the warld[9] wes none thame like;
Sic treasour of Gold[10] and pretious[11] stonis wealth,
In erth[2] had neuir no kyng att onis:
He had sewin hundreth[12] lustye Quenis, 5028 *iii. Re. xi.* seraglio,
And thre hundreth fair Concubenis; and, in short, command of everything he desired:
In erth thare wes no thyng plesand
Contrarious tyll his command:

[1] L mon [2] L erd [3] L omitted [4] L sweming [5] L foull
[6] L autorite [7] L super excellent [8] E line 5020 omitted
[9] E wardill [10] E Gould [11] L precius [12] E hunderith

yet all these he counted vanity.

3itt all this gret prosperitie
He thoucht it vaine and vanitie,
And mycht neuir fynd repose compleit,
Without afflixioun of the spreit.

COURTIOUR.

I marvel that he was not as happy as he was prosperous.

¶ Father,[1] quod I, it maruellis[2] me,
He, haueand[3] sic prosperite,
With so gret ryches by mesoure,
Nor he had infynite plesoure.

EXPERIENCE.

If thou wouldst know the truth, no worldly thing satisfies man's soul,

¶ My Sonne, the suth gyf thow wald knaw,
The veritie I sall the schaw.
Thare is no warldly thyng, at all,
May satyfie[4] ane mannis Saull;

insatiable,

For it is so Insaciabyll,
That Heuin and Erth[5] may nocht be abyll

which nought but the sight of God can content.

One[6] Saull allone to mak content,
Tyll it se God Omnipotent:
Wes neuer none, nor neuer salbe,[7]
Saciate,[8] that sycht tyll that he se.
Quharefor, my Sonne, sett nocht thy cure
In erth, quhare no thyng may be sure,

Math. vi. Luc. xii. Be anxious, then, about nothing on earth, save death,

Except the deith allanerlye,
Quhilk followis man continuallye.
Tharefor, my Sonne, remember the,

which is near and certain.

Within schorte tyme that thow mon de,—
Nocht knawing[9] quhen, quhow, in quhat place,
Bot as plesit[10] the Kyng of Grace.

* FINIS. *

[1] L Fader [2] L merwallis [3] L havand
[4] L satisfie, E sanctifie [5] L erd [6] L ane [7] E sall be
[8] L Sachiat [9] L knawand [10] L plesith

OFF THE DEITH.

OF Misarie moste Miserable
Is[1] Deith, and most abhominable,—
That dreidful Dragone, with his dartis
Aye reddy for to peirs the hartis
Off euerilk Creature on lyue,
Contrar quhose strenth may no man stryue.
¶ Off dolent Deith this sore sentence
Wes gyffin[2] throw Inobedience
Off our Parentis,—allace tharefore!—
As I haue done declare affore,
Quhow thay and thare Posteritie
Wer, all, condampnit for to[3] dee.
Quhowbeit the flesche to deith be thrall,
God hes the Saull[4] maid Immortall,
And so, of his benignytie,
Hes myxit his Iustice with[5] mercie.
Tharefor, call to remenbrance[6]
Off this fals warld[7] the variance,
Quhow we, lyke Pylgram*is*, ewin and morrow,
Ay trauellyng throw this vaill of sorrow;
Sum tyme in vaine prosperitie,
Sum tyme in gret Misaritie,
Sum tyme in blys, sum tyme in baill,
Sum tyme rycht seik, and sum tyme haill,
Sum tyme full ryche, and sum tyme pure.
Quharefor, my Sonne, tak lytill cure
Nother[8] of[9] gret prosperitie
Nor, ȝitt, of[9] gret misaritie;
Bot plesand lyfe and hard myschance,
Ponder thame boith in one ballance;

Dreadful is death, awaiting all.

It was sent for the disobedience of our first parents, as I have already declared.

But God, who made the soul immortal, has tempered justice with mercy.

Fickle is this world,

with its weal and woe,

joy and bale,

and divers vicissitudes.

Govern thyself after this fact.

[1] L Off [2] L gevin [3] L to [4] E Sawl [5] L with his
[6] L rememberance [7] E wardill [8] L nouther [9] E for

Considdryng none auctoritie,
Ryches, wysedome, nor dignitie,
Empyre of Realmes, bewtie, nor strenth,
May nocht one day our lyuis lenth.
Sen we ar sure that we moste de,
Fairweill all vaine[1] felyscitie!
¶ Gretlye it doith[2] perturbe my mynde,
Off dolent Deith the diuers kynd.
Thoucht Deith tyll euery man resortis,
3itt strykith he in syndrie sortis:
Sum, be hait[3] Feuer*is* violence;
Sum, be contagious Pestilence;
Sum, be Iustice executioun,
Bene put to deith[4] without Remissioun;
Sum, hangit; sum doith lose thare heidis;
Sum, brynt; sum, soddin in to leiddis;
And sum, for thare vnleifsum actis,
Ar rent and rewin apone the ractis;[5]
Sum ar dissoluit by poysoun;
Sum on the nycht ar murdreist doun;
Sum fallis in to frynasie;[6]
Sum deis in Idropesie,[7]
And vtheris strange Infirmeteis,[8]—
Quharein[9] mony ane thousand deis,
Quhilk humane Nature dois abhor,—
As in the Gutt, grauell, and gor;
Sum, in the flux, and feuir quartane,
Bot, ay, the houre[10] of deith vncertane.
Sum ar dissoluit suddantlye,
Be Cattarue, or be Poplesye;[11]
Sum doith distroy thame self, also,
As Hanniball and wyse Cato.
Be thounder deith sum doith[12] consume;
As he did the thrid kyng of Rome,
Callit Tullius[13] Hostulius,
As wryttis[14] gret Ualerius;

Everything that we here strive after and enjoy is transitory.

Death, though common to all, strikes in various ways,

as by fevers,

pestilence,

capital punishment,

torture,

poison,

various maladies,—

some of

which are

enumerated,—

self-murder,

lightning,—

as in the case of Tullus Hostilius

[1] E wane [2] L dois [3] E hett [4] L deid [5] L rakis
[6] L into the frannesie [7] L Edropasie [8] E Infirmametis
[9] E quhare [10] E owre [11] L Poplacie [12] L dois sum
[13] L Titus [14] L writith

For he and his houshald attonis
Wer brynt be thounder, flesche and bonis.
Sum deith[1] be extreme excesse
Off Ioy, as Ualeri doith expresse;
Sum be extreme Malancolye
Wyll de, but vther Maladye.
In Cronicles thow may weill ken,
Quhow mony hundreth[2] thousand men
Ar slane, sen first the warld began,[3]
In battell; and quhow mony one man
Apone the see doith lose thare lyuis,
Quhen schyppis apone roches ryuis.
Thocht sum de Naturally, throuch[4] aige,
Fer mo deis raiffand[5] in one raige.
Happy is he the quhilk hes space
Att his last hour to cry for grace.
Quhowbeit deith be abhominabyll,
I thynk it suld be confortabyll
Tyll[6] all thame of the faithfull nummer;[7]
For thay depart frome cair and cummer,
Frome trubyll, trauell, sturt, and stryfe,
Tyll Ioy and euirlestand lyfe.

¶ Polidorus Uirgilius

To that effect he wryttis[8] thus:
In Trace, quhen ony chylde be borne,
Thare kyn and freindis cumis thame beforne,
With dolent Lamentatioun,
For the gret trybulatioun,
Calamitye, cummer, and cure,
That thay in erth[9] ar to indure;
Bot, at thare deith and burying,
Thay mak gret Ioy and Bankettyng,[10]
That thay haue past frome misarie
To rest and grett felycitie.

¶ Sen deith bene fynall[11] conclusioun,
Quhat valis[12] warldly prouisioun,

5124 and his household,—
joy,
5128 melancholy.
And many deaths
5132 are due to
battle,
shipwreck,
5136 old age,
madness.
5140 Yet the good should welcome death,
as ending their
5144 troubles, and bringing them to felicity.
It is written, that,
5148 in Thrace, on the birth of a child,
there was lamentation,
5152
but, at deaths and burials, rejoicing;
5156
and for good cause.
Death

[1] L deis [2] E hunderith [3] E ll. 5132, 5133 omitted
[4] E throcht, L throw [5] L ravand [6] L To [7] L nomber
[8] L writith [9] L erd [10] L bancatting [11] L be small
[12] L availlis

is not to be withstood, Quham wysedome may nocht contramand,
Nor strenth that stoure may nocht ganestand!
Ten thousand Myl3eone[1] of treasoure
nor put off. May nocht prolong thy lyfe one houre;
Efter quhose dolent departyng,
After it comes joy, Thy spreit sall passe, but tarying,
Straucht way tyll[2] Ioye Inestimabyll,
or misery; Or to strang pane Intollerabyll.
Thy vyle[3] corruptit carioun
Sall turne in[4] Putrefactioun,
the body dissolving till the general resurrection. And so remane, in pulder[5] small,
On to[6] the[7] Iugement Generall.

* FINIS.[8] *

[1] L Millioun [2] L to [3] E wyle [4] E, L into [5] L powder
[6] L Vntill [7] E the dav of [8] E omitted

ANE SCHORT DISCRIPTIOVN OF THE ANTECHRISTE.

COURTIOUR.

VOD I: Father,[1] I heir men say — But, before then, I hear tell,
That thare sall ryse, affore *that*[2] day
Quhilk ȝe call generall Iugement,
One wyckit man, from sathan sent, — a wicked man,
And contrar to the law of Christ,
Callit the creuell[3] Antechrist. — Antichrist, is to come,
And sum sayis, that myscheuous man
Discende sall of the Trybe of Dan, — perchance of the tribe of Dan, and to take birth in Babylon.
And suld be borne in Babilone,
The quhilk dissaue sall mony one.
Infydelis sall, of euery art, — He will have a large following;
With that fals Propheit tak one part;
And quhow that Enoch and Elias — and Enoch and Elias will denounce him.
Sall preche contrar[4] that fals Messias;
Bot, fynally, his fals Doctryne
And he sall be put to rewyne, — At last, he will be put down by the Word of Christ.
Bot nother[5] be the fyre nor swourd,
Bot be the vertew of Christis wourd:
And, gyf this be of veryte,[6] — Is this true?
The suith, I pray ȝow, schaw to me.

EXPERIENCE.

¶ My Sonne,[7] said[8] he, as wryttis[9] Iohne,
Thare sall nocht be one man allone,
Hauyng that name in speciall; — S. John said that there would be not one Anti-
Bot Antechristis in generall — christ, but many.
Hes bene, and now ar, mony one:
And, rycht so,[10] in the tyme of Iohne — Such there were, *i. John ii.* he declares, in his own time;
Wer Antechristis, as hym self sayis;

[1] E, L Fader [2] E the [3] L crewall [4] L in contrar
[5] L nouther [6] E the werite [7] E Sowne
[8] L sayis [9] L writith [10] L richtsua

and there are numerous others, even now, unrecognized.

And presentlye, now in thir dayis,
Ar rycht mony, withouttin dout,
Wer thare fals lawis weill soucht out.
¶ Quha wes one[1] greter Antechrist,
And more contraryous to Christ,

Mahomet, still obeyed in Turkey, was one.

Nor the fals Propheit Machomeit,
Quhilk his curste[2] Lawis maid so sweit?—
In Turkye ȝit[3] thay ar obseruit,—
Quhare throuch the hell he hes deseruit.

Turks, Saracens, and Jews are, all, Antichrists.

ii. Iohn i.

All Turkis, Saraȝenis, and Iowis,
That in the Sonne of God nocht trowis
Ar Antechristis, I the declare;
Because to Christ thay ar contrare.

Daniel foretold

Dan. viii.

☞ Daniell sayis, in his propheseis,[4]
That, efter the gret Monarcheis,

the rise of a potent king,

Sall ryse ane maruellous[5] potent Kyng,
Quhilk with ane schameles face sall ryng,—
Mychtie and wyse in dirk speikyngis,—

and successful,

And prospir in all plesand thyngis:
Throuch[6] his falsheid and craftynes,
He sall flow in to welthynes;

to the grieving of the godly;

The Godlye pepyll he sall noye
By creuell[7] deith, and thame distroye;

but finally to perish of himself.

The kyng of Kyngis he sall ganestand,
Syne be distroyit withouttin hand.

ii. Tessa. ii.

S. Paul speaks of a coming Man of Sin,

¶ Paull sayis, affore the Lordis cumyng,
That thare salbe one departyng,
And that man of Iniquitye
Tyll[8] all men he sall opened[9] be,

sitting in God's seat,

Quhilk sall sitt in[10] the holy[11] sait,
Contrary God to mak debait:[12]

but to be put to confusion,

Bot that Sonne of Perditioun
Salbe put to confusioun
Be power of the haly Spreit,

in the fulness of his time.

Quhen he his tyme hes done compleit.
☞ Beleue nocht that, in tyme cumyng,

[1] L Quho was ane [2] L cursit [3] E ȝeit
[4] L prophacieis [5] L merwallus [6] L throw
[7] L crewall [8] L To [9] L opinnit [10] L on
[11] L haly [12] E debet

One[1] gretar Antechriste to ryng
Nor thare hes bene, and presentlye
Ar now, as Clerkis can espye.
Tharefor, my wyll is, that thow knaw,
Quhat euer thay be that makis one[1] law,–
Thocht thay be callit Christin men,
By[2] naturall reassoun thow may ken,—
Be thay neuer[3] of so gret valour,
Pape, Cardinall, Kyng, or Empriour,
Extolland thare Traditionis
Abufe Christis Institutionis,
Makand Lawis contrar to Christe,
He is ane verray Antechriste;
And quho[4] doith[5] fortifye or defend
Sic Law, I mak it[6] to the kend,
Be it Pape, Empriour, Kyng, or Quene,
Gret sorrow sall be on thame Sene,
Att Christis extreme Iugement,
Without that thay in tyme repent.

A mighty Anti-christ reigns at this very moment.

Whoso, though called Christian, whether spiritual or temporal potentate, enacts laws over-riding Christ's institutions, is a real Antichrist; and he who upholds such laws shall, but for opportune re-pentance, suffer eventually.

* FINIS. *

[1] L ane [2] L Be [3] L men [4] E Qwho [5] L dois [6] E on

At l. 5364, p. 175, below, the Lambeth MS. inserts the following lines, which are probably spurious :—

[Bot temporall princis mycht full sone,
Quhilkis ar comparit to the mone,
And hes takin autorite
To prouide spirituall dignite,
Makand gude reformatioun
Apoun that congregatioun.
Gif thai do nocht, thai sall repent
At this gret day of Iugement.
Quhan bischoprikis ar now vacand,
In quhome bene saullis ten thowsand,
The quhilkis bene Christis awin deir Scheip,
To blind hirdis ar gevín to keip,
Quhilkis skarslie knawis the day be nycht,
Thai ar so febill of thair sicht.]

[L. MS. fol. 112]

HEIR FOLLOUIS A SCHORT REMENBRANCE[1] OF THE MOSTE[2] TERRABYLL DAY OF THE EXTREME IUGEMENT.

COURTIOUR.

FATHER,[3] said I, with 3our Lycence,[4]
Sen 3e haith[5] sic Experience,
Questions concerning the — 3itt one thyng at 3ow wald I speir: — 5256
Quhen sall that dreidfull day appeir
General Judgment. — Quhilk 3e call Iugement Generall?
Quhat thyngis[6] affore that day sall fall?
Quhare sall appeir that Dreidfull Iuge? — 5260
Or quhow may Faltour*is* gett refuge?

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he: as to thy[7] first questioun,
I can mak no solutioun:
The time when it will take place is known to none but God. — Quharefor, perturbe nocht thyne intent — 5264
To knaw day, hour, nor moment.
To God allone the day bene knawin,
Quhilk neuer was[8] to none Angell schawin.
Some have inferred, — Howbeit, be diuers[9] coniectour*is*, — 5268
And principall Expositour*is*
Off Daniell and his Prophicie,
And be the sentence of Elie,
from the bygone age of the world, — Quhilk*is* hes declarit, as thay can, — 5272
How lang it[10] is sen the warld began,
And for to schaw hes done thare cure,
its residual duration. — How lang thay traist[11] it sall indure,
And, als, how mony ages[12] bene, — 5276
As in thare warkis may be sene.

[1] L Rememberance, E Remembrance [2] L omitted
[3] L Fader [4] L Licience [5] L haue [6] L signis
[7] L the [8] E, L was neuer [9] E dywers [10] L omitted
[11] E trest [12] L aigeis

¶ Bot, tyll declare thir questionis,
Thare bene diuers opinionis.
Sum wryttar*is*[1] hes the warld deuidit
In sex ageis; as[2] bene desidit[3]
Into Fasciculus Temporum
And Cronica Cronicorum.
Bot, be the sentence of Elie,
The warld deuydit is in thre;
As cunnyng Maister Carioun
Hes maid plane expositioun,—
How Elie sayis, withouttin weir,
The warld[4] sall stand sax thousand ȝeir,—
Off quhome I follow the sentence,
And lattis the[5] vther Buk*is* go hence.
Frome the Creatioun of Adam
Two thousand ȝeir tyll[6] Abraham;
Frome Abraham, be this narratioun,
To Christis Incarnatioun,
Rychtso, hes bene two thousand ȝeris;
And, be thir Prophiceis, apperis
Frome Christ, as thay mak tyll ws kend,
Two thousand tyll the warldlis[7] end,
Off quhilk*is* ar by gone, sickirlye,
Fyue thousand, fyue hundreth, thre,[8] & fyftye;
And so[9] remanis to cum, but weir,
Four hundreth, with sewin and fourtye ȝeir:
And than the Lorde Omnipotent
Suld cum tyll his gret[10] Iugement.
Christ sayis, the tyme salbe[11] maid schort,
As Mathew planelye doith[12] report,
That, for the warldlis[7] Iniquite,
The letter tyme sall[13] schortnit be,
For plesour of the chosin nummer,[14]
That thay may passe frome care and cummer.
So, be this compt, it may be kend,
The warld is drawand neir ane end:

There are divers opinions as to the end of the world, &c.

The world's history has been divided into six periods;

also, by others, into three;

the aggregate being six thousand years.

Two thousand years divide Adam and Abraham; as many, Abraham and the Incarnation;

as many, again, the Incarnation and the Consummation.

As I write, 5553 have passed;

and 447 remain,

before the Judgment. *Mathow xxiiii.*

Christ has said that the time should be short, for the sake of the elect, that they might enter into their rest.

So the world draws to a conclusion,

[1] E wraitteris, L writaris [2] L hes [3] L decydeit
[4] E wardill [5] E omitted [6] L to
[7] L warldis, E wardlis [8] L and thre [9] E omitted
[10] L generall [11] E selbe [12] L dois
[13] E sell [14] L nomber

For legionis ar cum,[1] but doute,
whereof here are many tokens apparent. Off Antechrist*is*, wer thay soucht out;
And mony toknis[2] dois appeir,
As efter, schortlye, thow sall heir,—
S. Jerome Quhow that[3] Sanct Iherome doith indyte,
That he hes red, in Hebrew wryte,
sums up fifteen notes of the Consummation. Off fyftene signis in speciall,
Affore that[4] Iugement Generall.
Off sum of thame I tak no cure,
Quhilk I fynd nocht in the scripture:
Some of them shall here be specified. One part of thame thocht I declare,
First wyll I[5] to the Scripture fare.
Mar. xiii. Mathew xxiiii. ¶ Christe sayis, affore that day be done,[6]
Among these are Thare salbe signis in Sonne and Mone:
darkening of the sun and moon, The Sonne sall[7] hyde his beymes brycht,
So that the Mone sall gyf no lycht;
and falling of stars; Sterris,[8] be mennis Iugement,
Sall fall furth[9] of the Firmament.
a mystical signification here attaching to ¶ Off this signis,[10] or we forther gone,
Sum morall sence we wyll expone.
As cunnyng Clerkis hes declarit,
And hes the Sonne and[11] Mone comparit,
sun, The Sonne, to the stait spirituall,
moon, The Mone, to Princis temporall,
and stars. Rychtso, the sterris thay do compare
To the lawd common populare.
The Mone and[11] sterris hes no lycht
Application of Bot the reflex of Phebus brycht:
So, quhen the Sonne of lycht is dyrk,
this interpretation to The Mone and sterris man[12] be myrk.
Rychtso, quhen Pastouris[13] spirituallis,
popes, &c., who have degenerated, spiritually, and grown worldly. Popis,[14] Byschopis, and Cardinallis,
In thare beginnyng schew gret lycht,
The Temporall stait wes rewlit rycht.[15]
¶ Bot, now, allace! it is nocht so:
Those schynand Lampis bene ago,[16]

[1] L cummerit [2] L takynnis [3] L omitted
[4] E the day of [5] L I go [6] E of dome [7] E sell
[8] E sternis [9] E out [10] L signe [11] E the
[12] L mon [13] L Pasturis [14] L Paipis
[15] L at rycht [16] E agone

Thare Radious beymes[1] ar turnit in reik;
For now in erth[2] no thyng thay seik,
Except ryches and Dignitie,
Followyng thare sensualitie.
Mony prelatis ar now ryngand,
The quhilk*is* no more dois vnderstand
Quhat doith[3] pertene to thare offyce,
Nor[4] thow can kendyll fyre with yce.
Wo to Papis,[5] I say for me,
Quhilk sufferis sic Enormite,
That Ignorant warldly creaturis
Suld in the kirk haif ony curis!
No maruell[6] thocht the peple[7] slyde,
Quhen thay haue[8] blynd men to thare gyde![9]
For ane Prelat that can nocht preche,
Nor Goddis law[10] to the peple teche,
Esaye comparith[11] hym, in his wark,
Tyll ane dum Dog that can nocht bark;
And Christ hym callis, in his greif,[12]
Moste[13] lyke ane murdrer,[14] or ane theif.
The cunnyng[15] Doctour Augustyne
Wolfis and Deuyllis doith[16] thame defyne.
The Canon Law doith[16] hym defame
That of ane Prelat beris the name,
And wyll nocht preche[17] the Diuyne[18] Lawis,
As the Decreis[19] planelye schawis.
Bot those that hes Auctorite
To prouyde spirituall Dignyte
Mycht, geue[20] thay plesit to tak pane,
Gar thame lycht all thare Lampis agane:
Bot euer, allace! that is nocht done,
So dirknit[21] bene boith Sonne and Mone.
☞ War Kyngis lyuis weill declarit,
The quhilk*is* ar to the Mone comparit,
Men mycht consydder thare estate
Frome Charitie degenerate.

An invective launched against ignorant prelates, neglectful popes, and the abuses prevalent in the Church.

Esay lvi. *John x.* Isaiah's comparison of an unpreaching prelate; and what Christ and S. Augustine say of him.

How those in authority might prevent all this.

Heedless kings reproved.

[1] L radius bemis [2] L erd [3] L dois [4] L Than
[5] L Princis and Paipis [6] L, E merwell [7] L, E pepill [8] E hef
[9] L has 14 lines not in first edition nor in E MS. These are given at p. 171. [10] L lawis [11] L compairis
[12] L Christ sayis *that* mirrour of myscheif [13] L Is
[14] L murderer [15] L holy [16] L dois [17] L can nocht teche
[18] E dewyne [19] L decreittis [20] L gif [21] L dirk

They should shame to call themselves Christians;

I thynk thay sulde thynk mekle schame
Off Christ for[1] to tak thare Surname,
Syne leif nocht lyke to[2] Christianis,
Bot more lyke Turkis and to Paganis.
Turke contrar Turke makis lytill weir;

living, as they live, at mutual enmity.

Bot Christiane Princis takis no feir,—
Quhilk*is* suld aggre[3] as brother to brother,—
Bot now ilk ane dyngis doun ane vther.

Thus do evil passions rule, as

I knaw no ressonabyll[4] cause quharefore—
Except Pryde, Couatyce, and vaine[5] glore—

to the Emperor,

The Empriour mouis his Ordinance
Contrar the potent Kyng of France;

France,

And France, rychtso, with gret regour,
Contrar his freinde the Empriour;

England,

And, rycht swa,[6] France agane Ingland;

Scotland.

Ingland, alsso, aganis Scotland;
And, als, the Scott*is*, with all thare mycht,
Doith[7] feycht, for tyll defend thare rycht:

Some of the bad effects

Betuix thir Realmes of Albione,
Quhare Battellis hes bene mony one,
Can be maid none Affinitie,

of war are instanced.

Nor, 3it, no[8] Consanguinitie;
Nor, be no waye, thay can consydder
That thay may haue lang Peace[9] to gydder.

A prognostication.

I dreid that weir mak*is* none endyng,
Tyll thay be, boith, onder ane kyng.
Thocht Christ, the Souerane kyng of grace,
Left, in his Testment,[10] lufe and peace,

Of the proneness of kings to engage in warfare.

Our Kyng*is* frome weir wyll nocht refrane,
Tyll thare be mony ane thousand slane,—
Gret heirschipis maid be see[11] and land,
As all the warld[12] may vnderstand.

COURTIOUR.

Kings may fight, to defend their own;

¶ Father,[13] I thynk that temporall kyngis
May fecht, for tyll[14] defend thare ryngis;

[1] E omitted [2] L the [3] L concord [4] L none vther
[5] E waine [6] L richtso [7] L dois [8] L none
[9] L peax [10] L Testiament [11] L sey [12] E wardill
[13] L Fader [14] L to

For I haif sene the spirituall stait
Mak weir, thare rychtis tyll[1] debait.
I saw Pape Iulius manfullye
Passe to the feild tryumphantlye,
With ane rycht aufull ordinance,
Contrar Lues, the[2] kyng of France;
And, for to do hym more dispyte,
He did his Regioun interdyte.

as did Pope Julius

against Lewis of France.

EXPERIENCE.

¶ My Sonne, said he, as I suppose,
That langith[3] weill tyll our purpose;
How Sonne and Mone ar, boith, denude
Off lycht, as Clerkis dois conclude,—
Comparyng thame, as ȝe hard tell,
To Spirituall stait and Temporell,
And commoun peple, half disparit,
Quhilk to the sterris bene comparit.
Lawd peple followis, ay, thare heidis;
And, speciallye, in to thare deidis,
The moste part of Religioun
Bene turnit in abusioun.[4]
Quhat dois auaill religious wedis,
Quhen thay ar[5] contrar in thare dedis?
Quhat holynes is thare within
Ane wolf cled in ane Wodder*is*[6] skin?
So, be thir toknis, dois appeir,
The day of Iugement drawis neir.
Now latt ws[7] leif this[8] morall sens,
Proceidyng tyll our purpose, hens,
And of this mater speik no more,
Begynning quhare we left affore.

The spiritual State and the temporal are, both, void of light;

and the commonalty are despondent.

Lawlessness is rife, and so are abuses in religion.

What is the good of sheep's clothing on wolves?

The inference.

But let us resume our thread.

☞ The Scripture sayis, efter thir signis
Salbe sene mony maruellous thyngis:
Than sall ryse trybulationis[9]
In erth,[10] and gret mutationis,

Mathew xxiiii. Mar. xiii. Luc. xxi. After the signs aforesaid will follow great marvels.

[1] E to [2] L omitted [3] L langis [4] L habusioun
[5] L bene [6] L Wedder [7] E lattis [8] E tyll
[9] L trubill attonis [10] L erd

Als weill heir vnder as aboue,
Quhen vertewis of the heuin sall moue.
There will be wars, Sic creuell weir salbe, or than,
Wes neuer sene sen the warld began,
breeding great misery. The quhilk sall cause gret Indigence,
As darth, hunger, and pestilence.
The sea will bellow, The horribyll soundis of the sey
The peple sall perturbe and fley.
and will rise Ierome sayis, it sall ryse on heycht
Abone[1] montanis, to mennis sycht;
Bot it sall nocht spred ouir[2] the land,
like a wall, Bot, lyke ane wall, ewin straycht vpstand,
and then subside Syne sattell doun agane so law
out of sight. That no man sall the walter[3] knaw.
Whales will roar, Gret Quhalis sall rummeis, rowte, and rair,
Quhose sound redound sall in the air;
fishes will cry out; All fysche[4] and Monstouris maruellous
Sall cry, with soundis odious,
and men, wailing, will curse their fate; That men sall wydder on the erd,
And, wepyng,[5] wary sall thare weird,
With lowde allace and welaway,[6]
That euer thay baid to se that day;
specially, those dwelling on the sea-coasts. And, speciallye, those that dwelland be
Apone the costis of the see.
Rycht so, as Sanct Ierome concludis,
Sall be sene ferleis in the fludis:
The sea will burn; The sey, with mouyng maruellous,
Sall byrn with flammis[7] furious:
and so will the fountains. Vegetation Rychtso sall byrn fontane and flude;
All herb[8] and tre sall sweit lyk blude;
Fowlis sall fall furth of the air;
and the animal creation will comport themselves strangely. *Ezeckiel xxxvii.* Wylde beistis to the plane repair,
And, in thare maner, mak gret mone,
Gowland with mony gryslye[9] grone.
The dead will come from their graves. The bodeis of dede creaturis
Appeir sall on thare[10] Sepulturis:

[1] L above [2] L our [3] L watter [4] L fischeis
[5] L weip and [6] E walaway, L waloway [7] L flambis
[8] E erb [9] E gresle [10] E the

Than sall boith[1] men, wemen, and bairnis[2]
Cum crepand furth of howe Cauernis,
Quhare thay, for dreid, wer hyd affore,
With seych, and sob, and hartis sore;
Wandryng about as thay war wode,
Affamysit for falt of fude.
Non may mak vtheris confortyng,
Bot dule for dule, and Lamentyng.
Quhat may thay do bot weip and wounder,
Quhen thay se roches schaik in schounder,
Throw trimlyng[3] of the erth and quakyng?
Off sorrow, than, salbe no slakyng.
Quho that[4] bene leuand, in those dayis,
May tell of terrabyll affrayis:
Thare ryches, rentis, nor tressour,
That tyme, sall do thame small plesour.
Bot, quhen sic wonderis dois appeir,
Men may be sure the day drawis neir,
That Iuste men pas sall to the glore,
Iniuste, to pane for euer more.

Folk who had absconded in caverns will creep forth,

and wander about, famished for food;

and there will be no comforting.

The earth will quake.

Possessions will, then, be of no avail to yield pleasure.

When these things shall come to pass, the end *Dan. xiii.* will be nigh.

COURTIOUR.

¶ Father,[5] said I, we daylie[6] reid
One Artekle, in to[7] our creid,
Sayand that Christe Omnipotent,
In to that generall Iugement,
Sall Iuge boith dede and quik[8] also.
Quharefore, declare me, or ȝe go,
Geue thare sall ony[9] man, or wyue,
That day be funding vpon lyue.

When Christ shall come to adjudicate at the Last Assise,

will any man be found living?

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he: as to that questione,
I sall mak, sone,[10] solutione.
The Scripture planelye doith[11] expone,
Quhen all tokynnis bene[12] cum and gone,
ȝitt mony one hundreth thousand

Mat. xxiiii. The Scripture assures us, that many hundreds of thousands

[1] L baith [2] L barnis [3] L trembling [4] E than [5] L Fader [6] L dalie [7] L intill [8] L quik and deid [9] E salbe, L outher [10] L sum [11] L dois [12] L ar

will be found alive.
That samyn day salbe leuand:
Quhowbeit, thare sall no Creature
Nother of day nor hour be sure;

Christ will come suddenly,
For Christ sall cum so suddantlye,
That no man sall the tyme espye;

as came the Flood.
As it wes in the tyme of Noye,
Quhen God did all the warld[1] distroye.

Men will, then,
Sum on the feild salbe lauborand;
Sum, in the[2] templis Mariand;
Sum, afore Iugis makand pley;

be variously employed,
And sum men, saland on the sey.
Those that bene on the feild[3] going
Sall nocht returne to thare luging.
Quho bene apone his hous aboue
Sall haif no laser[4] to remoue.

and will be taken, even as they are, some to glory, and others to perdition.
Two salbe in the Myll[5] grindyng,
Quhilk*is* salbe taking, but warnyng;[6]
The one, tyll euerlestyng glore,
The vther, loste for euer more.

Just as the world is going on now,
Two salbe lying in one bed;
The one, to[7] plesour salbe led,
The vther, salbe left allone,
Gretand with mony gryslie grone.

it shall be going on then.
And so, my Sonne, thow may weill trow,
The warld[1] salbe as it is now,—
The peple vsyng thare besynes,
As[8] holy Scripture doith expres.

Ignorant of the time of the end,
Sen no man knawis the hour, nor day,
The Scripture biddis ws walk and pray,

we are to watch and pray.
And for our Syn be penitent,
As Christ wald cum Incontinent.

* FINIS. *

[1] E wardill [2] L into [3] L be in feild [4] E lasar
[5] L one Mylne [6] L tarying [7] L till [8] L the

THE MANER QUHOW CHRIST SALL CUM TO HIS IUGEMENT.

EXPERIENCE.

VHEN al takinnis bene brocht till end, — All tokens ended,
Than sall *the* sone of god discend: — the Son of God will descend,
As fyreflaucht haistely glansyng, — *Hebre. xii.*
Discend sall *the*[1] most heuinly kyng.
As Phebus, in the Orient, — like the sun,
Lychtnis, in haist, the Occident,
So plesandlye he sall appeir
Amang the heuinlye cluddis cleir, — *Luc. xxi.*
With gret power and Maiestie, — glorious and majestic,
Aboue[2] the cuntrie of Iudee, — over Judea,
As Clerkis doith concludyng,[3] haill,
Direct aboue the lustye vaill — near the Valley of Jehoshaphat
Off Iosaphat and Mont Olyueit: — *Actis. i.*
All Prophesie thare salbe compleit. — and Mount Olivet,
The Angell*is* of the Ordoris[4] Nyne — *Mat. xxv.*
Inueron[5] sall that throne[6] Diuyne — environed by angels,
With heuinlye consolatioun,
Makand hym Ministratioun. — and accompanied by
In his presens thare salbe borne
The signis of Cros, and Croun of thorne,
Pillar, Nalis, Scurgis, and Speir, — remembrancers of His passion,
With euerilk thyng that[7] did hym deir,
The tyme of his grym Passioun;
And, for our consolatioun,
Appeir sall, in his handis and feit, — and exhibiting His five wounds,
And in his syde, the prent compleit
Off his fyue Woundis Precious,
Schynand lyke Rubeis Radious, — radiant,

[1] L that [2] L Abufe [3] L dois conclude in [4] L Ordouris
[5] L Invirone [6] E, L trone [7] L quhilk

confounding the bad.

Tyll Reprobatt confusioun;
And, for fynall[1] conclusioun,

Christ seated,

He, Sittand in his Trybunall,
With gret power Imperiall.

i. Corin. x. Mathew xxiiii. an angel will summon

Thare sall ane Angell blawe a blast
Quhilk sall[2] mak all the warld agast,
With hydous[3] voce, and vehement,—

the world to judgment;

Ryse, dede folk, cum[4] to Iugement.
With that, all Reasonabyll Creature
That euer wes formit be Nature

and the dead will rise, with their bodies renewed,

Sall suddantlye start vp[5] attonis,
Coniunit with Saull, Flesche, Blude, & Bonis.

at the sound of his trumpet.

That terribyll Trumpat, I heir tell,
Beis hard in Heuin, in erth,[6] and hell:

Apoc. xx. Those drowned in the sea will come forth, and all other mortals.

Those that wer drownit in the sey
That boustious blast thay sall obey;
Quhare euer the body buryet wase,
All salbe fundyng in that plase.

Mar. xiii. Angels, deputed, will bring them together.

Angellis sall passe in[7] the four airtis
Off erth, and bryng thame frome all partis,
And, with one instant diligence,
Present thame to his excellence.

S. Jerome was ever pondering,

☞ Sanct Ierome thoucht continuallye
On this Iugement, so ardentlye,
He said, quhidder I eit, or drynk,

and with dread, on the judgment.

Or walk, or sleip, forsuth me[8] thynk
That terrabyll Trumpat, lyke ane bell,
So quiklye in my eir doith[9] knell,
As Instantlye it wer present,—
Ryse, dede folk, cum to Iugement.

If he feared, still more should we fear.

Geue Sanct Ierome tuke sic ane fray,
Allace! quhat sall we Synnar*is* say?

The living will, then, at once become immortal,

¶ All those quhilk[10] funding bene[11] on lyue
Salbe Immortall maid belyue;

i. Pe. iiii.

And, in the twynkling of one Ee,

i. Cori. xv.

With fyre thay sall translatit be,

[1] L small [2] L will [3] E hydious, L hiddius [4] L and cum
[5] L wp [6] L erd [7] L to [8] L I [9] L dois [10] E thatt
[11] L bene foundin

And neuer for to dee agane,—
As Diuine scripture schawis plane,— for woe,
Als reddy, boith for pane and glore, 5620 or for joy.
As thay quhilk[1] deit lang tyme affore.
¶ The scripture sayis, thay sall appeir All will seem to be of the age of thirty-three
In aige of thre and thretty ȝeir, years.
Quhidder[2] thay deit ȝoung or auld, 5624
Quhose gret nummer may[3] nocht be tauld.
That day sall nocht be myst one man Of this huge multitude
Quhilk borne wes[4] sen the warld began. *Mathew xxvi.*
The Angellis sall thame separate, 5628 the angels will part the good and the bad,
As Hird the Scheip doith[5] frome the Gate;[6]
And those quhilk bene of Baliallis band
Trymling[7] apone the erth sall stand, and will station the latter on the
On the left hand of that gret Iuge, 5632 left of Christ,
But espirance to gett refuge.
¶ Bot those quhilk bene Predestinate *i. Tess. iiii.*
Sall frome the erth[8] be Eleuate; and the former
And that[9] moste happy cumpanye 5636
Sall ordourit be tryumphantlye,
Att the rycht hand of Christe, our kyng, on his right hand.
Heych[10] in the air, with loude louyng.
¶ Full Gloriouslye thare sall compeir,[11] 5640 The Blessed Virgin will appear,
More brycht than Phebus in his speir,
The Uirgene Marie, Quene of Quenis,
With mony ane thousand brycht Uirgenis.
The Fatheris[12] of the auld Testament, 5644 and the Saints of the Old Testament,
Quhilk wer to God[13] obedient,
Father Adam sall thame conuoye, headed by Adam.
With Abell, Seith, Enoch, and Noye;
Abraham, with his faithfull warkis, 5648
With all the prudent Patriarkis.
Iohne the Baptiste[14] thare sall compeir, John the Baptist,—
The Principall and last Messyngeir,
Quhilk come bot half ane ȝeir affore 5652 who heralded the Christ,—
The cumyng of that kyng of glore;

[1] L thame that [2] L Quhether [3] L nomber can
[4] E wes borne [5] L dois [6] L Gait [7] L Trimbling [8] L erd
[9] E omitted [10] L Heich [11] L appeir [12] L Faderis
[13] E Christ [14] L Babtist

Moses, Elias, Moyses, Esayas, honorabyll,
With all trew Prophetis Uenerabyll;
David, Dauid, with all the faithfull kyngis
Quhilk verteouslye did rewle thare ryngis;
Joshua, The nobyll Cheiftane Iosue,[1]
Judas Maccabeus, With gentyll Iudas Machabe,[2]
and other champions for the truth, With mony one[3] nobyll Campioun,
Quhilk, in thare tyme, with gret renoun,
Manfullye, tyll thare lyuis ende,
The Law of God thay did defende.
with Eve, ☞ With Eue,[4] that day, salbe present
The Ladyis of the Auld Testament:
Delbora, Delbora, Adamis Douchter deir,
With the four[5] lusty Ladyis cleir
Quhilk kepit wer in the Ark with Noye.
Sarah, Keturah, Sara and Cithara, with Ioye,—
The quhilk*is* to Abraham wyffis bene,—
Rebecca, With gude Rebecka, thare salbe sene;
The prudent wyffis[6] of Israell,
Leah, Rachel, &c. &c., Gude Lya, and the fair Rachell,
With Iudeth, Hestar, and Susanna,
And the rycht sapient Quene Saba.
SS. Peter, Paul, ¶ Thare sall compeir Peter and Paull,
With Christis trew Disciplis, all:
Lawrence, Stephen, Lawrence and Stewin, with thare blyst band
Off[7] Martyris, mo than ten thousand;
Gregory, &c., Gregor, Ambrose, and Augustyne,
With Confessoris, ane tryumphand tryne;
Francis, &c. &c., With sanct Francois,[8] and Dominic,
Sanct Bernard, and sanct Benedic;
with stray monks of sorts. With small nummer[9] of Monkis, and Freris,
Off Carmeletis, and Cordeleris,[10]
That, for the lufe[11] of Christ onlye,
Renuncit[12] the warld vnfenatlye.[13]
Elizabeth, Anna. ¶ With Elezabeth and Anna
All gude wyffis sall compeir, that da;

[1] L Ioswa [2] L Makaba [3] L, E ane [4] L Ewa [5] L fair
[6] L wivis [7] L With [8] L Francis [9] L nomber
[10] L Cordileiris [11] L love [12] L Refusit [13] L alluterlie

The blyst and holy Magdelane,[1] Holy Magdalene
That day, affore hir Souerane.
Rycht plesandlye scho sall present 5692 will present
All Synnaris that wer penitent, penitent sinners.
Quhilk of thare gylt heir askit grace :
In Heuin, with hir, sall haue ane place.
¶ Bot wo beis to that bailfull band 5696 But woe to those
Quhilk sall stand Lawe at his left hand ! on His left hand :
Woo, than, to Kyngis and Empriouris usurping kings,
Quhilkis wer vnrychteus Conquerouris,
For thare glore and perticular[2] gude, 5700
Gart sched so mekle saikles blude ! cruel tyrants,—
But Ceptour, Crown, and[3] Robe Royall,
That day thay sall mak compt of all, to be punished
And, for thare creuell tyrrannye, 5704
Sall punyste[4] be perpetuallye. perpetually,—
¶ 3e Lordis and Barronis, more[5] and les, nobles
That 3our pure Tennantis dois oppres,
Be gret Gyrsome and dowbyll maill, 5708 who have
More than 3our landis bene auaill,
With sore exhorbitant cariage, oppressed
With merchetis of thare mariage, those subject
Tormentit boith in peace and weir, 5712
With birdyngis more than thay may beir ;
Be thay haif payit to 3ow thare maill, to them!
And, to the Preist, thare teindis haill ;
And,[6] quhen the land agane is sawin,[7] 5716 Pitilessness
Quhat restis behynd I wald wer knawin.
I traist thay and thare pure houshauld to the poor
May tell of hunger and of cauld. will get,
Without 3e haif of thame piete, 5720 on that day,
I dreid 3e sall gett no Mercie, no mercy.
That day, quhen Christ Omnipotent
Cumis tyll[8] his generall Iugement.
¶ Wo beis to[9] publict Oppressouris, 5724 Woe to users
To tyrrannis, and to transgressouris, of force,

[1] L Magdaline [2] E peculiar [3] L or [4] E punyssit
[5] L mair [6] L omitted [7] L ll. 5716, 5717 transposed
[8] L Cummith to [9] L to the

murderers, To Murdarar*is*,[1] and[2] commoun theifis,
Quhilk neuer did mend thare gret[3] mischeifis!
the lustful, Fornicatoris, and Ockararis,[4] 5728
Commoun publict Adulteraris,
heretics, All pertinat wylfull Arratykis,[5]
schismatics! All fals dissaitfull Sysmatykis,
All salbe present, in that place, 5732
With mony Lamentabyll 'allace.'
There will be Cain, ¶ The cursit Cayn,[6] that neuer wes gude,
With all scheddaris of saikles blude;
Nimrod, Nemrod,[7] fundar of Babilone, 5736
With fals Ydolatris[8] mony one;
Ninus,— Nynus, the kyng of Asseriay,
With gret dule sall compeir, that day,—
the first maker of images, Quhilk first Inuentit Ymagery, 5740
Quharethrouch[9] come gret Ydolatry:
in Bel,— For makyng of the Image Bell,
That day his hyir salbe in hell.
Pharaoh, ¶ The gret Oppressour, kyng Pharo, 5744
Nero, The tyranne Empriour Nero,
Herod, Sall with thame cursit kyng Herode bryng,
With mony vther cairfull Kyng.
Antiochus, The creuell kyng Antiochus, 5748
Holofernes, With the moste furious Olofernus,
Gret Oppressouris of Israell,
That day thare hyre salbe in hell.
Judas, ¶ With Iudas sall compeir one clan 5752
Off fals Tratouris to God and man.
Thare sall compeir, of euerilk land,
Pontius Pilate, With Ponce Pylat,[10] one bailfull band
Off temporall and of spirituall statis, 5756
wicked lawyers, Fals Iugis, with thare Aduocatis.
Thare sall our Senȝeouris[11] of the cessioun
Off all thare faltis mak cleir confessioun.
fraudulent officers, Thare salbe sene the fraudfull failȝeis 5760
Off Schireffis, Prouestis, and of Bailȝeis;

[1] L Murderaris [2] E and to [3] L omitted
[4] L Occuraris [5] E Arritikis [6] L Cayam
[7] L Nembroth [8] L Ydolatouris [9] L Quhairthrow
[10] L Pilot [11] E Seneȝeouris

Officiallis, with thare Constry[1] Clerkis,
Sall mak compt of thare wrangus werkis ; deceitful
Thay, and thare peruerst Procuratouris, 5764 extortioners,
Oppressouris boith of ryche and puris,
Throw Delaturis full of dissait,
Quhilk mony one gart beg thare mait.
Gret dule, that day, to Iugis bene, 5768 judges not clean of conscience,—
That cumis nocht with thare conscience clene :
That day sall pas be Peremptoris, to be dealt with summarily,
Without cawteill or Dilatoris ;
No Duplycandum, nor Tryplicandum, 5772
Bot schortlye pas to Sentenciandum,
Without Contineuationis, and sentenced without
Or ony Appellationis. remission.
That sentence sall nocht be retratit, 5776
Nor with no man of Law debatit.
¶ 3e[2] Lauboraris be sey and landis,
Perfyte Craftismen, and ryche Merchandis, Let cheats and
Leif 3our dissait and crafty wylis, 5780 crafty men turn to honest ways,
Quhilk syllie[3] simpyll[4] folk begylis ;
Mak recompence heir, as 3e may, mindful of that
Remembryng on this dreidfull day. day.
¶ With Machomeit sall compeir, but doute, 5784 Mahomet will be there,
Off Antechristis one hydduous route :
Byschope Annas, and Cayphas, with Annas, Caiaphas,
With hym in cumpany sall pas ;
With Scrybis and fals Pharisianis, 5788 Scribes, Pharisees,
Quhilk wrocht on Christ gret violensis ;[5]
With mony one Turk and Sariscene, Turks, and Saracens,
With gret sorrow thare salbe sene :
Papis, for thare traditionis 5792 popes that perverted Christ's laws,
Contrar Christis Institutionis,
With mony one cowle and clyppit crown,
Quhilk Christis Lawis strampit down,
And wald nocht suffer for to preche 5796 naughty monks,
The veritie, nor the peple teche,

[1] L Consistorie [2] E 3it [3] L sely
[4] E sempyll [5] L violence

Bot Lawit[1] men pat[2] to gret torment,
Quhilk vsit Christis Testament.
sovereigns that abetted religious perversions, All Kyngis and Quenis thare salbe kend,
The quhilk sic Lawis did defend.
In that court sall cum mony one
Off the blak byik[3] of Babilone.
martyrers of The Innocent blude, that day, sall crye
One loude vengeance, full petuouslye,[4]
On those creuell[5] bludy bowchouris,
prophets and preachers Martyrer*is* of Prophetis and Prechouris,—
Sum with the fyre, sum with the sworde,—
who plainly declared God's word, Quhilk planely precheit Goddis worde:
That day thay sall rewardit be,
Conforme to thare Iniquitie.
Sodomites, ¶ The Sodometis and Gomoriance,
On quhome God wrocht so gret vengeance,
Korah, Dathan, Abiram, and the like, With Choro, Dathan, and Abyrone,
With thare assistance, mony one,
The holy Scripture wyll the[6] tell,
Quhow thay sank, all,[7] doun to the hell.
Simon Magus. With Symon Magus sall resort
Off proude Preistis ane schamefull sort.
And there will be ¶ That samyn day thare salbe sene
Mony one creuell[5] cairfull Quene:
Semiramis, Quene Semeram, kyng Nynus wyfe,—
Ane Tygir full of sturt and stryfe,—
Jezebel, To gydder with[8] Quene Ieȝabell,
Quhilk wes[7] boith couetous[9] and creuell;
Delilah, The fals desaitfull Dalyda;
Clytemnestra,— who slew The creuell[5] Quene Clitamistra,
The quhilk did murdres, on the nycht,
Agamemnon,— Agamenon,[10] boith wyse and wycht,
The quhilk wes hir awin souerane Lorde,
As Grekis storyis dois recorde;
and many another cruel queen. With creuell Quenis mony one,
Quhilk langsum wer for tyll expone.

[1] L lawde [2] L put [3] E byill [4] L pietiusly
[5] L crewall [6] L ȝow [7] E omitted [8] L with the
[9] E couatous [10] L Agamanon

¶ 3e wantoun Ladyis,[1] and burgis wyuis,
That now for sydest talis stryuis,
Flappand the fylth amang 3our feit,
Rasyng the duste in to the streit,
That day, for all 3our pomp and pryde,
3our talis sall nocht 3our hyppis hyde :
Thir vaniteis 3e sall repent,
Without that 3e be penitent.
¶ With Phitonissa, I heir tell,
Quhilk rasit[2] the Spreit of[3] Samuell,
That day, with hir, thare sall resorte
Off rank Wycheis one sorrowfull sorte,
Brocht frome all partis, mony one myle,—
Frome Sauoy, Athell, and Argyle,
And frome the ryndes of Galloway,
With mony wofull Wallaway.
¶ 3e Brether of Religioun,
In tyme leif 3our abusioun,[4]
With quhilk 3e haif the warld abusit,[5]
Or 3e, that day, salbe refusit.
I speik to 3ow all, generallye,
Nocht tyll one Ordoure speciallye.
That day, all Creature sall ken
Geue 3e war[6] Sanctis, or warldly men,
Or gyf[7] 3e tuk the Skapellarye,
That 3e mycht leif more plesandlye,
And gett ane gude grosse Portioun,
Or for Godlye Deuotioun.
That day, 3our faynit[8] Sanctytudis
Sall nocht be knawin be 3our Hudis :
3our Superstitious[9] Ceremoneis,
Participand tyll[10] Ydolatreis,
Corde, cuttit schone,[11] nor clippit hede,
That daye sall stande 3ow in no stede :
For cowlis blak, gray, nor begaird,
3e sall, that day, get no rewaird.

5836 A parenthetic skit at
the trains of ladies,
5840 with consequences threatened.
The Witch of Endor will be there,
5844
and a host of her sisters,
from sundry quarters.
5848
An admonition
5852 to religious brethren
of all orders.
5856 Their motives, in professing sanctity, will,
then, be known to all,—whether
5860 they were pure, or corrupt.
Their ecclesiasti-
5864 cal trappings will
then,
stand them in no stead.
5868

[1] L wedowis [2] L raissit [3] E omitted [4] L habusioun
[5] L habusit [6] L Gif 3e be, E Geue thay [7] E geff
[8] L feinzeit [9] L superstitionis [10] L to [11] E sehorne

They will be recompensed according to their deserts.

Zour polit payntit flatterye,
Zour dissimulat Ypocrasye,
That day thay sall be cleirlye knawin,
Quhen ze sall scheir as ze haue sawin.
Tharefore, in tyme be penitent,
Or ellis that day ze wylbe schent.

¶ I pray zow hartlie, as I may,
Remember on[1] that dreidfull day,

A warning addressed to abbots, priors, &c., with reference to their grounds for taking vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

Ze Abbot, Pryor, and Pryores :
Consydder quhat ze did profes,
And quhow that zour promotioun
Wes no thyng for deuotioun ;
Bot tyll obtene the Abbasye,
Ze maid zour wow of Chaistitye,
Off powertie, and obedience :
Tharefor, remord zour conscience,

Let them repent, while they may.

Quhow thir thre wowis bene obseruit,
And quhat rewarde ze haue deseruit.
Quharefore, repent, quhill ze haue space ;
Sen God is lyberall of his grace.

COURTIOUR.

¶ Father,[2] quod I, declare to me

Where will our priests then stand?

Quhare sall our Prelatis ordorit[3] be,*
Quhilk now[4] bene in[5] the warld leuand ;
With quhome sall cum that Spirituall[6] band?

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he : as sanct Barnard discryuis,

Unless they reform their lives, it will not be with prophets and the like.

Without that thay amend thare lyuis,
And leif thare wantoun vitious[7] warkis,
Nocht with Prophetis[8] nor Patriarkis,
Nocht with Martyris nor[9] Confessouris,

SS. Peter and Paul will have none of their company ;

The quhilk*is* to Christ wer trew prechouris :
Thare Predecessouris, Peter and Paull,
That day wyll thame mysken, at all ;

[1] L of [2] L Fader [3] L ordourit [4] L omitted
[5] L into [6] E spirituall [7] L vicius [8] E Proffetis [9] L and
* L inserts here : 'Oure Paipis, Bischopis, and Cardinallis,
With thair most precius aparallis.'

So sall thay nocht, I say for me,
With the Apostlis[1] ordourit be.
I traist thay sall dwell on the bordour
Off Hell,—quhare thare salbe non[2] ordour,—
Endlang the Flude of Flagitone,
Or on the brais of Acherone;
Cryand on Caron, I conclude,
To ferre thame ouer that furious[3] flude,
Tyll eternall confusioun,
Without thay leif thare abusioun.[4]
I traist those Prelat*is*, more and les,
Sall mak cleir compt of thare ryches,
That dreidfull day, with hartis sore,
And quhat seruice thay did tharefore.
The Princely pomp nor apparell[5]
Off Pope,[6] Byschope, nor Cardinall,
Thare Royall Rentis, nor Dignite,
That day sall nocht regardit be.
Thare sall no talis, as I heir say,
Off Byschoppis be borne vp, that day.
Cum thay nocht with thare conscience clene,
On thame gret sorrow salbe sene,
Without that thay thare lyfe[7] amend
In tyme: And so I mak ane end.

and they will be bestowed on the

confines of Hell,

except they renounce

their malpractices. Prelates must, then, give account of their riches.

The pomp and bravery of popes and other church dignitaries will be disregarded.

And woe to these magnates, be their consciences not clean!

* FINIS. *

[1] E, L Apostolis [2] L no [3] L vglie [4] L habusioun
[5] E apperell [6] L Paip [7] L livis

HEIR FOLLOWIS THE MANER QUHOV CHRIST SALL GEUE[1] HIS SENTENCE.

EXPERIENCE.

VHEN all thir Congregationis
Beis brocht furth fro*me*[2] al natio*n*is,—
Quhilk wilbe w*ith*out lang proces,
Thocht I haif maid sum lang degres;
For, i*n the* twinkling of one E,
All mankynd sall presentit be
Affore that Kyngis Excellence,—
Than schortlye sall he geue[1] sentence;
First sayand to that blysfull[3] band
Quhilk beis ordourit at his rycht hand,
Cum,[4] with my Fatheris[5] Bennysoun,
And ressaue 3our possessioun,
Quhilk bene for 3ow preordinat,
Affore the warld wes first creat.
Quhen I wes hungry, 3e me fed;
Quhen I wes naikit, 3e me cled;
Oftymes 3e gaue[6] me Herberye,
And gaif[6] me drynk, quhen I wes Drye,
And vesyit[7] me with myndis meik,
Quhen I wes presonar and seik:
In all sic trybulatioun,
3e gaif me consolatioun.
¶ Than sall thay say, O Potent Kyng,
Quhen saw we the desyre sic thyng?
We neuer saw thyne excellence
Subdewit to sic Indigence.
3is, sall he[8] say, I 3ow assure,
Quhen euer 3e did ressaue the pure,

All nations will then be assembled,

and in the twinkling of an eye;

Mat. xx. then Christ will pass sentence.

Those on His right hand will be rewarded,

as if they had befriended Him,

when hungry,

naked,

shelterless,

thirsty,

in prison,

ill.

Demurring,

they will be assured, that,

in doing good to their fellow-men,

[1] L Gif [2] L of [3] L blissit [4] L Pas [5] L Faderis
[6] E geue [7] E wesyit [8] L he sall

And, for my saik, maid thame supple,
That gyft, but doute, 3e gaif to me:
Tharefor sall now[1] begyn 3our glore,
Quhilk sall indure for euer more.
¶ Than sall he luke on his left hand,
And say onto[2] that bailfull band,
Pas, with my Maledictioun,
Tyll Eternall Afflixtioun,
In cumpany with feindis fell,
In euerlestyng fyre of Hell:
Quhen I stude, naikit, att 3our 3ett,
Houngry, thristy, cauld, and wett,
Rycht febyll, seik, and lyke to de,
I neuer gat of 3ow supple;
And, quhen I lay in presoun strang,
For 3ow I mycht haif lying[3] full lang,
Without 3our consolatioun,
Or ony supportatioun.
¶ Trymling for dreid, than sall thay say,
With mony hydous harmesay,[4]
Allace! gude Lorde, quhen saw we the
Subiect to sic necessitie?
Quhen saw we the cum to our dure,
Houngry, thristy, naikit, pure?[5]
Quhen saw we the in presoun ly,
Or the refusit herbery?
¶ Than sall that most precelland[6] Kyng
Tyll those wrachis mak answeryng,
That tyme quhen[7] 3e refusit the puris
Quhilkis neidfull[8] cryit at 3our duris,
And of 3our superfluitie
For my saik maid thame no supplie,
Refusand[9] thame, 3e me refusit,
With wrecheitnes so 3e wer[10] abusit:[11]
Tharefor 3e sall haue, to 3our hyre,
The euerlestyng byrning fyre,

they did it to Christ,
to their salvation.
Those on the left hand will be consigned to endless torment,
along with fiends, in hell fire,
as having
ignored the
discomforts
of Christ.
Objecting to the imputation,
that they ever neglected Christ,
when hungry, thirsty, naked, in bonds, or in want of refuge,
they will be told, that,
in slighting the poor,
they slighted Him, and must, for so doing, be
cast into never-ending fire.

[1] L now sall [2] E into, L vnto [3] L lyne [4] L harmishay
[5] L and pure, E or pure [6] L excellent [7] L omitted
[8] L neidfullie [9] L Refusit [10] E was [11] L habusit

But grace, but peace, or confortyng.
Then will they bewail their existence, Than sall thay cry,[1] full sore weipyng,
That we wer maid, allace! gude Lorde!
Allace! is thare non[2] Misericorde?
and wish that Bot thus,[3] withouttin hope of grace,
Tyne presens of thy plesand face?
they had died when babes. Allace for ws! it had bene gude,
We had bene smorit in our cude.
The earth will gape, and they will be engulfed, ¶ Than, with one[4] rair, the erth[5] sall ryue,
And swolly[6] thame, boith man and wyue.
Than sall those Creaturis forlorne
cursing the hour they were born. Warie the hour that thay wer borne,
With mony ȝamer,[7] ȝewt, and ȝell,
From what time the flames attack them, Frome tyme thay feill[8] the flammis fell
Apone thare tender bodeis byte,
Quhose torment salbe Infinyte.
they will be bereft of all light, and will howl and cry The erth[5] sall close,[9] and frome thare[10] sycht
Sall taking[11] be all kynde of lycht.
Thare salbe gowlyng[12] and gretyng,
But hope of ony confortyng:
In that Inestimabyll pane
for evermore. Eternallye thay sall remane,
Byrnand in furious flammys[13] rede,
Ever dying, but never dead, a minute of their misery will seem, to them, a thousand years. Euer deand, bot neuir be[14] dede;
That the small Minuth[15] of one hour
To thame salbe so gret dolour,
Thay sall thynk thay haif done remane
Ane thousand ȝeir in to that pane.
Alas! I tremble to hear of hell and its everlasting torments. Allace! I trimyll tyll[16] heir tell
The terribyll Turmentyng of hell.
That panefull pytt quho can deplore,
Quhilk mon indure for euer more?
The glorified will be transported to Heaven, ¶ Than sall those glorifyit Creaturis,
With myrth and infinyte plesouris,
Conuoyit with Ioy Angelicall,
Passe to the Heuin Imperiall,

[1] E cray [2] L no [3] L this [4] L ane [5] L erd
[6] L swelly [7] L ȝawmer [8] L heir [9] E closit be, L cloiss
[10] L that [11] E, L takin [12] L goulling [13] L flambis
[14] E omitted [15] L Moment [16] L trimbill to

With Christ Iesu, our Souerane Kyng,
In glore Eternallye to ryng,
Off man quhilk passis the Ingyne
The thousand part for tyll[1] defyne
Allanerlie of the leist plesoure
Preordinat for one Creature.
¶ Than sall one Fyre, as Clerkis sane,
Mak all the hyllis and valais plane.
Frome erth, vp to the Heuin Impyre,
All beis renewit by[2] that fyre,
Purgeyng all thyng materiall
Under the heuin Imperiall:
Boith erth and walter,[3] fyre and air,
Salbe more[4] perfyte maid, and fair,—
The quhilk*is* affore[5] had myxit bene,—
Sall, than, be[6] purifyit and maid[7] clene.
The erth lyke Christall salbe cleir;
And euerilk Planeit in his speir
Sall rest, withouttin more moueyng.
Boith sterny heuin and Christellyng,—
The first and hiest heuin mouabyll,—
Sall stand, but turnyng, firme and stabyll.
The Sonne in to the Orient
Sall stand, and in the Occident
Rest sall the Mone, and be more cleir
Nor now bene Phebus in his speir.
And, als, that Lantern of the Heuin
Sall gyf more lycht, be greis sewin,
Nor it gaue sen the warld began.
The Heuin renewit salbe, than;
Rychtso, the erth, with sic deuyse,
Compair[8] tyll heuinlye Paradyse.
☞ So heuin and erth salbe allone,[9]
As menith the Apostill Iohne.
The gret sey sall no more appeir,
Bot lyke the Christall pure and cleir,

with Jesus Christ, to reign, eternally, in glory such that even the thousandth part of it passes conception.

ii. Pet. iii.
Then, say the learned,

a universal fire will purge the world,

and it will

be made new and clean.

The planets will discontinue their motions,

the heavens stand still,

and the sun be fixed in the East, and the moon in the West. The moon will be as bright as the sun now is; and the sun will give seven times as much light as it ever before gave.

The earth will be like a heavenly paradise.

Apo. xxi.
Of the heavens and the earth,

and the sea, like crystal,

[1] L to [2] L be [3] L watter [4] L mair [5] L before
[6] E be maid [7] E omitted [8] L Comparit
[9] L at once

i. Cor. ii. and indescribable.

Passyng Imaginatioun
Off Man to mak narratioun.

The glory prepared by God will surpass all experience

Off glore, quhilk God haith[1] done prepair
Tyll euery one that[2] cumis thare,
The quhilk with eris nor with eine
Off man may nocht be hard nor sene,

and imagination;

With hart it is vnthynkabyll,
And with toungis Inpronunciabyll;
Quhose plesouris salbe so perfyte,

and, to the blessed,

Haueyng in God so gret delyte,

ii. Pet. iii. a thousand years will seem a short hour,—a thing till then incomprehensible.

The space, now, of one thousand ȝeir
That tyme sall nocht one hour appeir;
Quhilk can nocht comprehendit be,
Tyll we that plesand sycht sall se.

ii. Cor. xii. Paul, in the spirit, beheld heavenly secrets unlawful to be revealed.

¶ Quhen Paull wes reuyst, in the spreit,
Tyll the thrid Heuin, of glore[3] repleit,
He sayith,[4] the Secretis quhilk he saw
Thay wer nocht leifsum[5] for to schaw
To[6] no man on the erth[7] leueand:

Strive not, then, to understand the hidden things of future beatitude.

Quharefor, preis nocht tyll vnderstand—
Quhowbeit thare to thow haif[8] desyre—
The Secretis of the heuin Impyre.
The more men lukis on Phebus brycht,
The more febyll salbe thare sycht.

Let no one be solicitous to penetrate the Divine nature.

Rychtso, latt no man sett thare cure
To Sers[9] the heych Diuyne Nature:
The more men studye, I suppose,

How is man to pry out what baffles the quest even of angels?

Salbe the more frome thare purpose.
To knaw quhareto sulde men Intend,[10]
Quhilk Angellis can nocht[11] comprehend?
Bot, efter this[12] gret Iugement,
All thyng tyll ws salbe patent.

Like Paul, let us resolve not to be over-curious

Latt ws, with Paull, our mynde addres,—
He, beand full of Heuinlynes,
Full humilye he techeit ws,—
Nocht for to be to[13] curious—

[1] L hes [2] L quhilk [3] L joy [4] L sayis [5] L lesum
[6] L Till [7] L in the erd [8] L haith [9] L Serche
[10] L pretend [11] L no thing [12] E his [13] E oure

Quhowbeit men be of gret Ingyne—
To[1] seik the heych[2] Secretis Diuyne,
Quhose Iugement*is* ar vncersiabyll,
And strange wayis Inuestigabyll,[3]—
That is to say, past out[4] fynding,—
Off quhome no man may fynd endyng.
It sufficith[5] ws for tyll Implore
Gret God to bryng ws to[6] that glore.

about high secrets, *Rom. xi.* unsearchable, past finding out. God bring us to this glory!

* FINIS. *

[1] E They [2] L hecht of [3] E inuestiabill [4] E, L out of [5] L sufficit [6] L till

OFF CERTANE PLESOURIS OF THE GLORIFEIT BODEIS.[1]

EXPERIENCE.

SEN thare is non, in erth,[2] may comprehend
The Heuinlye glore & plesouris Infinyte,
Aim not to fathom predestinate delights. Quhairfor,[3] my Sone, I pray *the* not[4] pretend
Ouer far to seik that maner of delyte—
Quhilk passit[5] Naturall reasoun to Indyte,—
That God, affore that he the warld creatt,
Preparit to thame quhilk ar predestinat.

All Mortall men salbe maid Immortall,—
That is to say, neuer to de agane,—
Impassabyll, and so Celestiall
That fyre nor swerd may do to[6] thame no pane;
The elect will be subject to no suffering. Nor hete,[7] nor cald, nor frost, nor wynd, nor rane,—
Thocht sic thyng wer,—may[8] do to thame no deir.
Those Creaturis, rycht so, salbe als cleir

As flammand[9] Phebus in his Mantioun.[10]
Considder, than, gyf thare salbe gret lycht,
They will be as splendent as the sun. Quhen euery one in to that[11] Regioun
Sall schyne lyke to the Sonne, and be als brycht:
Lat ws, with Paull, desyre to se that sycht.
To be dissoluit Paull had A[12] gret desyre,
With Christ to be in tyll[13] the heuin Impyre.

And, more attour, as Clerkis can discryue,
Wonderfully acute will be Thare maruellous myrthis beis incomparabyll:
Amang the rest, in all thare wyttis fyue
Thay sall haue sensuall plesouris delectabyll.

[1] L Bodyis [2] L erd [3] E Quharefor [4] L nocht [5] L passis
[6] L omitted [7] E hote [8] L mycht [9] L flamband
[10] L mansioun [11] L thair [12] L ane [13] L into

The heuinlye sound, quhilk salbe Innarrabyll,
In thare eris continuallye sall[1] ryng. 6132 all their senses.
And, als, the sycht of Christ Iesus, our Kyng,

In his tryumphant throne Imperiall,
With his Mother, the Uirgene Quene of quenis,
Thare salbe sene: the Court Celestiall,— 6136 The constituents of the Court Celestial.
Apostolis,[2] Martyris, Confessoris, and Uirgenis,
Brychtar[3] than Phebus in his speir that schynis,
The Patriarkis, and Prophetis Uenerabyll,—
Thare salbe sene, with glore Inestimabyll. 6140

¶ And, with thare Spirituall Eis, salbe sene There will be seen the vision beatific of God,
That sycht quhilk bene most Superexcelland,—
God, as he is and euermore hes bene.
Continuallye that sycht contempland, 6144
Augustyne sayis, he had leuer tak on hand
To be in Hell, he seyng the assence
Off God, nor be in Heuin, but his presence.

¶ Quho seis God in his Diuynitie, 6148
He seis, in hym, all vther[4] plesand thyngis,
The quhilk with toung can nocht pronuncit be. imparting joy unspeakable.
Quhat plesour bene to se that kyng of Kyngis!
The gretest pane *the*[5] dampnit folk dounthryngis, 6152
And, to the[6] Deuyllis, the most punytioun,
It is of god to want fruitioun.

And, mairattour, thay sall feill sic ane smell
Surmountyng far the fleure of erthly[7] flowris, 6156
And, in thare mouth, ane taist, as I heir tell,
Off sweit and Supernaturall Sapowris; Other pleasures of the blessed,
Als, thay sall se the heuinlye brycht colowris[8]
Schenyng[9] amang those Creaturis Diuyne, 6160
Quhilk tyll[1] discryue transcendith mannis Ingyne.

[1] L to [2] L Appostillis [3] E Brycht is [4] L his [5] L that
[6] L omitted [7] L erdlie [8] L cullouris
[9] L schyning

¶ And, als, thay sall haif[1] sic agilitie,
In one Instant to[2] passe, for thare plesour,
swift of motion, and enjoying the dolor of the damned.
Ten thousand mylis, in twynkling of one E:
So thare Ioyis salbe without missour.[3]
Thay sall Reioyis to se the gret dolour
Off dampnit folk in hell, and thare torment;
Because of God it is the Iuste Iugement.

Subtellyte thay sall haue maruellouslye:
Subponyng[4] that thare wer ane wall of bras,
Nothing will be impervious to them.
One glorifeit body may rycht haistellye
Out throw that wall, without Impediment, pas,
Siclyke as doith the Sone baime[5] throw *the* glas;
As Christ tyll his Disciplis did appeir,
All entres clos, and non[6] of thame did steir.

i. Cor. xv.

¶ Quhowbeit, in heuin thocht euerilk Creature
Haue nocht alyke[7] filicitie, nor glore,
Each will be as happy as he can.
3itt euerilk one sall haif so gret plesure,
And so content, thay sall[8] desyre no more:
To haue more Ioye thay sall[9] no way Implore;
Bot thay salbe, all, satyfeit and content,
Lyke to this rude exempyll subsequent.

Tak ane crowat, one pynte stope, and one quart,
One galloun pitschair, one puntioun,[10] & one twn,
The diverse allotment of future bliss
Of wyne, or balme; gyf euerilk[11] one thare part,
And fyll thame full, tyll that thay be ouir rwn:
The lytill crouat, in comparisoun,
Salbe so full that it may hald no more
Off sic missouris, thocht thare[12] be twenty score

¶ In to the Twn, or in the Pontioun.[10]
So, all[13] those vesschellis,[14] in one qualitie,
illustrated by measures of different
May hald no more, without thay be ouir rwn;
3itt haif thay nocht alyke[7] in quantitie:
So, be this rude exempyll, thow may se,

[1] L haue [2] E omitted [3] L mesour
[4] E Suponyng, L Supponyng [5] L beme [6] L nane [7] L. elike
[8] L that thai [9] E omitted [10] L ponsioun [11] L euery
[12] L thai [13] L sall [14] E wescellis

Thocht euerilk one be nocht alyke in glore,
Ar satyfeit so that thay desyre no more. 6196 capacity.

Thocht presentlye, be Goddis prouianco,
Beistis, fowlis, and fyschis in the seis,
Ar necessar, now, for mannis sustenance,
With cornis, herbis, flowris, and fructfull treis, 6200 Earthly products will then be no more.
Than sall thare be non sic commoditeis:
The erth[1] sall beir no[2] plant, nor beist brutall,
Bot, as the Heuinnis, brycht lyke buriall.

Suppone sum be on[3] erth, walkand heir doun, 6204
Or heycht[4] abone, quhare euer thay pleis to go, The elect will have the fruition of God everywhere.
Off God thay haue, ay, cleir fruitioun,
Boith est, or west, vp, doun, or to, or fro.
Clerkis declaris plesouris mony mo, 6208
Quhilk dois transcend al mortal mannis Ingyne
The thousand part of those plesouris deffyne.[5]

¶ In to the Heuin thay sall perfytlie knaw 6211 They will know their friends, in Heaven.
Thare tender freindis, thare father,[6] & thare mother,[7]
Thare Predecessouris quhilkis thay neuer saw,
Thair spousis, bairnis, syster,[8] & thare brother;[9]
And euerilk one sall haue sic lufe tyll[10] vther,
Off vtheris glore and Ioy thay sall reioyse, 6216
As of thare awin, as Clerkis doith[11] suppose.

¶ Than salbe sene that brycht Ierusalame[12] *Apoc. xxi.*
Quhilk Ihone saw, in his Reuelatione.
We mortall men, allace! ar far[13] to blame, 6220 *Esa. lxvi.*
That wyll nocht haif[14] consideratione, Of the New Jerusalem.
And one continuall contemplatione,
With hote desyre to cum on[15] to that glore,
Quhilk plesour sall indure for euer more. 6224

O Lorde, our God and Kyng Omnipotent, *Ro. viii.*
Quhilk knew, or thow the heuin and erth[1] creatt, O Lord,

[1] L erd [2] L none [3] L in [4] L heich
[5] E diuyne, L divine [6] L fader [7] L moder [8] L thair sister
[9] L broder [10] L to [11] L dois [12] E Ierusalen
[13] E for, L fer [14] L haue [15] L omitted

Quho[1] wald to the be inobedient,
And so disarue[2] for to be Reprobatt,
Who didst foresee who would be saved,
Thow knew the nomer[3] of predestinat,
Quhome thow did call, and hes thame Iustifeit,
And sall, in Heuin, with the be Glorifeit.

Grant ws to be, Lorde, of that chosin sort
Quhame, of thy mercy superexcellent,
Did puriffy—as scripture doith[4] report—
grant that we may be of that number.
With the blude of that holy Innocent,
Iesu, quhilk maid hym self Obedient
On to the deth, and steruit on the Rude:
Lat ws, O Lorde, be purgit with that blude.[5]

Ro. viii., ¶ All Creature that euer God Creat,
As wryttis[6] Paull, thay wys to se that day,
Quhen the Childryng[7] of God, predestinat,
Sall do appeir in thare new fresche array;
i. Cor. xv. Corruption will then be done away.
Quhen Corruptioun beis clengit clene away,
And cheangit beis thare Mortall Qualitie
In the gret glore of Immortalitie.

¶ And, moreattour, all dede thyngis corporall,
Onder the Concaue of the Heuin Impyre,
That now to laubour subiect ar, and thrall,[8]—
The sun and moon, even,—
Sone, Mone, & Sterris,[9] Erth, walter,[10] air, & Fyre,—
In one maneir thay haue ane hote desyre,
as Erasmus says,—
Wissing that day, that thay may be at rest,
As Erasmus Exponith[11] Manifest.

¶ We se the gret Gloube[12] of the Firmament
Continuallie in moueyng maruellous;
and the firmament, planets, &c., long for that day;
The Sewin Planetis, contrary[13] thare intent,
Ar reft about, with coursse contrarious;
The wynd, and See, with stormys furious,
The trublit Air, with Frostis, Snaw, and Rane,
On to that day thay trauell euer in pane.

[1] E Quha [2] L deserue [3] L nomber [4] L dois
[5] L To saif mankynde and so I do conclude.
L Heading before l. 6239—Quhow euery creature desiris to se the last day.
[6] L writith [7] L Childrene [8] L thraw [9] E Sternis
[10] L watter [11] L exponis [12] L Globe [13] L contrar

☞ And all the Angellis of the Ordouris Nyne, 6260 and so do the angels of the nine orders.
Haueand compatioun[1] of our Misareis,
Thay wys efter that day, and to that Fyne,
To se ws fred frome our Infirmiteis,[2]
And clengit frome thir gret Calamiteis[3] 6264
And trublus lyfe, quhilk neuer sall haue end
On to that day: I mak it to the kend.

* FINIS. *

[1] E, L compassioun [2] L Calamiteis [3] L oure Infirmiteis

ANE EXHORTATIOUN GYFFIN BE FATHER[1] EXPERIENCE VNTO HIS SONE THE CURTEOUR.

EXPERIENCE.

Y Sone, now mark weil, *in* thy memory,
Of *thi*s fals warld *the* trublus tra*n*sitory,
Quhose dreidfull dayis drawis neir a*ne* end. 6269

The end is nigh: think, then, on death.

Tharfor, cal[2] god to be *thi*[3] adiutory;
And euery day, my Sonne, Memento Mori;
And watt not[4] quhen, nor quhare *that* thow sal wend.
Heir to remane I pray the nocht pretend;
And, sen thow knawis the tyme is verray schort,
In Christis Blude sett all thy hole confort.

Math. vi.

Be nocht to myche solyst[5] in temporall thyngis; 6276
Sen *th*ow persauis Pape,[6] Empriour, nor[7] Kyngis
In to the erth haith no place parmanent.
Thow seis *that*[8] deith *th*ame dulefully doun thringis,

Scorn the world: stay thyself on Christ.

And rauis *th*ame frome[9] *th*are rent, ryches, *and* ringis.
Tharefor, on Christ confirme thyne[10] hole intent;
And of thy callyng be rycht[5] weill content.
Than God, that fedis the fowlis of the air,
All neidfull thyng for the he sall prepair. 6284

Iob xiiii.

Consydder, in thy contemplatioun,
Ay, sen the warldlis[11] first Creatioun,
Mankynd hes[12] tholit this misary mortall,
Ay tormentit with trybulatioun, 6288

Wretchedness has ever been all-prevalent,

With dolour, dreid, and desolatioun.
Gentiles, and Chosin peple[13] of Israell,
To this vnhap, all subiect ar, and thrall;

[1] L Gevin be Fader [2] E tak [3] L thine
[4] L wait nocht [5] E omitted [6] L Paip [7] L and
[8] E, L the [9] L omitted [10] L thi [11] L warldis
[12] L haith [13] L pepill

Quhilk Misary, but doute, sall euer indure,
Tyll the last day: my Sonne, thareof be sure. and will so continue.

That day, as I haue maid narratioun,
Salbe the day of consolatioun
Tyll all the Childryng[1] of the chosin noumer:
Thare endit beis thare desolatioun.
And, als, I mak the supplycatioun,
In erthlye materis[2] tak the no more cummer.
Dreid nocht to dee; for deith is bot ane slu*m*mer:[3] Fear not death; lead a just life.
Leue ane Iuste[4] lyfe, & *with*[5] ane Ioyus hart,
And of thy guddis tak plesandlye thy part.

Off our talkeing now latt ws mak ane end.
Behald quhow Phebus dounwart dois discend,
Towart his palyce in the Occident.
Dame Synthea, I se, scho dois pretend And now I must end, as the sun is near his setting,
In tyll hir wattry Regioun tyll ascend,
With vissage paill, vp frome the Orient.
The dew now dounkis the rossis redolent:
The Mareguldis, that all day wer reiosit
Off Phebus heit,[6] now craftelly ar closit.

The blysfull byrdis bownis[7] to the treis,
And ceissis of thare heuinlye armoneis:
The Cornecraik in the croft, I heir hir cry;
The bak, the[8] Howlat, febyll of thare eis, the birds of night are stealing forth,
For thare pastyme, now in the ewinnyng fleis;
The Nychtyngaill, with myrthfull melody,
Hir naturall notis persith throw the sky,
Tyll Synthea,—makand her obseruance,—
Quhilk on the nycht dois tak hir dalyance.

I se Polartike in the North appeir,
And Uenus ryssing, with hir bemes cleir: and Venus is rising.
Quharefor, my Sonne, I hald it[9] tyme to go.
Wald God, said I, ȝe did[10] remane all ȝeir,

[1] L Childrene [2] L erdlie maner [3] L slomber
[4] L one gude just [5] E thow [6] E hett [7] L now bownis
[8] L and [9] E omitted [10] E do

That I mycht of ȝour heuinlye Lessonis leir:
Off ȝour departyng I am wounder wo.
To my grief, we must part.
Tak pacience, said he; it mone be so:
Perchance I sall returne with deligence.
Thus I departit frome Experience,

And sped me home, with hert sychyng full sore,
And enterit in my quyet Oritore.
I tuke paper, and thare began to wryt
This Miserie, as ȝe haue hard afore.[1]
The reader is implored to be charitable.
All[2] gentyll Redaris hertlye I Implore
For tyll[3] excuse my rurall rude Indyte,
Thoucht Phareseis wyll haue[4] at me dispyte,
Quhilkis wald not[5] *th*at thare craftynes wer kend.
Latt God be Iuge: and so I mak ane end.

* FINIS. *

QUOD LYNDESAY.

1552.

[1] L before [2] E And [3] L to [4] L Pharasyis haue [5] E nocht

HEIR FOLLOUIS THE TRAGEDIE OF THE UMQVHYLE MAIST REUEREND FATHER DAUID, BE THE MERCY OF GOD, CARDINALL AND ARCHI-BYSCHOPE OF SANCTANDROUS, &c. ☞ COMPLYIT BE SCHIR DAUID LYNDESAY, OF THE MONT, KING OF ARMES.

☞ THE PROLOG.

NOCHT Lang ago, efter the hour of pryme,
Secreitly sittyng in myne Oratorie,
I tuk ane Buke,—tyll occupye the tyme,—
Quhare I fand mony Tragedie and storie,—
Quhilk Ihone Bochas had put in memorie,—
Quhov mony Prencis, Conquerour*is*, and kingis
War dulfullie deposit frome thare ryngis:

Sitting in my oratory, I was reading, in Boccaccio,

Quhov Alexander, the potent Conquerour,
In Babilone was poysonit pieteouslie;
And Iulius, the mychtie Emperiour,
Murdreist at Rome, causles and creuellie;
Prudent Pompey, in Egypt schamefullie
He murdreist was,—quhat nedith proces more?—
Quhose Tragideis war pietie tyll deplore.

of the tragical end of Alexander, Julius, and Pompey;

¶ I sittyng so, vpon my Buke redyng,
Rycht suddantlie afore me did appeir
Ane woundit man, aboundantlie bledyng,
With vissage paill, and with ane dedlye cheir;
Semand ane man of two and fyftie ȝeir;
In Rayment reid, clothit full curiouslie,
Off vellot and of Saityng Crammosie.

when I had an apparition of a man bleeding.

With febyll voce, as man opprest with paine,
Soiftlye he maid me supplycatioun,
He spoke of his misfortunes, Sayand, my freind, go reid, and reid againe,
Geue thow can fynde, by trew Narratioun,
Off ony paine lyke to my Passioun:
Rycht sure I am, war Ihone Bochas on lyue,
My tragedie at lenth he wald discryue.

☞ Sen he is gone, I pray the tyll indyte
Off my Infortune sum Remembrance,
Or, at the leist, my Tragedie to wryte,
and prayed me to make a record of them. As I to the sall schaw the Circumstance,
In teirmes breue, of my vnhappy chance,
Sen my beginnyng tyll my faitell ende,
Quhilk I wald tyll all creature war kende.

☜ I not, said I, mak sic memoriall,
Geue of thy name I had Intelligence.
He told me his name, and dictated as follows: I am Dauid, that cairfull Cardinall,—
Quhilk doith appeir, said he, to thy presens,—
That vmquhyle had so gret preeminens.
Than he began his dedis tyll indyte,
As ȝe sall heir: and I began to wryte.

☞ THE TRAGEDIE.

☜ I, Dauid Betone, Umquhyle Cardinall,
Off nobyll blude, be lyne, I did discend :
Duryng my tyme, I had no perigall ;
Bot now is cum, allace ! my faitell end.
Aye, gre by gre, vpwarte I did ascende ;
Swa that in to this realme did neuer ryng
So gret one man as I, vnder ane kyng.

Quhen I was ane ȝoung Ioly gentyll man,
Prencis to serue I sett my hole intent.
First, tyll ascende, at Arbroith I began,—
Ane Abasie of gret ryches and rent ;
Off that estait, ȝit, was I nocht contente :
To get more ryches, Dignitie, and glore,
My hart was set : allace ! allace ! tharefore.

☞ I maid sic seruyce tyll our Souerane kyng,
He did Promoue me tyll more hie estait,—
One Prince, abufe all preistis for tyll ryng,
Arschibyschope of Sanctandrous consecrat.
Tyll that honour quhen I wes Eleuate,
My prydefull hart was nocht content, at all,
Tyll that I create wes one Cardinall.

☜ ȝit praist I tyll haue more auctoritie,
And, fynalie, was chosin Chancelare,
And, for vphalding of my dignitie,
Was maid Legate : than had I no compare.
I purcheist—for my proffect singulare,
My Boxsis and my Threasure tyll auance,—
The Byschopreik of Merapose, in France.

44 I was of noble blood, and gradually rose to great eminence.

52 First, I was Abbot of Arbroath ;

60 next, Archbishop of S. Andrews ;

64

subsequently, Legate, &c. ;

68

then, prepotent in Scotland.

Off all Scotland I had the Gouernall;
But my awyse, concludit wes no thyng:
Abbot, Byschope, Archibyschope, Cardinall,
In to this Realme no hiear could I ryng,
Bot I had bene Pape, Emperour, or Kyng.
For schortnes of the tyme, I am nocht abyll
At lenth to schaw my actis honorabyll.

I was prodigal; and I gamed deep.

¶ For my moste Princelye Prodigalytie,
Amang prelatis in france, I bure the pryse:
I schew my Lordlye Lyberalytie,
In Banketting, playng at cartis, and Dyse:
In to sic wysedome I was haldin wyse,
And sparit nocht to playe, with Kyng nor knycht,
Thre thousand crownis of gold, vpon ane nycht.

One royal marriage I arranged,

¶ In France I maid seir honest Voyagis,
Quhare I did Actis ding of Remembrance.
Throuch me war maid Tryumphand Mariagis,
Tyll our Souerane boith proffet and plesance.
Quene Magdalene, the first Dochter of france,
With gret ryches, was in to Scotland brocht:
That mariage, throch my wysedome, wes wrocht.

and, afterwards, another.

Efter quhose deith, in france I paste agane:
The secunde Quene homwart I did conuoye,—
That Lustye princes, Marie de Lorane,—
Quhilk wes resauit with gret tryumphe & Ioye.
So seruit I our rycht Redouttit Roye.
Sone efter that, Harye, of Ingland Kyng,
Off our Souerane desyrit ane commonyng.

¶ Off that metyng our Kyng wes weill content,
So that in ȝorck was sett boith tyme and place:
Bot our Prelatis nor I wald neuer consent
That he sulde se Kyng Harye in the face;
Bot we wer weill content—quhowbeit his grace

I frustrated a congress

Had salit the sey,—to speik with ony vther,
Except that kyng, quhilk was his mother brother:

Quhair throch *th*ar rose gret weir & mortal stryfe,
Gret heirschipp*is*, ho*n*nger, darth, and desolatioun:
On ather syde did mony lose thare lyfe.
Geue I wald mak ane trew Narratioun,
I causit all that trybulatioun:
For tyll tak peace I neuer wald consent,
Wythout the kyng of france had bene content.

¶ Duryng this weir war takin presoneris,
Off nobyll men, fechtyng full furiouslie,
Mony one Lorde, Barrone, and Bachileris,
Quhar throuch our king tuke sic melancolie
Quhilk draue hym to the dede, rycht dulefullie.
Extreme Dolour ouirset did so his hart,
That from this lyfe, allace! he did depart.

Bot, efter that boith strenth and speche wes lesit,
Ane paper blank his grace I gart subscryue,
In to the quhilk I wrait all that I plesit,
Efter his deth,—quhilk lang war tyll discryue.
Throuch that wrytting I purposit, belyue,
With supporte of sum Lordis beneuolens,
In this Regioun tyll haue Preemynens.

As for my Lord, our rychteous Gouernour,
Geue I wald schortlie schaw the veritie,
Tyll hym I had no maner of fauour,
Duryng that tyme, I purposit that hee
Suld neuir cum to none Auctoritie:
For his supporte, tharefor, he brocht amang ws,
Furth of Ingland, the nobyll Erle of Angous.

Than was I put abak frome my purpose,
And suddantlie caste in captyuitie,—

of kings,
and so caused lamentable evils,
to the death of our Sovereign.
I practised selfish treachery,
but was foiled in my devices;
and then

I was cast into prison.

My prydefull hart to dant, as I suppose,—
Deuysit by the heych Diuinitie.
3it in my hart sprang no humylitie :
Bot now the word of God full weill I knaw,—
Quho dois exault hym self, God sall hym law.

In the meine tyme, quhen I wes so subiectit,
Treaties were made with England.
Ambassaldouris war sent in to Ingland,
Quhare thay boith peace and mariage contractit ;
And, more surelie for tyll obserue that band,
War promeist diuers pleagis of Scotland.
Off that contract I wes no way content,
Nor neuir wald thare to geue my consent,

Tyll Capytanis that kepit me in waird,
Gyftis of gold I gaue thame, gret plentie ;
Rewlaris of court I rychelie did rewaird,
Through bribery, I was set free.
Quhare throuch I chapit frome Captyuitie :
Bot, quhen I was fre, at my libertie,
Than, lyke ane Lyone lowsit of his Caige,
Out throuch this realme I gan to reil and rage.

Contrare the Gouernour and his companie
Oft tymes maid I insurrectioun,
I plotted against the State,
Purposyng for tyll haue hym haistelie
Subdewit on to my correctioun,
Or put hym tyll extreme subiectioun.
Duryng this tyme, geue it war weill dissydit,
This realme by me was vterlie deuydit.

The Gouernour purposyng to subdew,
I rasit ane oyste of mony bald Baroun,
And maid ane raid quhilk Lythgow 3it may rew ;
and entered on active hostilities,
For we distroyit ane myle about the town.
For that I gat mony blak malysoun :
3it, contrare the Gouernouris intent,
With our 3oung Princes, we to Steruilyng went.

For heygh contemptioun of the Gouernour,
I brocht the Erle of Lennox furth of France:
That lustie Lord, leuand in gret plesour,
Did loce that land and honest ordinance.
Bot he and I fell, soune, at variance,
And, throch my counsall, was, within schort space,
Forfaltit and flemit: he gat none vther grace.

The Earl of Lennox was disgraced through me.

Than, throuch my prudens, pratyke, and ingyne,
Our Gouernour I causit to consent,
Full quyetlie to my counsale inclyne;
Quhareof his Nobyllis war nocht weill content;
For quhy I gart dissolue, in plane Parliament,
The band of peace contractit with Ingland,
Quharthroch com harme & heirschip to scotland.

I ingratiated myself with our King.

¶ That peace brokin, arrose new mortall weris,
Be sey and land sic reif without releif,
Quhilk to report my frayit hart afferis.
The veritie to schaw, in termes breif,
I was the rute of all that gret myscheif.
The south countre may saye, it had been gude
That my Noryce had smorde me in my cude.

The deplorable fruit of my counsels.

I wes the cause of mekle more myschance,
For vphald of my glore and dignitie,
And plesour of the potent Kyng of france.
With Ingland wald I haue no vnitie:
Bot, quho consydder wald the veritie,
We mycht full weill haue leuit in peace and rest,
Nyne or ten ȝeris, and than playit lowis or fast.

With England I would have no unity,

Had we with Ingland kepit our contrackis,
Our nobyll men had leuit in peace and rest,

to the

dire misfortune of Scotland.

Our Marchandis had nocht lost so mony packis
Our commoun peple had nocht bene opprest;
On ather syde, all wrangis had bene redrest:
Bot Edinburgh, sen syne, Leith, and Kyngorne
The day and hour may ban that I was borne.

¶ Our Gouernour, to mak hym to me sure,
With sweit and subtell wordis I did him syle,
Tyll I his Sone and Air gat in my cure.

Prosecuting my schemes,

To that effect, I fand that crafty wyle,
That he no maner of waye mycht me begyle:
Than leuch I, quhen his liegis did allege
Quhow I his Sone had gottin in to plege.

The Erle of Angus and his Germane brother,
I purposit to gar thame lose thare lyfe;
Rycht so, tyll haue distroyit mony vther,

I proposed wholesale ruin.

Sum, with the fyre, sum, with the sword and knyfe;
In speciale, mony gentyll men of fyfe;
And purposit tyll put to gret Torment
All fauoraris of the auld and new Testament.

Than euery freik thay tuke of me sic feir,
That tyme quhen I had so gret Gouernans,

Great was the dread of me.

Gret Lordis, dreidyng I sulde do thame deir,
Thay durst nocht cum tyll court, but assurans:
Sen syne thair hes nocht bene sic varians.
Now, tyll our Prince Barronis, obedientlie,
But assurance, thay cum, full courteslie.

My hope was moste in to the kyng of france,
To gyddir with the Popis holynes,
More nor in God, my worschipe tyll auance.

My trust was not in God.

I traistit so in to thare gentylnes,
That no man durste presome me tyll oppres:

Bot, quhen the day come of my faitell hure
Far was frome me thare supporte and succoure.

Than, to preserue my ryches and my lyfe,
I maid one strynth, of wallis heych and braid,—
Sic ane Fortres wes neuer found in fyfe,— I built me a strong castle.
Beleuand thare durst no man me inuaid.
Now fynd I trew the saw quhilk Dauid said,—
Without God of ane hous be maister of wark,
He wyrkis in vaine, thocht it be neuer so stark.

For I was, throuch the hie power Diuine,
Rycht dulefulliye doung down amang the asse,
Quhilk culd not be throch mortal mannis ingyne:
Bot, as Dauid did slay the gret Gollyasse, But I fell, like Holofernes,
Or Holopharne be Judeth keillit wasse,
In myd amang his tryumphant Armye,
So was I slane in to my cheiff Cietie.

Quhen I had gretest Dominatioun,
As Lucifer had in the heuin Impyre,
Came, suddantlyie, my Depryuatioun assailed when at the height of my power.
Be thame quhilk did my dolent deith conspyre.
So creuell was thare furious byrnand Yre,
I gat no tyme, layser, nor lybertie,
To saye In Manus Tuas Domine.

☞ Behald my Faitell Infylicitie:
I beand in my strenth Incomparabyll,
That dreidfull Dungioun maid me no supple, Sudden was my destruction.
My gret ryches, nor rentis proffitabyll.
My Syluer work, Iowellis inestimabyll,
My Papall pompe, of gold my ryche threasure,
My lyfe, and all, I loste in half ane hour.

¶ To the peple wes maid ane Spectakle
Off my dede and deformit Carioun. My death

Sum said, it wes ane manifest Myrakle;
was accounted providential. Sum said, it was Diuine Punitioun,
So to be slane, in to my strang Dungeoun.
Quhen euery man had Iugit as hym lyste,
Thay Saltit me, syne cloist me in ane kyste.

For seven months I lay unburied. I laye vnburyit sewin monethtis and more,
Or I was borne to closter, kirk, or queir,
In ane mydding,—quhilk paine bene tyll deplore,—
Without suffrage of Chanoun, Monk, or freir.
All proude Prelatis at me may Lessonis leir,
Quhilk rang so lang, and so tryumphantlie,
Syne, in the dust doung doun so dulefullie.

TO THE PRELATIS.

O ȝe My Brether Prencis of the Preistis,
I mak ȝow, hartly, Supplycatioun,
Boith nycht and day reuolfe, in to ȝour breistis,
The Proces of my Depriuatioun.
Consydder quhat bene ȝour Uocatioun:
To follow me I pray ȝow nocht pretend ȝow,
Bot reid at lenth this Sedull that I send ȝow.

Let ecclesiarchs take warning from me,

ȝe knaw quhow Iesu his Disciplis sent,
Ambassaldouris, tyll euery Natioun,
To schaw his law and his commandiment
To all peple, by Predycatioun.
Tharefor I mak to ȝow Narratioun,
Sen ȝe to thame ar verray Successouris,
ȝe aucht tyll do as did ȝour Predicessouris.

and do aright their ghostly duty.

Quhow dar ȝe be so bauld tyll tak on hand
For to be Herraldis to so gret one Kyng,
To beir his Message boith to burgh and land,
ȝe beand dum, and can pronunce no thyng,
Lyke Menstralis that can nocht play nor sing!
Or quhy suld men geue to sic Hirdis hyre,
Quhilk can not gyde thare scheip about *the* myre?

Woe to them, if incompetent!

Schame ȝe nocht to be Christis seruaturis,
And, for ȝour fee, hes gret Temporall landis,
Syne of ȝour office can nocht take the curis,
As Cannone Law & Scripture ȝow co*m*mandis!
ȝe wyll not want teind cheif, nor offrandis,

They should shame to neglect their cure,

Teinde woll, teind lamb, teind calf, teind gryce and guse;

and to exact. To mak seruyce 3e ar all out of vse.

Remembering my history, let them amend.
My deir brether, do nocht as 3e war wount;
Amend 3our lyfe now, quhill 3our day Induris:
Traist weill, 3e sall be callit to 3our count
Off euerilk thyng belanging to 3our curis.
Leif hasarttrie, 3our harlottrie, and huris,
Remembring on my vnprouisit dede;
For efter deith may no man mak remede.

Prelates should not delegate their teaching.
3e Prelat*is*, quhilk*is* hes thousandis for to spende,
3e send ane sempyll freir for 3ow to preche:
It is 3our craft,—I mak it to 3ow kend,—
3our selfis, in 3our Templis, for to teche.
Bot farlye nocht, thocht syllie freris fleche;
For, and thay planelie schaw the veritie,
Than wyll thay want the Byschope charitie.

They should provide spiritual food.
Quharefor bene gewin 3ow sic Royall rent,
Bot for tyll fynd the peple Spirituall fude,
Prechand to thame the auld and new testament?
The law of God doith planelye so conclude.
Put nocht 3our hope in to no war*l*dly gude,
As I haue done: behauld, my gret threasoure
Maid me no helpe, at my vnhappye houre.

When consecrated, I pledged myself heedlessly;
¶ That day quhen I was Byschope consecrat,
The gret Byble wes bound apon my bak:
Quhat wes tharein lytill I knew, god wat,
More than ane beist berand ane precious pak.
Bot haistelie my conuenent I brak;
For I wes oblyste, with my awin consent,
The law of God to preche with gude intent.

and it is
☞ Brether, rycht so, quhen 3e wer consecrat,
3e oblyste 3ow all on the sammyn wyse.

3e may be callit Byschoppis countrafait,
As Gallandis buskit for to mak ane gyse.
Now thynk I, Prencis ar no thyng to pryse,
Tyll geue ane famous office tyll ane fule;
As quho walde putt ane Myter on ane Mule.

the same with my brother bishops.

Allace! and 3e that sorrowfull sycht hade syne,
Quhow I laye bulrand, baithit in my blude,
To mend 3our lyfe it had occasioun bene,
And laif 3our auld corruptit conswetude:
Fail3eing thare of, than, schortlie I conclude,
Without 3e frome 3our rebaldrye arryse,
3e sall be seruit on the sammyn wyse.

Failing repentance, my lot will be theirs.

☞ TO THE PRENCIS.

¶ Imprudent Prencis, but discretioun,
Hauyng, in erth, power Imperiall,
3e bene the cause of this Transgressioun:
Kings often choose amiss in spirituals. I speik to 3ow all, in to generall,
Quhilk doith dispone all office spirituall,
Geuand the saulis, quhilk*is* bene Chrystis scheip,
To blynd Pastour*is*, but conscience, to keip.

¶ Quhen 3e, Prencis, doith laik ane officiar,
Ane Baxster, Browster, or ane maister Cuke,
Ane trym Tail3eour, ane counnyng Cordonar,
As they select craftsmen, looking to their skill, Ouir all the land at lenth 3e wyll gar luke
Most abyll men sic officis tyll bruke,—
Ane Browster quhilk can brew moste hoilsu*m* aill,
Ane cu*n*nyng Cuke quhilk best can cessone caill,

Ane Tail3eour quhilk hes fosterit bene in fra*n*ce,
That can mak garmentis on the gayest gyse.
3e Prencis bene the cause of this myschance,
so they should do, with reference to church matters, That, quhen thare doith vaik ony benefyse,
3e aucht tyll do apone the sammyn wyse,—
Gar sears and seik, baith in to burgh and lande,
The law of God quho best can vnderstande.

and nominate bishops, &c., according to their fitness; Mak hym Byschope, that prudentlie can preche,
As dois pertene tyll his vocatioun;
Ane Persone, quhilk his Parisone can teche:
Gar Uicaris mak dew Mynistratioun.
And, als, I mak 3ow supplicatioun,
Mak 3our Abbotis of rycht Religious men,
Quhilk Christis law can to thare Conuent ken,

Bot not to rebaldis new cum frome the roste,
Nor of ane stuffat stollin out of ane stabyll,—
The quhilk in to the scule maid neuer na coste,
Nor neuer was tyll Spirituall science abyll,
Except the cartis, the dyce, the ches, and tabyll,—
Off Rome rakaris, nor of rude Ruffianis,
Off calsay Paikaris, nor of Publycanis,

¶ Nor to Fantastyke fenzeit flattaris,—
Most meit to gather mussillis in to Maye,—
Off Cowhubeis, nor, zit, of clatterraris,
That in the kirk can nother sing nor saye,
Thocht thay be clokit vp in clerkis arraye,
Lyke doytit Doctoris new cum out of Athenis,
And mummyll ouer ane pair of maglit matenis.

✠ Nocht qualyfeit to bruke ane benefyse,
Bot throuch schir Symonis solystatioun,
I was promouit on the sammyn wyse,—
Allace! throuch Prencis supplycatioun,—
And maid, in Rome, throuch fals narratioun,
Byschope, Abbote, bot no Religious man:
Quho me promouit I now thare banis ban.

Quhowbeit I was Legat and Cardinall,
Lytill I knew tharein quhat sulde be done;
I vnderstude no science spirituall,
No more than did blynd Alane of the mone.
I dreid the Kyng that syttith heych abone
On zow Prencis sall mak sore punischement,
Rycht so, on ws, throuch rychteous Iugement:

¶ On zow, Prencis, for vndescreit geuyng,
Tyll Ignorantis, sic officis tyll vse;
And we, for our Inoportune askyng,
Quhilk sulde haue done sic dignitie refuse.

372 not making such of unruly livers,
376
380 unqualified persons, &c., &c.
384
388 I myself exemplified what I here denounce,
392
396 and shall rue it, as will my patrons;
400 they, for giving, and I, for asking and accepting.

Our Ignorance hes done the warld abuse,
Throuch Couatyce of ryches and of rent.
That euer I was ane Prelate I repent.

Of nuns and she parsons.

O Kyngis, mak ȝe no cair to geue, in cure,
Uirginis profest in to Religioun,
In tyll the keipyng of ane commoun hure?
To mak, thynk ȝe nocht gret diresioun,
Ane woman Persone of ane parisoun,
Quhare thare bene two thousand saulis to gyde,
That frome Harlots can not hir hyppis hyde?

King David foresaw not what we now see.

Quhat and Kyng Dauid leuit in thir dayis,
Or out of heuin quhat and he lukit down,
The quhilk did found so mony fair Abbayis!
Seand the gret Abhominatioun
In mony abayis of this Natioun,
He wald repent, that Narrowit so his boundis
Off ȝeirly rent thre score of thousand poundis.

Mend, ye kings; or be damned!

Quharefor I counsayle eueryilk christinit kyng,
With in his realme mak Reformatioun,
And suffer no mo Rebaldis for to ryng
Abufe Christis trew Congregatioun:
Failȝeying thareof, I mak Narratioun
That ȝe Prencis and Prelatis, all at onis,
Sall bureit be in hell, Saule, blude, and bonis.

That euer I brukit Benefice I rew,
Or to sic hycht so proudely did pretend.

Farewell; and write my story.

I man depart: tharefor, my freinds, adew:
Quhare euer it plesith God, now man I wend.
I praye the tyll my freindis me Recommend,
And failȝe nocht at lenth to put in wryte
My Tragedie, as I haue done Indyte.

☞ FINIS.

THEIR FOLLOUIS THE TESTAMENT AND COMPLAYNT OF OUR SOUERANE LORDIS PAPYNGO, KYNG IAMES THE FYFT, QUHILK LYITH SORE WOUNDIT, AND MAY NOT DEE TYLL EUERY MAN HAUE HARD QUHAT HE[1] SAYIS. QUHAREFOR, GENTYLL REDARIS, HAIST 3OW, THAT HE[1] WER OUT OF PAINE.

¶ COMPLYIT BE SCHIR DAUID LYNDESAY, OF THE MONT, KNYCHT, ALIAS, LYONE KYNG OF ARMES.

SUPPOSE I had Ingyne Angelicall,
With sapience more than Salamonicall,
I not quhat mater put in memorie;
The Poetis auld, in style Heroycall,
In breue subtell termes Rethorycall,
Off euerilke mater, tragedie, and storie,
So ornatlie, to thare heych laude and glorie,
Haith done Indyte, quhose supreme sapience
Transcendith far[2] the dull Intellygence

¶ Off Poetis now in tyll our vulgare[3] toung;
For quhy the bell of Rethorick bene roung
Be Chawceir, Goweir, and Lidgate laureate.
Quho[4] dar presume thir Poetis tyll Impung,
Quhose sweit sentence throuch Albione bene[5] *song*?
Or quho can now the workis cuntrafait
Off Kennedie, with termes aureait?
Or of Dunbar, quhilk language had at large,
As maye be sene in tyll his golden targe?
Quintyng, Mersar, Rowle, Henderson, hay, and holland,

Poetry has been exhausted by my predecessors.

Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate,

Kennedy,

Dunbar,

Quintyne, &c.,

[1] Later eds. read scho [2] E fra [3] E wulgare
[4] P Quhoo [5] E bee

are dead; Thocht thay be ded, *th*ar libells bene leu*a*nd,
Quhilkis to reheirs[1] makeith redaris to reiose.
Allace for one, quhilk lampe wes of this land,
Off Eloquence the flowand balmy strand,
And, in our Inglis rethorick, the rose,
As of Rubeis the Charbunckle bene chose!
And, as Phebus dois Synthia presell,
and so is Bp. Gavin Douglas, So Gawane Dowglas, Byschope of Dunkell,

¶ Had, quhen he wes in to this land on lyue,
Abufe vulgare Poetis prerogatyue,
Boith in pratick[2] and speculatioun.
I saye no more: gude redaris may discryue
His worthy workis, in nowmer[3] mo than fyue,
specially renowned for his Translation of Virgil. And, speciallye, the trew Translatioun
Off Uirgill, quhilk bene consolatioun
To cunnyng men, to knaw his gret Ingyne,
Als weill in Naturall Science as Deuyne.

And, in the courte, bene present, in thir dayis,
That ballattis breuis lustellie and layis,
Quhilks tyll our Prince daylie thay do present.
Several living poets Quho ca*n* say more tha*n* schir Iames Inglis says,
In ballatts,[4] farses, and in plesand playis?
Bot Culrose hes his pen maid Impotent.
Kyde, in cunnyng and pratick rycht prudent;
And Stewarte, quhilk disyrith one staitly style,
Full Ornate werkis daylie dois compyle.

Stewart of Lorne wyll carpe rycht curiouslie;
Galbreith, Kynlouch, quhe*n* thay lyst tham applie
In to that art, ar craftie of Ingyne.
are named and Bot, now of lait, is starte vpe, haistelie,
One cunnyng Clerk, quhilk wrytith craftelie,
One plant of Poetis, callit Ballentyne,
Quhose ornat workis my wytt can nocht defyne:

[1] E rehers [2] E practik [3] E numer [4] E ballatis

Gett he in to the courte auctoritie, eulogized.
He wyll precell Quintyng and Kennetie.

So, thocht I had ingyne,—as I haue none,—
I watt[1] nocht quhat to wryt, be sweit sanct Ihone;[2]
For quhy, in all the garth of Eloquence,
Is no thyng left bot barrane stok and stone:
The Poleit termes ar pullit, euerilk one, Declining to be a mere copyist,
Be thir forenamit Poetis of prudence;
And, sen I fynd non vther new sentence,
I sall declare, or I depart 3ow fro,
The complaynt[3] of ane woundit Papingo.

Quharefor, because myne mater bene so rude I tell, without rhetoric, the complaint of a wounded popinjay.
Off sentence, and of Rethorike denude,
To rurall folke myne dyting bene directit,
Far flemit frome the sycht of men of gude;
For cunnyng men, I knaw, wyll soune[4] conclude
It dowe no thyng bot for to be deiectit:
And, quhen I heir myne mater bene detractit,
Than sall I sweir, I maid it bot in mowis,
To landwart lassis quhilks kepith kye & 3owis.

[1] E wat [2] E Ione [3] E complent [4] E sone

☞ HEIR ENDIS THE PROLOUG, AND FOLLOWIS THE COMPLAYNT.

QUHO clymmis to hycht, perforce his feit mon faill:
Expreme I sal[1] that be Experience,
Geue that ȝow pleis to heir one pieteous[2] taill,
A fair bird perished helplessly. How[3] one fair Bird be faitell violence
Deuorit was, and mycht mak no defence
Contrare the deth, so failȝeit[4] naturall strenth;
As efter I sall schaw ȝow at more lenth.

¶ One Papyngo, rycht plesand and perfyte,
Presentit was tyll our moist nobyll kyng,
Of quhome his grace one lang tyme had delyte:
More fair of forme, I wat, flew neuer on wyng.
The king had a parrot, whom I taught. This proper bird he gaue in gouernyng
To me, quhilk wes his simpyll seruetoure,
On quhome I did my delygence and cure,

¶ To lerne hir language artificiall,
To play platfute, and quhissill fute before.
She was most apt in imitation, Bot, of hir Inclynatioun naturall,
Scho countrafaitit all fowlis, les and more:
Off hir curage, scho wald, without my lore,
Syng lyke *the* Merle, and crawe lyke to the coke,
Pew lyk *the* Gled, and chant lyke the Lauerock,

¶ Bark lyk ane Dog, and kekell lyke ane ka,
Blait lyke ane hog, and buller lyke ane bull,
Gaill lyke ane goik,[5] and greit quhen scho wes wa;
and every way clever; Clym on ane[6] corde, syne lauch and play the fule:

[1] E sell [2] E pituus [3] E Quhow [4] E falȝet [5] E golk [6] E omitted

Scho mycht haue bene ane menstrall agane ȝule. and she was constantly with me.
This blyssit bird wes to me so plesande,
Quhare euer I fure, I bure hir on my hande.

¶ And so befell, in tyll ane myrthfull morrow,
In to my garth I past, me to repose,—
This bird and I, as we wer[1] wount aforrow,— One morning I took her into my garden.
Amang the flowris fresche, fragrant, and formose.
My vitale spretis dewlie did reiose,
Quhen Phebus rose, and raue the cloudis sabyll,
Throuch brychtnes of his beamys amyabyll.

☞ Without vapour was weill purificate
The temperat[2] air, soft, sober, and serene;
The erth be Nature so edificate
With holsum herbis, blew, quhyte, reid, & grene;
Quhilk eleuate my spretis frome the splene. I was in high spirits;
That day[3] Saturne nor Mars durst not appeir,
Nor Eole of his coue he durst nocht steir.

☞ That daye perforce behuffit to be fair,
Be Influence and cours celestiall:
No planete presit[4] for to perturbe the air; for the weather was fine;
For Mercurious, be mouyng naturall,
Exaultit wes, in to the throne tryumphall
Off his mantioun,[5] vnto the fyftene gre,
In his awin souerane signe of virginee.[6]

¶ That day did Phebus plesandlie depart
Frome Geminie, and enterit[7] in Cancer;
That daye Cupido did extend his dart;
Uenus, that daye, coniunit with Iupiter; the sun and the planets
That daye Neptunus hid hym, lyke one sker;
That daye dame Nature, with gret besynes,
Fortherit Flora to keyth hir craftynes:

¶ And retrograde[8] wes Mars in Capricorne, conspiring
And Synthea in Sagitter assesit;

[1] E war [2] E temporat [3] E omitted [4] E planeit persit
[5] E motioun [6] E virginitie [7] E enter [8] E retrogarde

That daye dame Ceres, goddes of the corne,
to cause serenity. Full Ioyfullie Iohane Upponland[1] applesit;
The bad espect of Saturne wes appesit,
That daye, be Iono,[2]—of Iupiter the Ioye,—
Perturband spretis causyng to hauld coye.

The sound of birdis surmontit[3] all the skyis,
With melodie of notis Musycall;
All nature was charming. The balmy droppis of dew Tytane vpdryis,
Hyngande vpone the tender twystis small.
The heuinlie hew and sound Angelicall
Sic perfyte plesoure prentit in myne hart,
That, with gret pyne, frome thyne I mycht depart.

Still, I was not long in happy mood. ¶ So, styll amang those herbis amyabyll
I did remane one space, for my pastance:
Bot warldlie plesour bene so variabyll,—
Myxit with sorrow, dreid, and Inconstance,—
That thare in tyll is no contyneuance.
So, mycht I saye, my schorte solace, allace!
Was dreuin in dolour, in one lytill space.

For, in that garth, amang those fragrant flouris,
Walkyng allone,—none bot my bird and Ye,—
Onto to the tyme that I had said myne houris,
The bird climbed a tree, beyond reach. This Bird I sett vpon one branche me bye:
Bot scho began to speill, rycht spedalie,[4]
And in that tree scho did so heych ascende,
That be no waye I mycht hir apprehende.

Sweit bird, said I, be war, mont nocht ouer hie;
Returne in tyme; perchance thy feit may failȝe;
I warned her; but she ventured still higher. Thov art rycht fat, and nocht weill vsit to fle;
The gredie gled, I dreid, schc the assailȝe.
I wyll, said scho, ascend, vailȝe quod vailȝe:
It is my kynd to clym, aye, to the hycht:
Off fedther and bone, I watt weill, I am wycht.

[1] E Vpland [2] E Iuno [3] E sormontit [4] E plesandlie

So, on the heychast lytill tender twyste,
With wyng displayit, scho sat full wantounlie:
Bot Boreas blew one blast, or euer scho wyst,
Quhilk braik the branche, and blew hir, sodantlie,
Doun to the ground, with mony cairfull crye:
Upon ane stob scho lychit, on hir breist;
The blude ruschit[1] out, and scho cryit for a preist.

The wind blew her down, wounded.

God wat gyff than my hart wes wo begone,
To see that fowle flychter amang the flouris,
Quhilk, *with* gret murnyng, gan to mak hir mone.
Now cumyng ar, said scho, the faitall houris;
Off bitter deth now mon I thole the schouris.
O dame Nature, I pray the, of thy grace,
Len me layser to speik one lytill space,

She prayed for longer life.

For to complene my fait Infortunate,
And so dispone my geir,[2] or I depart;
Sen of all conforte I am desolate,
Allone, except the deth, heir with his darte,
With aufull cheir, reddy to peirs myne hart.
And, with that word, scho tuke one passioun,
Syne flatlyngis fell, and swappit in to[3] swoun.

Then she fell, and swooned,

With sory hart, peirst with compassioun,
And salt teris distellyng frome myne Eine,
To heir that birdis lamentatioun,
I did aproche, onder ane hauthorne grene,
Quhare I mycht heir and se, and be vnsene;
And, quhen this bird had swounit twyse or thryse,
Scho gan to speik, sayng on this wyse:

but recovered, and spoke,

¶ O fals Fortune, quhy hes thov me begylit?
This day at morne quho knew this cairfull cace?
Uaine hope in the my reasoun haith exilit,
Hauyng sic traist in to thy fenȝeit face.

blaming false Fortune,

[1] E ruscit [2] E gair [3] E omitted

who brought her to the Court.

That euer I wes brocht in to the court, allace!
Had I in forrest flowin, amang my feris,
I mycht full weill haue leuit mony 3eris.

Prudent counsell, allace! I did refuse,
Agane reassoun vsyng myne appetyte:

Ambition proved her ruin;

Ambitioun[1] did so myne hart abuse,
That Eolus had me in gret dispyte.
Poetis of me haith mater to indyte,
Quhilk clam so heych: and wo is[2] me thairfore,[3]
Nocht doutyng that the deth durste me deuore.

This daye, at morne, my forme[4] and feddrem fair
Abufe the prude Pacoke[5] war precellande;

and now she must die.

And now, one catyue carioun, full of cair.
Baithand in blude doun from my hart distellaṅd!
And in myne eir the bell of deith bene knelland.
O fals warld, fy on thy felycitie,
Thy Pryde, Auaryce, and Immundicitie!

¶ In the, I see, no thyng bene permanent;
Off thy schort solace sorrow is the ende;
Thy fals Infortunate gyftis bene bot lent:

The good things of the world are vain.

This day, ful proude[6]; the morne, no thyng to spend.
O 3e that doith pretende aye tyll ascend,
My fatale ende haue in rememberance,
And 3ow defende frome sic vnhappy chance.

Quhydder that I wes strickin in extasie,
Or throuch one stark Imagynatioun,
Bot it apperit, in myne Fantasie,
I hard this dolent lamentatioun.
Thus dullit in to desolatioun,

She seemed to send this counsel to the king:

Me thocht this bird did breue, in hir maneir,
Hir counsale to the Kyng, as 3e sall heir.

[1] E Ambisioun [2] E weis [3] Ē tharefoir
[4] E frome [5] E Pecoke [6] P prude

☞ HEIR FOLLOWIS THE FIRST EPYSTYLL OF THE PAPYNGO, DIRECT TO KYNG IAMES THE FYFT.

PREPOTENT Prince, peirles of pulchritude,
Glore, honour, laude, tryumphe, & victore
Be to thy heych excellent Celsitude,
With Marciall dedis dyng of memorie.
Sen Atropus[1] consumit haith my glorie,
And dolente deith, allace! mon ws depart,
I leif to the my trew[2] vnfenʒeit hart,

☞ To gydder with this[3] Cedull subsequent,
With moist reuerent Reconmendatioun.
I grant, thy grace gettis mony one document,—
Be famous Fatheris predicatioun,
With mony notabyll Narratioun,
Be plesande Poetis, in style Heroycall,—
Quhov thow suld gyde thy Seait Imperiall.

¶ Sum doith deplore the gret Calamiteis
Off diuers Realmes Transmutatioun;
Sum pieteouslie doith treait of Tragedeis,
All for thy graces Informatioun:
So I intend, but adullatioun,
In to my barbour rusticall indyte,
Amang the reste, schir, sum thyng for to wryte.

☞ Souerane, consaue this simpyll similytude
Off officiaris seruyng thy Senʒeorie:
Quho gydis thame weil gettis of thy grace gret gude;
Quho bene Iniuste degradit[4] ar of glorie,

Sire, dying, I leave thee my heart,

and this document,

following precedent.

Advice as to treatment

[1] E Antropus [2] E trow [3] E his [4] E degardit

of servants.

And cancillat out of thy memorie;
Prouidyng, syne, more plesand in thare place:
Beleue, rycht so sall God do with thy grace.

¶ Considder weill, thow bene bot officiare
And wassall to that kyng Incomparabyll:
Preis thov to pleis that puissant[1] prince preclare,

Thou thyself art but a servant.

Thy ryche rewarde salbe Inestimabyll,
Exaultit heych, in glore Interminabyll,
Abone Archangels, virtus, potestatis,[2]
Plesandlie placit amang the Principatis.

Poets will laud thee, if just.

¶ Off thy vertew Poetis perpetuallie
Sall mak mentioun, vnto the warld be endit:
So thov excers thyne office prudentlie,
In heuin and erth thy grace salbe commendit:
Quharefor, afeir that he be nocht offendit,
Quhilk hes exaultit the to sic honour,—
Off his peple to be one Gouernour,—

¶ And, in the erth, haith maid sic ordinance,
Under thy feit all thyng terrestryall
Ar subiect to thy plesour and pastance.

Thy rights are most ample;

Boith fowle, and fysche,[3] and bestis pastorall,
Men, to thy seruyce, and wemen, thay bene thrall:
Halkyng, hountyng, armes, and leiffull amour[4]
Preordinat ar, be God, for thy plesour,—

¶ Maisteris of Museik, to recreat thy spreit
With dantit voce and plesande Instrument.
Thus may thov be of all plesouris repleit,

but thou hast duties, too.

So in thyne office thov be deligent.
Bot, be thov found sleuthfull, or negligent,
Or Iniuste in thyne exicutioun,
Thov sall nocht faill deuine puneissioun.

¶ Quharefor, sen thov hes sic capacitie,

Learn, then,

To lerne to[5] playe so plesandlie, and syng,

[1] E pussant [2] E potestas [3] E feysche [4] E armour [5] E and

Ryde hors, ryn speris with gret audacitie,
Schute with hand bow, crosbow,[1] and culueryng,
Amang the rest, schir, lerne to be ane kyng: with other things, to be a king.
Kyith, on that craft, thy pringnant fresche ingyne,
Grantit to the be Influence Diuine.

¶ And, sen the Diffinitioun of ane kyng
Is, for to haue of peple gouernance,
Addres the, first, abufe all vther thyng, First of all, govern thyself.
Tyll put thy bodye tyll sic ordinance,
That thyne vertew thyne honour may auance.
For quhov suld Prencis gouerne gret regionis,
That can nocht dewlie gyde thare awin personis?

¶ And, geue thy grace wald leif rycht plesandlie,
Call thy Counsale, and cast on thame the cure;
Thare Iuste Decretis defend and fortyfie.
But gude counsale, may no Prince lang indure: Rest on good counsellors.
Wyrk with counsale, than sall thy work be sure.
Cheis thy counsale of the moste Sapient,
Without regarde to blude, ryches, or rent.

¶ Amang all vther pastyme and plesour,
Now, in thy adolescent 3eris 3eing,
Wald thov, ilk day, studie, bot half one hour, Study, daily, the art of governing.
The Regiment of princelie gouernyng,
To thy peple it war ane plesand thyng:
Thare mycht thov fynd thyne awin vocatioun,
Quhov thov suld vse thy sceptour,[2] swerd, & croun.

☞ The Cronecklis[3] to knaw I the exhorte,
Quhilk may be myrrour to thy Maiestie:
Thare sall thov fynd boith[4] gude & euyll reporte Moreover, explore the chronicles.
Off euerilk Prince, efter his qualytie:
Thocht thay be dede, thare deidis sall nocht dee.
Traist weill, thov salbe stylit, in that storie,
As thov deseruis putt in memorie.

[1] E corsbow [2] E septour [3] E Cornecklis [4] E omitted

Pray to Christ, to keep thee from doing injustice.

Request that Roye quhilk rent wes[1] on the rude,
The to defend frome dedis of defame,
That no Poyte reporte of the bot gude:
For princes dayis Induris bot ane drame.[2]
Sen first kyng Fergus bure ane Dyadame,[3]
Thov art the last king, of fyue score and fyue;—
And all ar dede, and[4] none bot thov on lyue,—

Off quhose number fyftie and fyue bene slane,
And, moist parte, in thare awin mysgouernance.
Quharefor, I the beseik, my Souerane,

Profit by thy predecessors.

Consydder of thare lyuis the circumstance,
And, quhen thov knawis *the* cause of thare mischance,
Off vertew, than, exault thy salis on hie,
Traistyng to chaip that faitale destanie.

Trait ilk trew Barroun as he war thy brother,
Quhilk mon, at neid, the and thy realme defende:
Quhen, suddantlie, one doith oppresse one vther,

Be gentle with the nobility.

Lat Iustice, myxit with mercy, thame amende.
Haue thov thare hartis, thov hes yneuch to spend:
And, be the contrar, thov arte bot kyng of bone,
Frome tyme thyne hereis hartis bene from *the* gone.

¶ I haue no laser for to wryt at lenth
Myne hole intent ontyll thyne Excellence,

But I am too feeble to speak my whole mind.

Decressit so I am in wyt and strenth,
My mortall wounde doith me sic violence.
Peple of me maye haue experience:
Because, allace! I wes Incounsolabyll,
Now mon I dee, one Catyue myserabyll.

[1] E was [2] E dreme [3] E Dayadame [4] E omitted

☞ HEIR FOLLOWIS THE SECUNDE EPISTYL OF THE PAPYNGO, DIRECTIT TO HIR BRETHER OF COURTE.

☞ ✠ ✠ ✠ ☜

BRETHER of court, with mynd precordial,
To the gret god hartlie I *co*mmend 3ow.
Imprent my fall in 3our memoriall,
Togidder with this cedul *tha*t I send 3ow.
To preis ouer heych I pray 3ow[1] not pretend 3ow:
The vaine ascens of court quho wyll consydder,
Quho sittith moist hie sal fynd *the*[2] sait most slidder.

Shun, brethren, to aspire overmuch.

☞ So, 3e, that now bene lansyng vpe the ledder,
Tak tent in tyme, fassinnyng 3our fingaris faste.
Quho clymith moist heych moist dynt hes of the woder,
And leist defence aganis the bitter blast
Off fals fortune, quhilk takith neuer rest;
Bot, moste redouttit, daylie scho doun thryngis,
Nocht sparing Papis, Conquerours, nor kyngis.

The higher you aim, the greater the risk.

¶ Thocht 3e be montit vpe abone the skyis,
And hes boith kyng and court in gouernance,
Sum was als heych, quhilk now rycht lawly lyis,
Complanyng sore the courtis variance.
Thare preterit tyme may be experience,
Quhilk, throuch vaine hope of courte, did clym so hie,
Syne wantit wyngis, quhe*n* thay wend best to flie.

Some courtiers have fallen from proud prosperity.

¶ Sen ilke court bene vntraist and transitorie,
Cheangyng als oft as weddercok in wynd,

All Courts are

[1] E omitted [2] E that

fickle, and are not without hypocrites.

Sum maikand glaid, and vther sum rycht sorie,—
Formaste, this day, the morne may go behyind,—
Lat not vaine hope of court 3our reasone[1] blyind:
Traist weill, sum men wyll gyf 3ov laud, as lordis,
Quhilk wald be glaid to se 3ov hang in cordis.

I could testify in their disfavour.

I durst declare the myserabilitie
Of diuers curtis,—war nocht my tyme bene[2] schort,—
The dreidfull cheange, vaine glore, and vilitie,
The painfull plesour, as Poetis doith reporte,
Sum tyme in hope, sum tyme in disconforte;
And how sum men dois spend thair 3outhed haill
In court, syne endis in the hospytaill:

¶ Quhov sum in court bene quyet counsalouris,
Without regarde to commoun weill or kyngis,

Courtiers are raised up and cast down.

Castyng thare cure for to be Conquerouris;
And, quhen thay bene heych rasit[3] in thare ryngis,
How cheange of court tham dulfully doun thringis;
And, quhen thay bene frome thair estait deposit,
Quhov mony of thare fall bene rycht reiosit:

The most unworthy sometimes have most credit at court.

¶ And quhou[4] fonde fen3eit fulis and flatteraris
For small seruyce optenith gret rewardis;
Pandaris, pykthankis, custronis, and clatteraris
Loupis vp frome laddis, sine lychtis amang lardis;
Blasphematours, beggaris, and commoun bardis
Sum tyme in court hes more auctoritie
Nor deuote Doctouris in Diuinitie:

Some courtiers study to debauch princes,

Quhov, in some countre, bene barnes of Baliall,
Full of dissimilit payntit flatterrie,
Prouocande, be Intoxicat counsall,
Prences tyll huredome and tyll hasardrie:
Quho dois in Prencis prent sic harlotrie,

[1] E resone, [2] E be [3] E resit [4] E quhan

I saye for me, sic peirte[1] prouocatouris
Sulde puneist be abufe all strang tratouris. most criminally.

☞ Quhate trauers, troubyll, and calamitie
Haith bene in courte within thir houndreth ȝeris! Mark the courts of the last three centuries.
Quhat mortall cheangis,[2] quhat miseritie!
Quhat nobyll men bene brocht vpon thair beris!
Traist weil, my freinds, follow ȝow mon ȝour feris:
So, sen in court bene no tranquillytie,
Sett nocht on it ȝour hole fielycite.

The courte cheangeith, sumtyme, with sic outrage,
That few or none may makyng resistance,
And sparis nocht the prince[3] more than the paige,
As weill apperith be experience.
The Duke of Rothasay mycht mak no defence, The fate of the Duke of Rothesay.
Quhilk wes pertenand Rcye of this[4] regioun,
Bot dulefully deuorit in presoun.

Quhat dreid, quhat dolour had that nobyll kyng,
Robart the thride, frome tyme he knew the cace Of Robert III and his two sons.
Off his two Sonnis dolente departyng!—
Prince Dauid deyid, and Iames captyue, allace!—
Tyll trew Scottis men quhilk wes a cairful cace.
Thus may ȝe knaw, the courte bene variand,
Quhen blude ryall the cheange may not ganestand.

Quho rang in court more hie and tryumphand
Nor Duke Murdoke, quhil that his day[5] indurit?
Was he nocht gret Protectour of Scotland?
Ȝit of the court he was nocht weill assurit;
Itt cheangit so, his lang seruyce wes smurit:[6]
He and his Sonne, fair Walter, but remede, Of Duke Murdok and his son Walter.
Forfaltit war, and put to dulefull dede.

Kyng Iames the first, the patroun of prudence, King James I.
Gem of Ingyne, and peirll[7] of polycie,

[1] E peirtle [2] E chengis [3] E prence [4] E his
[5] E dayis [6] E smorit [7] E perle

Well of Iustice, and flude of Eloquence,—
Quhose vertew doith transcende my fantasie
For tyll discryue ;—ȝit, quhen he stude moste hie,
fell a victim to conspiracy. Be fals Exhorbitant conspiratioun
That prudent Prince wes pieteouslie put doun.

¶ Als, Iames the secunde, Roye of gret renoun,
Beand in his superexcelland glore,
James II. was killed by a cannon. Throuch reakles schuttyng of one gret cannoun,
The dolent deith, allace ! did hym deuore.
One thyng thair bene, of quhilk I maruell[1] more,
That Fortune had at[2] hym sic mortall feid,
Throuch fyftie thousand, to waill him by the heid.

¶ My hart is peirst[3] with panes for to pance
Or wrytt that courtis variatioun
Equally unfortunate was James III., Off Iames the[4] thrid,—quhen he had gouernance,—
The dolour, dreid, and desolatioun,
The cheange of court, and conspiratioun ;
And quhov that Cochrame, with his companye,
That tyme in courte clam so presumpteouslye.

It had bene gude, tha beirnes[5] had bene vnborne,
Be quhome that nobyll Prince wes so abusit :
Thay grew, as did[6] the weid abufe the corne,—
That prudent Lordis counsall wes refusit,—
deluded by false friends, And held hym quyet, as he had bene inclusit.
Allace ! that Prince, be thare abusioun,
Was, fynalie, brocht to confusioun.

Thay clam so heych, and gat sic audience,
And with thare Prince grew so familiar,
His Germane brother mycht get no presence ;
and induced to disgrace, banish, and execute The Duke of Albanie, nor the Erle of Mar,
Lyke baneist men, was haldin at the bar,

[1] E meruell [2] E in [3] E perste [4] E omitted
[5] E bernies [6] E ded

Tyll, in the Kyng, thare grew sic mortall feid, his real friends.
He flemit the Duke and patt the Erle to dede.

Thus, Cochrame, with his catyue companye,
Forsit thame to flee; bot ȝit thay wantit fedderis:
Abufe the heych Cederis of Libanye
Thay clam so hie, tyll thay lape ouir thair ledderis; The end of his favourites.
On lawder bryge syne keppit wer in tedderis,
Stranglit to deith,—thay gat none vther grace,—
Thair king captyue, quhilk wes ane cairful cace.

¶ Tyl putt in forme[1] that fait Infortunat,
And mortall cheange, perturbith[2] myne ingyne.
My[3] wytt bene waik, my fyngaris faitegate,
To dyte, or wryt, the rancour, and rewyne, His own son fought against him.
The Ciuyll weir, the battell Intestyne,—
How that the Sonne, with baner braid displayit,
Agane the Fader, in battell, come arrayit.

Wald god that prince had bene, that day, confortit
With sapience of the prudent Salomone,
And with the strenth of strang Sampsone supportit,
With the bauld oste of gret Agamenone! Finally, he was slain.
Quhat suld I wys, remedie wes[4] thare none:
At morne, ane king with sceptour,[5] sweird, and croun;
Att ewin, ane dede deformit carioun!

Allace! quhare bene that rycht redoutit Roye,[6]
That potent prince, gentyll king Iames the feird?
I pray to Christe his Saule for to conuoye:
Ane greater[7] nobyll rang nocht in to the eird. And so was James IV.
O Atropus, warye we maye thy weird;
For he wes myrrour of humylitie,
Lode sterne and lampe of libiralytie.

[1] E him frome [2] E parturbith [3] E myne [4] E was
[5] E septour [6] E Kyng [7] E gryter

Duryng his tyme so Iustice did preuaill,
The Sauage Iles trymblit[1] for terrour;
Eskdale, Euisdale, Liddisdale, and Annerdale
He was stern, but just. Durste nocht rebell, doutyng his dyntis dour;
And of his Lordis had sic[2] perfyte fauour;
So, for to schaw that he aferit no fone,
Out throuch his realme he wald ryde hym alone.

And, of his court, throuch Europe, sprang *the* fame,—
Off lustie Lordis aud lufesum Ladyis 3ing,
Tryumphand tornayis, iustyng, & knychtly game,
Great was his fame abroad. With all pastyme accordyng for one kyng.
He wes the[2] glore of princelie gouernyng,
Quhilk, throuch the ardent lufe he had to france,
Agane Ingland did moue his Ordinance.

¶ Off Flodoun[3] feilde the rewyne to reuolfe,[4]
Or that most dolent daye for tyll deplore,
I nyll, for dreid that dolour 3ow dissolfe,
He was killed at Flodden, Schaw how that prince, in his tryumphand glore,
Distroyit was,—quhat nedeith proces more?—
Nocht be the vertew of Inglis ordinance,
Bot be his awin wylfull mysgouernance.

Allace! that daye had he bene counsalabyll,
He had obtenit laude, glore,[2] and victorie.
Quhose pieteous proces bene so lamentabyll,
with many enthusiastic followers. I nyll at lenth it put in memorie.
I neuer red, in Tragidie nor storie,
At one Iornaye so mony nobyllis slane,
For the defence and lufe of thare Souerane.

¶ Now, brether, marke, in 3our remembrance,[5]
Ane Myrrour of those mutabiliteis:
Gather, from these instances, the inconstancy So may 3e knaw the courtis inconstance,[6]
Quhen prencis bene, thus, pullit frome thair[7] seis;

[1] E trymlit [2] E omitted [3] E Floudoun [4] P rouolfe
[5] E rememberance [6] E circumstance [7] E thare

Efter quhose deith quhat strainge aduersiteis, of courts in general.
Quhat gret mysreule, in to this regioun rang,
Quhen our 3ong prince could noder[1] spek nor gang!

During his tender 3outhe and innocence,
Quhat stouith, quhat raif, quhat murthur, & myschance!
Thair wes not ellis bot wrakyng of vengeance, The troubles at the Court
In to that court thare rang sic variance.
Diuers rewlaris maid diuers ordinance:
Sum tyme our Quene rang in auctoritie:[2]
Sum tyme, the prudent Duke of Albanie;

Sum tyme the realme was reulit be regentis;
Sum tyme, Lufetenentis, ledaris of the law.
Than rang so mony Inobedientis,
That few or none stude of ane[3] vther aw. of King James IV.
Oppressioun did so lowde his bugyll blaw,
That none durst ryde bot[3] in to feir of weir:
Ioke vponeland, that tyme, did mys his meir.

¶ Quho was more heycht in honour eleuate,
Nor was Margareit, our heych & mychtie princes?
Sic power was to hir appropriate, Of Queen Margaret, his consort.
Off king and realme scho wes gouernores:
3it come one cheange, within ane schorte proces;
That peirle preclare, that lusty plesand quene,
Lang tyme durst nocht in to the court be sene.

The Archebischop of sanctandrus, Iames Betoun,
Chancellare, and primate in power pastorall,
Clam, nyxt the kyng, moste heych in this regioun.
The ledder schuke, he lape, and gat one fall: The Archbishop of S. Andrews,
Auctoritie,[3] nor power spirituall,[4]
Ryches, freindship, mycht not, that tyme, preuail,
Quhen dame Curia began to steir hir taill.

[1] E nother [2] E autoritie [3] E omitted
[4] E puorr sprituall

His heych prudence preualit hym[1] nocht ane myte,
That tyme the courte bair hym sic mortall feid:
As presoneir thay keipt hym, in dispyte;
and his plots and failure. And, sum tyme, wyst not quhare to hyde his heid,
Bot, dissagysit lyke Ihone[2] the raif, he raid.
Had nocht bene hope bair[3] hym sic companye,
He had bene stranglit be malancolye.

Quhat cummer & cair wes in the court of france,
Quhen kyng francose[4] wes takin presoneir!
The Duke of Burboun, amyd his ordinance,
Troubles of the French Court. Deit[5] at ane straik,[6] rycht bailfull brocht on beir.
The court of Rome, that tyme, rane all aureir,
Quhen Pape Clement wes put in strang presoun,
The nobyll Citie put to confusioun.

In Ingland, quho had greter gouernance
Nor thare tryumphand courtly Cardinall?
The commoun weill, sum sayis, he did auance,
Of Cardinal Wolsey, Be equale Iustice, boith to gret and small,
Thare wes no Prelate to hym paregall.
Inglismen sayis, had he roung langer space,
He had deposit Sanct Peter of his place.

His princely pompe, nor Papale grauitie,
His palyce ryall,[7] ryche, and radious,
Nor, 3it, the flude of Superfluitie
and his rise and fall. Off his ryches, nor trauell tedious,
Frome tyme dame Curia held hym odious,
Preualit hym not, nor prudence moste profound:
The ledder braik, and he fell to the ground.

Quhare bene the douchty Erlis of Dowglas,
Scottish noblemen, Quhilkis ryallie in to this[8] regioun rang?
Forfalt and slane; quhat nedith more proces!

[1] E omitted [2] E Ione [3] E bure [4] E francoso
[5] E Deid [6] E strake [7] E royall [8] E his

The Erle of Marche wes merschellit *th*am ama*n*g ; and their various fortune ;
Dame Curia thame dulefullie doun thrang ;
And, now of lait, quho clam more heych, ama*n*g vs,
Nor did Archebalde, Umquhyle the Erle of Angous ?

Quho with his Prince wes more familiar,
Nor of his grace had more auctoritie ?
Was he nocht gret Wardane and chancellar ?
Bit, quhen he stude vpon[2] the heychest gre, especially, the Earl of Angus.
Traistyng no thyng bot perpetuitie,
Was suddanlie deposit frome his place,
Forfalt, and flemit : he gat non vther grace.

¶ Quharefor traist nocht in tyll auctoritie,[3]
My deir brother, I praye 3ow hartfullie :
Presume nocht in 3our vaine prosperitie ;
Conforme 3our traist in God alluterlie ; Be admonished accordingly.
Syne, serue 3our Prince, w*ith* enteir hart, trewlie ;
And, quhen 3e se the court bene at the best,
I counsall 3ow, than draw 3ow to 3our rest.

Quhare bene the heych[1] tryu*m*phant court of troye ?
Or Alexander, with his twelf prudent peris ?
Or Iulius, that rycht redoutit Roye ?
Agamenone, moste worthy in his weris ? Of Courts of ancient days.
To schaw thare fyne my frayit hart aferis :
Sum murdreist war ;[4] sum, poysonit pieteouslie ;
Thare cairfull courtis dispersit dulefullie.

¶ Traist weill, thare is no constant court bot one,
Quhar Christ bene king, quhose tyme i*n*terminabyll
And heych[1] tryu*m*phant glore beis neuir gone. No Court but that of Christ
That quyet court, myrthfull and Immutabyll,

[1] E heycht [2] E vp [3] E autoritie [4] E was

is to be trusted.

But variance, standith, aye, ferme and stabyll :
Dissimilance,[1] flattry, nor fals reporte
In to that court sall neuer get resorte.

Traist weill, my freindis, this is no fenȝeit fare ;
For quho that bene in the extreme of dede,
The veritie, but doute, thay sulde declare,

Such are the true words of one dying.

Without regarde to fauour or to fede.[2]
Quhill ȝe haue tyme, deir brother, mak remede.[3]
Adew for euer ! of me ȝe get no more,
Beseikand God to bryng ȝow to his glore.

Adew, Edinburgh,[4] thow heych tryu*m*phant toun,—
Within quhose boundis rycht blythfull haue I bene,—
Off trew merch*a*ndis *the* rute[5] of this regio*u*n,

Adieus to Edinburgh,

Moste reddy to resaue court, king, and Quene !
Thy polecye and Iustice may be sene :
War deuotioun, wysedome, and honestie,
And credence[6] tynt, thay mycht be found in the.

☞ Adew, fair Snawdoun, with thy touris hie,
Thy Chapell royall,[7] Park, and tabyll rounde !
May, Iune, and Iuly walde I dwell in the,—

to Stirling, to Linlithgow,

War I one man,—to heir the birdis sounde,
Quhilk doith agane thy royall roche redounde.
Adew, Lythquo, quhose palyce of plesance
Mycht be one patrone in Portingall or France !

☞ Fair weill, Falkland, the fortrace of fyfe,
Thy polyte Park, vnder the lowmound law !
Sum tyme in the I led ane lustye lyfe,

to Falkland in Fife.

The fallow deir, to see thame raik on rawe.
Courte men to cum to the, thay stand gret awe,
Say*a*nd, thy burgh[8] bene, of all burrowis,[9] baill,
Because in the thay neuer gat gude aill.

[1] E Dissimilant [2] E feide [3] E remade [4] E Edinbruch
[5] E curte [6] E crydence [7] E roall [8] E brugh
[9] E borrowis

☞ HEIR FOLLOWIS THE COMMONYNG[1] BETUIX THE PAPINGO AND HIR HOLYE EXECUTOURIS.

THE Pye persauit the papingo in paine,
He lychtit doun, and fenʒeit him to greit:
Sister, said he, alace! quho hes ʒow slane?
I pray ʒow, mak prouisione for ʒour spreit,
Dispone ʒour geir, and ʒow confes compleit.
I haue power, be ʒour contritioun,
Off all ʒour mys to geue ʒow[2] full remissioun.

¶ I am, said he, one Channoun regulare,
And, of my brether Pryour principall:
My quhyte rocket[3] my clene lyfe doith declare;
The blak bene[4] of the deith memoriall:
Quharefor I thynk ʒour gudis naturall
Sulde be submyttit hole in to my cure:
ʒe knaw, I am ane holye Creature.

The Reuin[5] come rolpand quhen he hard the rair;
So did the Gled, with mony pieteous pew;
And fenʒeitlye thay contrafait gret cair.
Syster, said thay, ʒour raklesnes we rew:
Now, best it is our Iuste counsall ensew;
Sen we pretend to heych promotioun,
Religious men, of gret deuotioun.

I am ane blak Monk, said the ruclande reuin;
So said the gled, I am ane holy freir,
And hes power to bring ʒow quyke to heuin:
It is weill knawin, my conscience bene full cleir;

To the parrot came the magpie,—

heredipetous,—

and the raven and the kite,

ready to help

[1] E Commanyng [2] P ʒour [3] E roket
[4] E omitted [5] E Rewin

heavenward.

The blak Bybill pronounce I sall perqueir :
So tyll our brether ȝe wyll geue sum gude :
God wat geue we hes[1] neid of lyues fude.

☞ The Papyngo said : father, be the rude.
Howbeit ȝour rayment be[2] religious lyke,
ȝour conscience, I suspect, be nocht gude.

Charge and defence.

I did persaue, quhen preuelye ȝe did pyke
Ane chekin frome ane hen, vnder ane dyke.
I grant, said he : that hen was my gude freind ;
And I that chekin tuke, bot for my teind.

ȝe knawe the faith be ws mon be susteind ;[3]
So be the Pope it is preordinate,
That spirituall men suld leue vpon thair teind :

A priest's rights and powers.

Bot, weill wat I, ȝe bene predestinate,
In ȝour extreme to be so fortunate,
To haue sic holy consultatioun.[4]
Quharefore we mak ȝow exhortatioun :

Sen dame Nature hes grantit ȝow sic grace,
Layser to mak confessioun generall,
Schaw furth ȝour syn in haist, quhil ȝe haif space :

Confess and deliver;

Syne, of ȝour geir mak one memoriall :
We thre sall mak ȝour festis funerall,
And, with gret blys, bury we sall ȝour bonis,
Syne trentalls twenty trattyll all at onis.

The reukis[5] sall rair, that men sall on thame rew,
And crye Conmemoratio Animarum.
We sall gar cheknis cheip, and geaslyngis pew,—

and you shall be heartily regretted,

Suppose the geis and hennis sulde crye alarum ;—
And we sall serue Secundum Vsum Sarum,
And mak ȝow saif : we fynd sanct Blase to borgh,[6]
Cryand for ȝow[7] the cairfull corrynogh.

[1] E heue [2] E bene [3] E sustinit [4] E consulation
[5] E rukis [6] E broch [7] E omitted

¶ And we[1] sall syng, about 3our sepulture,
Sanct Mongois matynis, and the mekle creid,
And, syne, deuotely saye, I 3ow assure,
The auld Placebo bakwart, and the beid ;
And we sall weir, for 3ow, the murnyng weid :
And, thocht 3our spreit with Pluto war profest,
Deuotelie sall 3our derigie be addrest.

besung, and beprayed.

Father, said scho, 3our facunde[2] wordis fair,
Full sore I dreid, be contrar to 3our dedis.
The wyffis of the village cryis, with cair,
Quhen *th*ai *p*ersaue 3our muow[3] ouirthort *th*ar medis :
3our fals consait boith duke & draik sore dreidis.
I maruell, suithlie, 3e be nocht eschamit
For 3our defaltis, beyng so defamit.

Doubts about character.

It dois abhor my pure perturbit spreit
Tyll mak to 3ow ony confessioun :
I heir men saye, 3e bene one Ypocrite,
Exemptit frome the sen3e and the sessioun.
To put my geir in 3our possessioun,
That wyll I nocht,—so help me dame nature !—
Nor of my corps I wyll 3ow geue[4] no cure.

Proposal flatly rejected.

¶ Bot, had I heir the nobyll Nychtingall,
The gentyll Ia, the Merle, and Turtur trew,
My Obsequees[5] and feistis[6] funerall
Ordour thay wald, with notis of the new.
The plesand Pown, most angellyke of hew,
Wald god I wer, this daye, with hym confest,
And my deuyse dewlie be hym addrest !

Would that pleasant companions were now

The myrthfull Maueis, with the gay goldspink
The lustye Lárke, wald god thay war present !

[1] E, P omitted [2] E facounde [3] E mow [4] E gef
[5] E obsequens [6] E festis

My infortune, forsuith, thay wald forthink,[1]
in attendance on me! And conforte me, that bene so Impotent.
The swyft Swallow, in prattick[2] moste prudent,
I wate scho wald my bledyng stem, belyue,
With hir moste verteous stone restringityue.

Compt me the cace, vnder confessioun,—
The Gled said, proudlye, to the Papingo,—
And we sall sweir, be our professioun,
The kite conjures the parrot, Counsall to keip, and schaw it to no mo.
We the beseik, or thow depart ws fro,
Declare to ws sum causis reasonabyll,
Quhy we bene haldin so abhominabyll.

☞ Be thy trauell thow hes Experience,
First beand bred in to the Orient,
Syne, be thy gude seruyce and delygence
knowing East and West, To Prencis maid heir in the Occident:
Thow knawis the vulgare pepyllis Iugement,
Quhare thow transcurrit the hote Meridionall,
Syne, nyxt the Poill, the plage Septemtrionall.

☞ So, be thyne heych[4] ingyne superlatyue,
Off all countreis thow knawis the qualiteis;
Quharefore I the coniure, be God of lyue,
to tell the character of ecclesiastics. The veritie declare, withouttin leis,[5]
Quhat thow hes hard, be landis, or be seis,
Off ws Kirkmen, boith gude and euyll reporte;
And quhov thay Iuge, schaw ws, we the exhorte.

¶ Father, said scho, I, catyue Creature,
Dar nocht presume with sic mater to mell;
Off 3our caces, 3e knaw, I haue no cure:
The parrot hesitates, at first, Demand thame quhilk in prudence doith precell.[6]
I maye nocht pew, my panes bene so fell,
And, als, perchance, 3e wyll nocht stand content
To knaw the vulgare pepyllis Iugement.

[1] E, P forthing [2] E parttick [4] E restringatiue, E heycht
[5] E omits l. 755. [6] E presell

3it, wyll the deith alyte withdrawe his darte,
All that lyis in my Memoryall
I sall declare, with trew vnfen3eit hart;
And, first, I saye to 3ow, in generall, but then consents to answer in full.
The commoun peple sayith, 3e bene, all,
Degenerit frome 3our holy prematyuis,
As testyfeis the proces of 3our lyuis.

☞ Off 3our peirles, prudent predicessouris
The beginnyng, I grant, wes verray gude:
Apostolis, Martyres, Uirgines, Confessouris,
The sound of thair excellent Sanctitude Modern clerics are inferior to those of old,
Was hard ouer all the warld, be land and flude;
Plantyng the faith be Predicatioun,[1]
As Christe had maid to thame Narratioun.

* To fortyfie the faith thay tuke no feir,
Afore Prencis precheing full prudentlie;
Of dolorus deith thay doutit nocht the deir,
The veritie declaryng feruentlie; who were fearless, free from avarice,
And Martyrdome thay sufferit pacientlie:
Thay tuke no cure of land, ryches, nor rent;
Doctryne and deid war boith equeuolent.[2]

To schaw at lenth thair workis wer gret wounder,[3]
Thare myracklis thay wer so manifest;
In name of Christe thay halit mony hounder,
Rasyng the dede, and purgeing the possest,[4] workers of many miracles,
With peruerst spretis quhilks had bene opprest:
The crukit ran, the blynd men gat thare Ene,
The deiff men hard, the lypper war maid clene.

☞ The Prelatis spowsit wer with pouertie,
Those dayis quhen so thay flurisit in fame,
And, with hir, generit Lady Chaistitie,
And dame Deuotioun, notabyll of name: who were espoused to Poverty,
Humyll thay war, simpyll, and full of schame.

[1] E Predicasioun [2] E equiuolent [3] P wunder [4] E profest

and by their Chastity and Devotion were promoted.

Thus, Chaistitie[1] and dame Deuotioun
War principall cause of thare promotioun.

¶ Thus thay contynewit, in this lyfe deuyne,
Aye tyll thare rang, in Romes gret Cietie,
Ane potent Prince[2] was namit Constantyne:

So it wa‹ till the time of Constantine,

Persauit the kirk had spowsit pouertie,
With gude intent, and mouit of pietie,
Cause of Diuors he fande betuix thame two,
And partit thame, withouttin wordis mo.

☞ Syne, schortlie, with ane gret solempnitie,
Withouttin ony Dispensatioun,
The kirk he spowsit with dame Propirtie,

author of the Church's temporalities.

Quhilk haistalye, be procliamatioun,
To pouertie gart mak narratioun,—
Under the pane of peirsyng of hir eine,—
That with the kirk scho sulde no more be seine.

Sanct Syluester, that tyme, rang Pope in rome,
Quhilk first consentit to the mariage
Off propirtie, the quhilk began to blome,

S. Sylvester was, then, pope; and, as to property,

Taking[3] on hir the cure, with heych[4] corrage.
Deuotioun drew hir tyll one heremytage,
Quhen scho considerit lady propirtie,
So heych[4] exaultit in to dignitie.

O Syluester, quhare was thy discretioun!
Quhilk Peter did renounce thow did resaue.
Androw and Ihone did leif thare possessioun,

he did indiscreetly, in departing

Thar schippis, & nettis, lyinnes,[5] and all the laue:
Off temporall substance no thing wald thay haue,
Contrarius to thare contemplatioun,
Bot, soberlyé, thare sustentatioun.

from the precedent

Ihone the Baptist[6] went to the wyldernes:
Lazarus, Martha, and marie Magdalane

[1] E Caistitie [2] E Prence [3] E Talkyng [4] E heycht
[5] E lynnis [6] E Babtist

Left heretage and guddis, more and les:
Prudent Sanct Paule thocht propertie prophane; 832 set by the Apostles and others.
Frome toun to toun he ran, in wynde and rane,
Upon his feit, techeing[1] the word[2] of grace,
And neuer was subiectit to ryches.

The gled said:[3] ȝit I heir no thyng bot gude: 836
Proceid schortlye, and thy mater auance.
The Papyngo said: father, be the rude,
It wer to lang to schaw the circumstance, From property sprang
Quhow propertie, with hir new alyance, 840
Grew gret with chylde, as trew men to me talde,
And bure two dochteris, gudlie to behalde.

¶ The eldest Dochter[4] named was ryches;
The secunde, Syster Sensualytie; 844
Quhilks did incres, within one schorte proces,—
Preplesande to the Spiritualytie,— Riches and Sensuality.
In gret substance and excellent bewtie.[5]
Thir Ladyis two grew so, within few ȝeris, 848
That in the warld wer non mycht be thare peris.

This[6] royall Ryches and Lady Sensuall
Frome *that* tyme furth tuke hole the gouernance
Off the moste part of the stait spirituall: 852
And thay, agane, with humyll obseruance, These soon grew all-powerful;
Amorouslie thare wyttis did auance,
As trew luffaris, thare ladyis for to pleis:
God wate geue, than, thare hartis war at Eis. 856

Soune thay forȝet to study, praye, and preche,
Thay grew so subiect to dame sensuall,
And thocht bot paine pure pepyll for to teche;[7]
ȝit thay decretit, in thare gret counsall, 860 and then came neglect of duty,
Thay wald no more to mariage be thrall,

[1] E teching [2] E wourd [3] E omitted [4] E, P docther
[5] E bowtie [6] E the [7] E theche

and scorn of wedlock.

Traistyng surely tyll obserue Chaistytie.[1]
And all begylit, quod Sensualytie.

¶ Apperandlye, thay did expell thare Wyffis,
That thay mycht leif at large, without thirlage,
At libertie to lede thare lustie lyffis,
The meaning of Chastity.
Thynkand men thrall,[2] that bene in mariage;
For new faces prouokis new corrage.
Thus, Chaistytie thay turne in to delyte:
Wantyng of Wyffis bene cause of appetyte.

Dame Chaistitie did steill away, for schame,
From tyme scho did persaue thare prouiance.
Dame Sensuall one letter gart proclame,
Sensuality lorded it,
And hir exilit Italy and France:
In Inglande couthe scho get none ordinance:
Than to the Kyng and courte of Scotlande
Scho markit hir, withouttin more demande.

¶ Traistyng in to that court to get conforte,
Scho maid hir humyll supplycatioun.
Schortlye thay said, scho sulde get na supporte,
in Christian lands generally.
Bot bostit hir with blasphematioun:
To preistis go mak 3our protestatioun.
It is, said thay, mony one houndreth 3eir
Sen Chaistitie had ony entres heir.

¶ Tyrit for trauell, scho to the preistis past,
And to the rewlaris of religioun.
Off hir presens schortlye thay war agast,
Chastity, counted a rebel,
Sayand, thay thocht it bot abusioun
Hir to resaue: so, with conclusioun,
With one auyce, decretit and gaue[3] dome,
Thay walde resset no Rebell out of Rome.

was scouted,

Sulde we rasaue that Romanis hes refusit,
And baneist Inglande, Italye, and France,

[1] E Chiastytie [2] E tharall [3] E geue

For 3our flattrye, than wer[1] we weill abusit.
Pass hyne, said thay, and fast 3our waye auance: and bid to take refuge among the
Amang the Nonnis go seik 3our ordinance; nuns,
For we haue maid aith of fidelytie
To dame Ryches and Sensualytie.

Than paciently scho maid progressioun
Towarde the Nonnis, with hart syching ful sore.
Thay gaif hir presens, with processioun,
Ressauand[2] hir with honour, laud, and glore, who received her,
Purposyng to preserue hir euer more.
Off that nouellis come to dame Propertie,
To Ryches, and to Sensualytie;

Quhilks sped thame at the post, rycht spedalye,
And sett ane seage, proudlye, about the place.
The sillye Nonnis did 3eild thame haistelye,
And humilye of that gylt askit grace, but not to tarry long.
Syne gaue thair[3] bandis of perpetuall peace.
Ressauand[2] thame, thay kest vp wykke*tis* wyde:
Than Chaistytie walde no langer abyde.

So, for refuge, fast to the freris scho fled,
Quhilks said, thay wald of ladyis tak no cure.
Quhare bene scho now? than said the gredy gled.
Nocht amang 3ow, said scho, I 3ow assure: Where is she now?
I traist scho bene vpon the borrow mure, At the Sheens,
Besouth Edinburgh, and that rycht mony menis,
Profest amang the Systeris of the schenis.

☞ Thare hes scho found hir mother Pouertie,
And Deuotioun, hir awin syster carnall;
Thare hes scho found faith, hope, and charitie,[4]
Togidder with the verteous Cardinall: with Poverty, Devotion, and
Thare hes scho found ane Conuent 3it vnthrall

[1] E war [2] E Reseuand [3] E thir [4] E cheritie

other Virtues.

To dame Sensuall, nor with ryches[1] abusit,
So quietlye those ladyis bene Inclusit.

The Pyote said: I dreid, bē thay[2] assaiȝeit,
Thay rander thame, as did the holy Nonnis.
Doute nocht, said scho; for thay bene so artaiȝeit,
The nuns there will retain them. Thay purpose to defend thame *with* thair gounnis:
Reddy to schute, thay haue sax gret Cannounnis,—
Perseuerance, Constance, and Conscience,
Austerytie, Laubour, and Abstynance.

¶ To resyste subtell Sensualytie,
Strongly thay bene enarmit, feit and handis,
Be abstynence, and keipith pouertie,
How effectual resistance may Contrar ryches and all hir fals seruandis:
Thay haue ane Boumbard, braissit vp in bandis,
To keip thare porte, in myddis of thare[3] clois,
Quhilk is callit Domine custodi nos:

Within quhose schote thare dar no Enimeis
Approche thare place, for dreid of dyntis doure.
Boith nycht and daye thay wyrk, lyke besye beis,
be made to Sensuality, For thare defence,—reddye to stand in stoure,—
And hes sic watcheis on thare vtter toure,[4]
That dame Sensual with seage[5] dar not assaiȝe,
Nor cum within the schote of thare artaiȝe.

The Pyote said, quhareto suld thay presume
For to resyste sweite Sensualytie,
Or dame ryches, quhilk*is* reularis bene in Rome?
which Rome does not resist. Ar thay more constant, in thare qualytie,
Nor the prencis of Spiritualytie,[6]
Quhilkis plesandlye, withouttin obstaikle,
Haith thame resauit in thare habitakle?

[1] E reches [2] E thay be [3] E the [4] E vther ture
[5] E sage [6] E spritualitie

Quhow lang, traist ȝe, those ladyis sall remane
So solyter, in sic perfectioun?
The Papingo said: brother, in certane,
So lang as thay obey correctioun,
Cheisyng thare heddis be electioun,
Unthrall to ryches, or to pouertie,
Bot as requyrith thare necessitie.

Will the nuns aforesaid remain incorrupt?

O prudent prelatis, quhare was ȝour *pre*scianis,
That tuke on hand tyll obserue Chaistytie,
But austeir lyfe, laubour, and abstenance?
Persauit ȝe nocht the gret prosperitie
Apperandlye to cum of propertie?
Ȝe knaw gret cheir, gret eais, and Ydelnes
To Lychorie was mother and maistres.

How to preserve chastity.

Thow rauis vnrockit, the rauin said, be the rude,
So to reproue ryches or propertie.
Abraham and Ysaac war ryche, and verry gude;
Iacobe and Iosephe had prosperitie.
The Papingo said: that is verytie;
Ryches, I grant, is nocht to be refusit,
Prouidyng, alwaye, it be nocht abusit.

Riches, their use, and their abuse.

Than said the Rauin one replycatioun;
Syne said, thy reasone[1] is nocht worth ane myte
As I sall preue, with protestatioun,
That no man tak my wordis in dispyte:
I saye, the temporall Prencis hes the wyte,
That in the kirk sic Pastours dois prouyde,
To gouerne[2] saulis *th*at not tham selfis can gyde.

Blame thrown on Princes.

Lang tyme efter the kirk tuke propertie,
The Prelatis leuit in gret perfectioun,
Unthrall to Ryches or Sensualytie,
Under the Holy Spreitis protectioun,

All prelates have not been

[1] E resone [2] E goueran

Orderlye chosin be electioun,
spoilt by riches. As Gregore, Ierome, Ambrose, and Augustyne,
Benedic, Barnerd,[1] Clement, Cleit, and Lyne.

Sic pacient Prelatis enterit be the porte,
Plesand the peple be predicatioun.
Now dyke lowparis dois in the kirk resort:
Unfit bishops are now chosen; Be Symonie and supplycatioun
Off Prencis be thare presentatioun.
So sillye Saulis, that bene Christis scheip,
Ar geuin to hungre gormande wolfis to keip.

No maruell is, thocht we Religious men
Degenerit be, and in our lyfe confusit:
Bot sing and drynk, none vther craft we ken,
and their inferiors are like them. Our Spirituall[2] Fatheris hes ws so abusit:
Agane our wyll, those treukouris bene intrusit.
Lawit men hes, now, religious men in curis;
Profest Uirgenis, in keipyng of strong huris.

Prencis, prencis, quhar bene 3our heych prudence
In dispositioun of 3our Beneficeis?
The guerdonyng of 3our Courticience
Misbestowal of benefices. Is sum[3] cause of thir gret Enormyteis.
Thare is one sorte, watand, lyke houngre fleis,
For[4] spirituall cure, thocht thay be no thing abyll,
Quhose gredie thristis bene Insaciabyll.

☞ Prencis, I pray 3ow, be no more abusit,
To verteous men hauyng so small regarde.
Quhy sulde vertew, throuch flattrye, be[5] refusit,
Alas, that virtue is slighted! That men, for cunnyng, can get no rewarde?
Allace, that euer one braggar,[6] or ane barde,
Ane hure maister, or[7] commoun hasarture,
Sulde in the kirk get ony kynde of cure!

[1] E Bernerd [2] E sprituall [3] E omitted [4] E Frome
[5] E bene [6] E bragger [7] E or ane

War I one man worthy to weir ane croun,
Aye quhen thare vakit ony beneficeis,
I suld gar call ane Congregatioun,—
The principall of all the preliceis,
Moste counnyng clerkis of Uniuersiteis,
Moste famous fatheris of religioun,—
With thare aduyse, mak dispositioun.

If I were king,

I suld dispone all offices Pastorallis
Tyll Doctours of deuynitie, or Iure;
And cause dame Uertew pull[1] vp all hir salis,
Quhen counnyng men had in *the* kirk moist cure;
Gar Lordis send thare sonnes, I ȝow assure,
To seik science, and famous sculis frequent;
Syne, thame promoue that war moste sapient.

things would not be as now.

Gret plesour war to heir ane Byschope preche,
One Dane, or Doctour in Diuinitie,
One Abbote quhilk could weill his *con*uent teche,
One Persoun[2] flowyng in Phylosophie:
I tyne my tyme, to wys quhilk wyll nocht be.
War nocht the precheing of the beggyng freris,
Tynt war the faith amang the Seculeris.

Where are eloquence and learning?

As for thare precheing, quod the Papingo,
I thame excuse, for quhy thay bene so thrall
To Propertie and hir ding Dochteris two,—
Dame Ryches and fair lady Sensuall,—
Thay may nocht vse no pastyme spirituall;
And in thare habitis thay tak sic delyte,
Thay haue[3] renuncit russat and roploch quhyte.

Why there is little preaching.

Cleikand to thame skarlote and Crammosie,
With Meneuer, martrik, grice, & ryche armyne,
Thare lawe hartis exaultit ar so hie,

Ecclesiastics

[1] E put [2] E Persone [3] E heue

indulge in gay apparel

To see thare Papale pompe it is ane pyne.
More ryche arraye is, now, with frenzeis fyne,
Upon the bardyng of ane Byscheopis Mule,
Nor euer had Paule or Peter agane zule.

Syne, fair ladyis thare Chene may not eschape,
Dame Sensuall so sic seid haith in tham sawin.
Les skaith it war, with lycence of the Pape,

and rank libidinousness.

That ilke Prelate one Wyfe had of his awin,
Nor se thar bastardis ouirthort *the* cuntre blawin;
For, now, be thay[1] weill cumin frome *the* sculis,
Thay fall to work, as thay war commoun bullis.

Pew, quod the gled, thow prechis all in vaine:
3e Seculare folks[2] hes of our cace no curis.
I grant, said scho; 3it men wyll speik, agane,

The fruit of their doings.

Quhow 3e haif maid a hundreth thousand huris,
Quhilk*is* neuir hade bene, war not 3our lychorus luris:
And, geue I lee, hartlye I me repent;
Was neuer Bird, I watt, more penitent.

Than scho hir schraue, w*ith* deuote contynance,
To that fals gled, quhilk fenzeit hym one freir;
And, quhen scho had fulfyllit hir pennance,

The kite shrives the parrot,

Full subtellye at hir he gan inqueir:
Cheis 3ow, said he, quhilk of ws brether heir
Sall haue of all 3our naturall geir the curis:
3e knaw none bene more holye creaturis.

I am content, quod the pure Papingo,
That 3e,[3] freir Gled, and corby monk, 3our brother,
Haue cure of all my guddis, and no mo,

who disposes of her effects,

Sen, at this tyme, freindschip I fynd non vther.
We salbe to 3ow trew, as tyll our Mother,
Quod thay, and sweir tyll fulfyll hir intent.
Off that, said scho, I tak ane Instrument.

[1] P thay be [2] P floks [3] E the

The Pyote said: quhat sall myne office bee?
Ouirman, said scho, vnto the tother two.
The rowpand[1] Reuin said: sweit syster, lat se
3our holy intent; for it is tyme to go. 1084 through her executors.
The gredie gled said: brother, do nocht so;
We wyll remane, and haldin vp hir hede,
And neuer depart[2] frome hir, tyll scho be dede.

The Papingo thame thankit tenderlye, 1088
And said: sen 3e haue tane on 3ow this cure,
Depart myne naturall guddis, equalye,
That euer I had, or hes, of dame Nature. She bequeathes her mantle;
First, to the Howlet, Indegent and pure, 1092
Quhilk on the daye, for schame, dar nocht be sene,
Tyll hir I laif my gaye galbarte of grene.

My brycht depurit Ene, as christall[3] cleir,
On to the Bak 3e sall thame[4] boith present, 1096
In Phebus presens quhilk dar nocht appeir,
Off naturall sycht scho bene so Impotent. her eyes and beak;
My birneist beik I laif, with gude[4] entent,
Onto the gentyll, pieteous Pillycane, 1100
To helpe to peirs hir tender hart in twane.

I laif the Goik,[5] quhilk hes no sang bot one,
My musyke, with my voce Angelycall;
And, to the Guse, 3e geue, quhen I am gone, 1104
My Eloquence and toung Rethoricall: her voice and tongue;
And tak and drye my bones, gret and small;
Syne, close thame in one cais of Ebure fyne,
And thame present onto the Phenix, syne, 1108

To birne with hir, quhen scho hir lyfe[6] renewis.
In Arabye 3e sall hir fynde, but weir,
And sall knaw hir[7] be hir moste heuinly hewis,— and her bones,

[1] E rolpand [2] E deport [3] E christell [4] E omitted
[5] E Goilk [6] E liue [7] E hir knaw

Gold, Asure, Gowles, Purpour, and Synopeir.
to the Phœnix. Hir dait is for to leif fyue houndreth 3eir:
Mak to that bird my commendatioun.
And, als, I mak 3ow supplycatioun,

Sen of my corps I haue 3ow geuin the cure,
3e speid 3ow to the court, but tareyng,[1]
And tak my hart, of perfyte portrature,
She leaves her heart to the king; And it present onto my Souerane Kyng:
I wat he wyll it clois in to one[2] ryng.
Commande me to his grace, I 3ow exhorte,
And of my passioun mak hym trew reporte.

3e thre my trypes sall haue, for 3our trauell,
With luffer and lowng, to part equale amang 3ow,
Prayand Pluto, the potent prince of hell,
and, to her executors, sundries. Geue 3e failȝe, that in his seit[3] he fang 3ow.
Be to me trew, thocht I no thyng belang 3ow:
Sore I suspect, 3our conscience be to large.
Doute nocht, said thay; we tak it with the charge.

¶ Adew, brether, quod the pure Papingo;
To talking more I haue no tyme to tarye:
Bot, sen my spreit mon fra my body go,
Commending her spirit to the Queen of the Fays, I recommend it to the quene of farye,[4]
Eternallye in tyll hir court to carye,
In wyldernes, among the holtis hore.
Than scho inclynit hir hed, and spak no more.

☞ Plungit in tyll hir mortall passioun,
Full greuouslie scho gryppit to the ground.
It war to lang to mak narratioun
she falls, in act to die, Off sychis sore, with mony stang and stound.
Out of hir wound the blude did so[5] abound,
One coumpas round was with hir blude maid reid:
Without remaid, thare wes[6] no thyng bot dede.

[1] E tarynng [2] E ane [3] P feit [4] E faraye
[5] E sore [6] E was

And, be scho had In Manus tuas said,
Extinctit wer hir naturall wyttis fyue;
Hir hed full softlye on hir schulder[1] laid,
Syne, ȝaild the spreit, with panes pungityue.
The Rauin began rudely to ruge and ryue,
Full gormondlyke his emptie throte[2] to feid.
Eait softlye, brother, said the gredy gled:

and gives up the ghost.

Quhill scho is hote, depart hir ewin amang ws;
Tak thow one half, and reik to me ane vther:
In tyll our rycht, I wat, no wycht dar wrang ws.
The Pyote said: the feinde resaue the fouther.[3]
Quhy mak ȝe me stepbarne, and I ȝour brother?
ȝe do me wrang, schir gled; I schrew ȝour harte.
Tak thare, said he, the puddyngis, for thy parte.

Her pious executors

Than, wyt ȝe[4] weill, my hart wos wounder sair,
For to behalde that dolent departyng,
Hir Angell fedderis fleyng[5] in the air:
Except the hart, was left of hir no thyng.
The Pyote said: this pertenith to the kyng,
Quhilk tyll his grace I purpose to present.
Thow, quod the gled, sall faill of thyne entent.

wrangle for her remains;

The Rauin said: god, nor I rax in ane raipe,
And thow get this tyll other kyng or duke!
The Pyote said: plene I nocht to the pape,
Than in ane smedie I be smorit with smuke.
With that the gled the pece claucht[6] in his cluke,
And fled his way: the laue, with all thare mycht,
To cheace the gled, flew, all, out of my sycht.

and the kite gets the better of the rest.

Now haue ȝe hard this lytill Tragedie,
The sore complent, the testament, & myschance

This Tragedy

[1] E sulder [2] E thorte [3] E fother [4] E wat we
[5] E fletyng [6] E claukit

Off this pure Bird, quhilk did ascend so hie.

and Testament thus ends,—

Beseikand ȝow, excuse myne Ignorance,
And rude indyte, quhilk is nocht tyll auance.
And, to the quair, I geue commandiment,
Mak no repair quhare Poetis bene present:

Because thow bene
But Rethorike, so rude,
Be neuer sene
Besyde none vther buke,
With Kyng, nor Quene,
With Lord, nor m*a*n of gude.

a poor thing, of small account.

With coit vnclene,[1]
Clame kynrent to su*m* cuke:
Steil in ane nuke,
Quhen thay lyste on the luke.
For smell of smuke,
Men wyll abhor to beir the:
Heir I mansweir the:
Quhairfor,[2] to lurke go leir the.

☞ FINIS. ☜

[1] P, E one vnclene [2] E quharefor

HEIR FOLLOUIS THE DREME OF SCHIR DAUID LYNDESAY, OF THE MONT,[1] FAMILIAR SERUITOUR TO OUR SOUERANE LORD, KYNG IAMES THE FYFT,[1] &c.

THE EPISTIL.

RYCHT Potent Prince, of hie Imperial blude,
Onto thy grace I traist it be weill knawin,
My seruyce done onto thy Celsitude,
Quhilk nedis nocht at lenth for to be schawin;
And, thocht my 3outhed now be neir ouer blawin,
Excerst[2] in seruyce of thyne Excellence,
Hope hes me hecht ane gudlie recompence.

Sire, I have long served thee,—

Quhen thow wes 3oung, I bure *the* in myne arme,
Full tenderlie, tyll thow begouth to gang,
And in thy bed oft happit the full warme;
With lute in hand, syne, sweitlie[3] to the sang:
Sumtyme, in dansing, feiralie I flang;
And, sumtyme, playand fairsis[4] on the flure;
And, sumtyme, on myne office takkand cure;

from thy very infancy,—

And, sumtyme, lyke ane feind, transfegurate;
And, sumtyme, lyke the greislie[5] gaist of gye;
In diuers formis, oft tymes, disfigurate;
And, sumtyme, dissagyist full plesandlye.
So, sen thy birth, I haue[6] continewalye
Bene occupyit, and aye to thy plesoure;
And, sumtyme, seware, Coppare,[7] and Caruoure,

and in various capacities,

Thy purs maister and secreit Thesaurare,
Thy Yschare, aye sen thy Natyuitie,

as those of usher,

[1–1] E Kny[t] alias Kyng of Armes, dereket onto our Souerane Lord Kyng Iames the Fyft.
[2] E experte [3] E softlye [4] E farsis [5] E gryslye
[6] E haif [7] E Copper

chamberlain, &c. &c.

And of thy chalmer cheiffe Cubiculare,
Quhilk, to this houre, hes keipit my lawtie.
Louyng be to the blyssit Trynitie,
That sic ane wracheit worme hes maid so habyll
Tyll sic ane Prince to be so greabyll![1]

Bot, now, thov arte, be Influence naturall,
Hie of Ingyne, and rycht Inquisityue
Off antique storeis and dedis marciall.

The stories of Hector, Arthur,

More plesandlie the tyme for tyll ouerdryue,
I haue,[2] at lenth, the storeis done discryue
Off Hectour, Arthour, and gentyll Iulyus,
Off Alexander, and worthy Pompeyus,

¶ Off Iasone, and Media, all at lenth,
Off Hercules the actis honorabyll,
And of Sampsone the supernaturall strenth,

Jason, Medea, Hercules, &c.,

And of leill Luffaris storeis amiabyll;
And oft tymes[3] haue[2] I feinȝeit mony fabyll,—
Off Troylus the sorrow and the Ioye,
And Seigis all, of Tyir, Thebes, and Troye.

The Prophiseis of Rymour, Beid, & Marlyng,
And of mony vther plesand storye,—
Off the reid Etin,[4] and the gyir carlyng,—

with many prophecies, I have told you;

Confortand the, quhen that I sawe the sorye:
Now, with the supporte of the king of glorye,
I sall the schaw ane storye of the new,
The quhilk affore I neuer to the schew.

Bot humilie I beseik thyne Excellence,
With ornate termes thocht I can nocht expres
This sempyll mater, for laik of Eloquence,

and now I relate something besides.

ȝit, nochtwithstandyng all my besynes,
With hart and hand my mynd[5] I sall adres,
As I best can, and moste compendious.
Now I begyn: the mater hapnit thus.

[1] E agreabill [2] E hef [3] E oftymes [4] E Eitin [5] E pen

☞ THE PROLOUG.

IN to the Calendis of Ianuarie,
Quhen fresche Phebus, be mouyng circulair,
Frome Capricorne wes enterit in Aquarie,
With blastis that the branchis maid full bair,
The snaw and sleit perturbit all the air,
And flemit Flora frome euery bank and bus,
Throuch[1] supporte of the austeir Eolus;

¶ Efter that I the lang wynteris nycht
Hade lyne walking, in to my bed, allone,
Throuch[1] heuy thocht, that no way sleip I mycht,
Remembryng of diuers thyngis gone,
So, vp I rose,[2] and clethit[3] me anone.
Be this, fair Tytane, with his[4] lemis lycht,
Ouer all the land had[4] spred his baner[5] brycht.

¶ With cloke and hude I dressit me belyue,
With dowbyll schone, & myttanis on my handis.
Howbeit the air wes rycht penitratyue,
ȝit fure I furth, lansing ouirthorte the landis,
Towarte the see, to schorte me on the sandis;
Because vnblomit was baith bank and braye.
And so, as I was passing be the waye,

☞ I met dame Flora, in dule weid dissagysit,—
Quhilk in to May wes dulce and delectabyll:
With stalwart stormes[6] hir sweitnes wes suprisit;
Hir heuynlie hewis war turnit in to sabyll,
Quhilk*is* vmquhyle war to luffar*is*[7] amiabyll.
Fled frome the froste the tender flouris I saw,
Under dame Natur*is* mantyll lurking law.

One morning in January,

after a sleepless night, I rose,

and went forth, for diversion.

There were no flowers;

[1] E Throw [2] E rais [3] E cleytht [4] E omitted
[5] E banair [6] P stromes [7] E luffers

¶ The small fowlis in flokkis saw I flee,
To Nature makand gret lamentatioun:
Thay lychtit doun besyde me, on ane tree,—
and the small birds wished for summer. Off thare complaynt I hade compassioun,— 88
And, with ane pieteous[1] exclamatioun,
Thay said: blyssit be Somer, with his flouris;
And waryit be thow, wynter, with thy schouris.

¶ Allace! Aurora, the syllie[2] Larke can crye, 92
Quhare hes thow left thy balmy lyquour sweit,
That vs reiosit, we mountyng in the skye?
The lark longed for the sun's warmth, Thy[3] syluer droppis[4] ar turnit[5] in to sleit.
O fair Phebus, quhare is thy hoilsum heit? 96
Quhy tholis thov thy heuinlie plesand face
With mystie vapouris to be obscurit, allace?

Quhar art thov, May, *with* Iune, thy syster schene,
Weill bordourit with dasyis[6] of delyte? 100
And gentyll Iulet, with thy mantyll grene,
and for the season of daisies and roses, Enamilit with rosis reid and quhyte?
Now, auld and cauld Ianeuar, in dispyte,
Reiffis[7] frome vs all pastyme and plesoure. 104
Allace! quhat gentyll hart may this Indure?

¶ Ouersylit ar with cloudis odious
The goldin[8] skyis of the orient,
Cheangeyng[9] in sorrow our sang melodious, 108
and was not able to sing. Quhilk we had wount to sing with gude intent,
Resoundand to the heuinnis firmament:
Bot now our daye is cheangit in to nycht. 111
With that thay rais, & flew furth out[10] of my sycht,

Pensive, I ¶ Pensyue in hart, passing full soberlie,
Onto the see[11] fordwart I fure anone:

[1] E pituous [2] E selye [3] E Thay [4] E drapis
[5] E tornit [6] E daseis [7] E rewis [8] E golding
[9] E Changeyng [10] E omitted [11] E sey

The see[1] was furth; the sand wes smoith[2] & dryye.
Than vp and doun I musit myne alone,
Tyll that I spyit ane lytill Caue of stone,
Heych in ane craig: vpwart I did approche,
But tarying, and clam vp in the Roche,

And purposit, for passing of the tyme,
Me[3] to defende frome Ociositie,
With pen and paper to Regester, in ryme,
Sum mery mater of Antiquitie.
Bot Idelnes, ground of iniquitie,
Scho maid so dull my spretis me within,
That I wyste nocht at quhat end to begin;

Bot satt styll, in that coue, quhare I mycht se
The woltryng[4] of the wallis[5] vp and doun,
And this fals wardlis Instabilytie
Unto[6] that sey makkand comparisoun,
And of the wardlis[7] wracheit variasoun,[8]
To thame that fixis all[9] thare hole[10] intent,
Considdryng quho moste had suld moste repent.

So with my hude my hede I happit warme,
And in my cloke I fauldit boith my feit;
I thocht my corps with cauld suld tak no harme,[11]
My mittanis held my handis weill in heit:
The skowland craig me couerit frome the sleit.
Thare styll I satt, my bonis for to rest,
Tyll Morpheus with sleip my spreit opprest.

So, throw the boustious blastis of Eolus,
And throw my walkyng on the nycht before,
And throuch the seis mouyng maruellous,[12]
Be Neptunus, with mony route and rore,
Constranit I was to sleip, withouttin more;
And quhat I dremit, in conclusioun,
I sall 3ow tell,—ane maruellous[13] visioun.

passed on to the sea, climbed up a rock,

and sat down in a nook, intending to write something.

While I was musing there,

sleep overcame me,

and I dreamed as follows.

☞ FINIS.

[1] E sey [2] E smothe [3] E And [4] E waltreyng
[5] E vallis [6] E On to [7] E warldlis [8] E warisoune
[9] E on it [10] E omitted [11] E nocht tak harme
[12] E merualus [13] E meruelous

☙ HEIR ENDIS[1] THE PROLOUG, AND FOLLOWIS[2] THE DREME.[3]

ME thocht ane lady, of portratour perfyte,
Did salus me, with benyng contynance;
And I, quhilk of hir presens had delyte,
Tyl hir agane maid humyl reuerence,
And hir demandit, sauyng[4] hir plesance,
Quhat wes hir name: scho answerit courtesly:
Dame Remembrance, scho said, callit am I;

A lady, Remembrance, accosted me.

Quhilk cummyng is for pastyme and plesoure
Off the, and for to beir the companye,
Because I se thy spreit withoute mesoure
So sore[5] perturbit be malancolye,
Causyng thy corps to vaxin cauld and drye;
Tharefor, get vp, and gang, anone, with me.
So war we boith, in twynkling of ane Ee,

She had come to cheer me up.

Doun throw the eird,[6] in myddis of the centeir,
Or euer I wyste, in to the lawest hell.
In to that cairfull coue quhen we did enter,
Zowtyng and zowlyng we hard, with mony zell:
In flame of fyre, rycht furious and fell,
Was cryand mony cairfull creature,
Blasphemand God, and waryand nature.

She escorted me to Hell,

Thare sawe we diuers Papis and Empriouris,
Withoute recouer, mony cairfull kyngis;
Thare sawe we mony wrangous Conquerouris,
Withouttin rycht, reiffaris of vtheris ryngis:
The men of kirk lay[7] boundin in to byngis.
Thare saw we mony cairfull Cardinall,
And Archebischopis in thare pontificall,

where I saw popes, emperors, kings,

[1] E Endit [2] E Followith
[3] E after Heading has *Thessalon. V.* Prophetias nolite spernere. Omnia autem probate: quod bonum est tenete.
[4] E saving [5] E soir [6] E erd [7] E law

Proude and peruerst Prelatt*is*, out of nummer,
Priouris, Abbottis, and fals flattrand freris,—
To specifye thame all, it wer ane[1] cummer,—
Regulare cha*n*nonis, churle[2] monk*is*, & chartarers,
Curious clerkis, and preistis seculeris:
Thare was sum part of ilk Religioun,
In haly kirk quhilk did abusioun.

and hosts of the religious.

☞ Than I demandit dame Remembrance[3]
The cause of thir[4] Prelattis punysioun.
Scho said, the cause of thare vnhappy chance
Was Couatyce, Luste, and ambusioun,[5]
The quhilk now garris thame want fruitioun
Off God, and heir eternallie man[6] dwell
In to this painefull poysonit pytt of hell.

Why were they in torment?

Als, thay did nocht instruct the Ignorent,
Prouocand thame to pennence, be precheing,
Bot seruit warldlie Prencis insolent,
And war promouit be thare fenzeit flecheing,[7]
Nocht for thare science, wysedome, nor techeing:
Be Symonie was thare promotioun,—
More for deneris nor for deuotioun.

Some of the causes

¶ Ane[8] vther cause of the[9] punysioun.
Off thir vnhappy prelattis, Imprudent,
Thay maid nocht equale distributioun
Off haly kirk the Patrimonie and rent;
Bot temporallie thay haue it all mispent,
Quhilkis suld haue bene trypartit in to thre:
First, to vphauld the kirk in honestie;

specified that consigned

The secunde part, to sustene thare aistatis;
The thrid part, to be gewin to the puris.
Bot thay dispone that geir all vther gaittis,—
On cartis, and dyce, on harllotrie, and huris:

these sacred personages

[1] E bot [2] E chrul [3] E Rememberance [4] E thair
[5] E ambitioun [6] E manne [7] E flenchyng [8] P, E And
[9] E omitted

Thir catyuis tuke no compt of thair awin curis;
to perdition. Thare kirkis rewin, thare ladyis clenely cled,
And rychelye rewlit, boith at burde and bed.

Thare bastarde barnis proudely thay prouydit;
The kirk geir larglye thay did on thame spende:
In thare difaltis, thare subdetis wer misgydit,
There were Simon Magus, Caiaphas, And comptit nocht thare God for tyll offend,
Quhilk gart tham want grace at thair letter end.
Rewland that[1] rowte I sawe, in Capis of Bras,
Symone Magus, and byschope Cayphas.

Byschope Annas, and the treatour Iudas,
Machomete, that Propheit poysonabyll,
Choro, Dathan, and Abirone thare was:
Annas, Judas, Mahomet, &c. &c. Heretykis we sawe vnnumerabyll.
It wes[2] ane sycht rycht wounderous lamentabyll,
Quhow that thay lay, in to tha[3] flammis fletyng,
With cairfull cryis, girnyng, and greityng.

¶ Religious men wer punyste panefullie,
For vaine glore, als, for Inobedience,—
Brekand thare constitutionis wylfullie,
Disobedience and abuse sorely visited. Nocht haiffand thare Ouermen in reuerence.
To knaw thare rewle thay maid no delygence:
Unleifsumlie thay vsit propertie,
Passing the boundis of wylfull pouertie.

Full sore wepyng, with vocis lamentabyll,
Thay cryit lowde: O Empriour Constantyne,
We may wyit thy[4] possessioun poysonabyll
Blame attributed to Constantine. Off all our gret punysioun and pyne.
Quhowbeit thy purpose was tyll ane gude fyne,
Thow baneist[5] frome ws trew deuotioun,
Haiffand sic Ee tyll our promotioun.

Temporal ¶ Than we beheld ane den full dolorous,
Quhare that Prencis and lordis temporall

[1] E the [2] E was [3] E that [4] E thay [5] E banest

War Cruciate[1] with panis regorous.
Bot, to expreme thare panis in speciall,
It dois exceid all my memoriall:
Importabyll paine thay had, but confortyng:
Thare blude royall maid thame no supportyng.

princes and nobles were punished in a place apart,

Sum catyue kyngis, for creuell oppressioun,
And vther sum, for thare wrangus conquest,
War condampnit, thay and thare Successioun;
Sum, for publict adultrye and incest:
Sum leit thare peple neuer leif in rest,
Delyting so in plesour sensuall;
Quharefor thare paine was, thare, perpetuall.

for their cruelty, sensuality, &c., &c.

☞ Thare was the cursit Empriour Nero,
Off euerilk vice the horrabyll weschell;
Thare was Pharo, with diuers Prencis mo,
Oppressouris of the barnis of Israell;
Herode, and mony mo than I can tell:
Ponce Pylat was thare, hangit be the hals,
With vniuste Iugis, for thare sentence fals.

Such were Nero, Pharaoh, Pontius Pilate,

Dukis, Merquessis, Erlis, Barronis, Knychtis,
With thay Prencis, wer punyst panefullie;
Partycipant thay wer of thare vnrychtis.
Fordwarte we went,—and leit thir Lordis lye,—
And saw quhare ladyis, lamentabyllie,
Lyke wod Lyonis, cairfullie cryand,
In flam of fyre rycht furiouslie fryand:

dukes, marquesses, earls, &c.,

Emprices,[2] Quenis, and ladyis of honouris,
Mony Duches, and Comptas, full of cair.
Thay peirsit myne hart, thay tender creaturis,
So pynit, in that pytt, full of dispare,
Plungit in paine, with mony reuthfull rair:—
Sum, for thare pryde; sum, for Adultrye;
Sum, for thare tyisting men to Lechorye;

empresses, queens, duchesses, &c.

[1] E Curciate [2] E omitted

Sum had bene creuell and malicius;
Sum, for making of wrangous heretouris.
For to rehers thare lyffis vitious,
Of their vicious lives, It wer bot[1] tarye to the auditouris:
Off Lychorye thay wer the verray luris;
With thare prouocatyue Impudicitie,
Brocht mony ane man to Infelicitie.

Sum wemen, for thare pussillamytie,
Ouerset *with* schame, thay did thame neuer schryue
Off secreit Synnis done in quietie;
passed without repentance. And sum repentit neuer in thare lyue:
Quhairfor,[2] but reuth tha[3] ruffeis did thame ryue,
Regoruslie, withoute compassioun:
Gret was thare dule and lamentatioun.

That we wer[4] maid, thay cryit oft, allace!
Thus Tormentit with panis Intollerabyll.
We mendit nocht, quhen we had tyme and space,
How they bewailed their state, Bot tuke, in eird, our lustis delectabyll:
Quharfor, with feindis, vgly and horrabyll,
We ar condampnit for euer more, allace!
Eternalie, withouttin hope of grace.

¶ Quhare is the meit and drynke delicious,
With quhilk we fed our cairfull cariounis,—
Gold, syluer, sylk, with peirlis precious,
recurring to their former comforts. Our ryches, rentis, and our possessionis?
Withouttin hope of our remissionis,
Allace! our panis ar Insufferabyll,
And our tormentis to compt Innumirabyll.

☞ Than we beheld quhare mony ane thousand
Of the fry Comoun peple laye flichtrand in the fyre:
Off euerilk stait thare was ane bailfull band.

[1] E war to [2] E Quharefor [3] E that [4] E war

Thare mycht be sene mony sorrowfull Syre : of folk less exalted,
Sum for Inuy sufferit ; and sum, for Yre ;
And sum, for laik of restitutioun
Off wrangous geir, without remissioun :

Mansworne *mer*chand*is*, for *th*ar wrangus winning ;
Hurdaris of gold, and commoun Occararis ;
Fals men of Law, in Cautelis rycht cunning ;
Theiffis, reuaris, and publict oppressaris. including merchants, lawyers, &c., &c.
Sum part thair was of vnleill Lauboraris :
Craftismen thair saw we, out of nummer.
Off ilke stait to declare it wer ane cummer ;

And, als, langsum to me for tyll Indyte
Off this presoun the panis in speciall,
The heit, the calde, the dolour, and dispyte,
Quharefor, I speik of thame in generall,— Touching Hell, as to temperature,
That dully den, that furneis Infernall,
Quhose reward is rew, without remede,
Euer deyand, and neuer to be dede ;

Hounger[1] and thrist, in steid of meit and drynk,
And, for thare clethyng, tadis and Scorpionis.
That myrke Mansioun is tapessit with stynk ;
Thay se bot horrabyll visionis ; personal discomforts,
Thay heir bot scorne and derysionis
Off foule feindis, and blasphemationis ;
Thare feillyng is Importabyll passionis ;

¶ For melody, miserabyll murnyng.
Thare is na[2] solace, bot dolour[3] Infinyte,
In bailfull beddis bitterlye burnyng,
With sobbyng, syching, sorrow, and with syte, and doleful noises.
Thare conscience thare hartis so did byte.
To heir thame flyte, it was ane cace of cair,
So in dispyte, plu*n*geit in to dispair.

[1] E Hunger [2] E no [3] E dolur

A lytill aboue that dolorous doungeoun,[1]
We enterit in ane countre[2] full of cair,
Quhare that we saw mony ane legioun
Then we visited Purgatory, Greitand and gowland with mony reuthful rair.
Quhat place is this, quod I, of blys so bair?
Scho answerit and said: Purgatorye,
Quhilk purgis Saulis, or they cum to glorye.

☞ I se no plesour heir, bot mekle paine;
Quharefor, said I, leif we this sorte in thrall:
I purpose neuer to cum heir agane;
through which we hurried on Bot, ȝit, I do beleue, and euer sall,
That the trew kirk can no waye erre at all.
Sic thyng to be gret Clerkis dois conclude;
Quhowbeit, my hope standis most in cristis blude.

¶ Abufe that, in the thrid presoun, anone
We enterit in ane place of perditione,
Quhare mony babbis war makand drery mone,
to the Limbus Puerorum, Because thay wantit the fruitioun
Off God, quhilk was ane gret punytioun:
Off Baptisme thay wantit the Ansenȝe.
Upwart we went—and left that myrthles menȝe—

In tyll ane volt, abone that place of paine,
Unto the quhilk, but sudgeorne, we ascendit.
That was the Lymbe, in the quhilk did remaine
and to the Limbus Patrum. Our Forefatheris, because Adam offendit,
Etand the fruit the quhilk was defendit.[3]
Mony ane ȝeir thay dwelt in that doungeoun,
In myrknes and in desolatioun.

Than, throuch the erth, of nature cauld and dry,
Glaid to eschaip those places parrelous,
Then we passed up through We haistit ws, rycht wounder spedalye:
ȝit we beheld the secretis maruellous,

[1] E dolorus dungeoun [2] E cuntre [3] E line 362 omitted

The Mynis of gold and stonis precious,
Off syluer, and of euerilk fyne mettell,
Quhilk to declare it wer ouer lang to dwell.

Up, throuch the walter, schortlie we Intendit,
Quhilk Inuirons the erth, withouttin doute;
Syne, throw the air schortlie we ascendit,
His Regionis throuch, behaldyng in and oute,
Quhilk erth and walter closis round aboute:
Syne, schortlie vpwarte throw the fyre we went,
Quhilk wes the hiest and hotest Eliment.

Quhen we had all thir Elimentis ouer past,—
That is to saye, Erth, walter,[1] air, and fyre,—
Upwart we went, withouttin ony rest.
To se the Heuynnis was our maist desyre:
Bot, or we mycht wyn to the heuin Impyre,
We behuffit to passe the way, full ewin,
Up throuch the Speris of the Planetis sewin;

First, to the Mone,—and vesyit all hir speir,—
Quene of the see, and bewtie of the nycht,
Off nature wak and cauld, and no thyng clere;
For, of hir self, scho hes none vther lycht
Bot the reflex of Phebus bemes brycht:
The twelf singnis scho passis rounde aboute
In aucht and twenty dayis, withouttin doute.

¶ Than we ascendit to Mercurious,
Quhilk Poetis callis god of Eloquence,
Rycht Doctourlyke, with termes delicious,
In arte exparte, and full of sapience:
It wes[2] plesour to pans on his prudence.[3]
Payntours, Poetis ar subiect to his cure;
And hote and dry he is, of his nature.

And, als, as cunnyng Astrologis sayis,
He dois compleit his cours,[4] naturallie,

the bowels of the earth,

and through the upper air,

beyond the seven planets:

namely, the Moon;

sprightly Mercury;

radiant

[1] E vatter [2] E was [3] E prudense [4] E curis

In thre houndreth, and aucht, and thretty dayis.
Syne, vpwart we ascendit, haistelye,
Venus, To fair Uenus, quhare scho rycht lustelie
Was set in to ane sett of syluer schene,—
That fresche Goddes, that lustie luffis quene.

Thay peirsit[1] myne hart, hir blenkis amorous:
Quhowbeit that, sumtyme, scho is chengeabyll,
With countynance and cheir full dolorous,
amorous and beautiful, Quhylummis, rycht plesand, glaid, and delectabyll,
Sumtyme, constant, and, sumtyme, variabyll,
Ȝit hir bewtie, resplendand as the fyre,
Swagis the wraith of Mars, that god of Yre.

This plesand Planeit, geue I can rycht discriue,
Scho is baith hote and wak,[2] of hir nature:
That is the cause, scho is prouocatyue,
and provoking love; Tyll all thame that ar subiect to hir cure,
To Uenus werkis tyll that thay may Indure:
Als, scho completis hir coursis naturall
In twelf monethis, withouttin ony fall.

¶ Than past we to the speir of Phebus brycht,
That lusty lampe and lanterne of the[3] heuin,
And glader[4] of the sterris[5] with his lycht,
the Sun, And principall of all[6] the planetis sewin,
And satt in myddis of thame all, full ewin,
As Roye royall, rollyng in his speir,
Full plesandlie, in to his goldin Cheir,—

Quhose Influence and vertew excellent
Geuis the lyfe tyll euerilk erthlie thyng:
That Prince of euerilk planeit, precellent,
the source of all life Dois foster flouris,[7] and garris heirbis[8] spryng
Throuch the cauld eirth, and causis birdis syng:

[1] E pairsit [2] E vak [3] E omitted [4] E gylder
[5] E sternis [6] E omitted [7] E fluris [8] E herbis

And, als, his regulare mouyng in the hewin — on earth,
Is Iuste vnder the Zodiack, full ewin.

☞ For to discryue his diadame Royall,
Bordourit aboute with stonis schyning brycht,
His goldin Cairt, or throne[1] Imperiall,
The foure stedis that drawis it full rycht, — and gorgeous beyond my describing;
I leif to Poetis; because I haue no slycht:
Bot, of his nature, he is hote and drye,
Completand, in ane ȝeir, his cours, trewlie.

Than vp to Mars, in hye, we haistit ws,—
Wounder hote, and dryer than the tounder;[2]
His face flamand, as fyre rycht furious:
His bost & brag, more aufull than the thounder, — fiery Mars,
Maid all *the* heuin most lyk to schaik[3] in schonder.
Quha wald behauld his countynance and feir,
Mycht call hym, weill, the god of men of weir:

With colour reid, and luke malicious,
Rycht colerick of his complexioun,
Austeir, angrye, sweir, and sedutious,
Principall cause of the distructioun — fruitful of destruction;
Off mony gude and nobyll Regioun:
War nocht Uenus his yre dois metigate,
This warld of peace[4] wald be full desolate.

This god of greif, withouttin sudgeornyng,
In ȝeris twa his cours he doith compleit.
Than past we vp quhare Iupiter, the kyng,
Satt in his speir, rycht amiabyll and sweit, — Jupiter,
Complexionate with waknes[5] and with heit.
That plesand Prince, fair, dulce, and delicate,
Prouokis peace[4] and banesis debait.

The auld Poetis, be superstitioun, — feigned, of old,
Held Iupiter the Father principall

[1] E trone [2] E thounder [3] E schak [4] E pace [5] E waiknes

Off all thare goddes, in conclusioun,
to be king of all the gods; For his prerogatyuis in speciall:
Als, be his vertew, in to generall,
To aulde Saturne he makis resistance,
Quhen, in his malice, he walde wyrk vengeance.

This Iupiter, withouttin sudgeornyng,
Passis throw all the twelf planetis, full ewin,
In ȝeris twelf: and, than, but tarying,
and Saturn, We past vnto the hiest[1] of the sewin,—
Tyll Saturnus, quhilk trublis all the hewin
With heuy cheir, and cullour paill as leid.
In hym we sawe bot dolour to the deid:

And cauld and dry he is, of his nature,
Foule lyke ane Oule, of euyll conditioun:
Rycht vnplesand he is of portrature.
every way disastrous. His Intoxicat dispositioun,
It puttis all thyng to perditioun,—
Ground of seiknes and malancolious,
Peruerst and pure, baith fals and Inuyous.

His qualite I can nocht loue, bot lack.
As for his mouyng, naturallie, but weir,[2]
About the singis of the Zodiack,
Then we reached the firmament, He dois compleit his cours in thretty ȝeir:
And so we left hym in his frosty speir.
Upwarte we did ascend, Incontinent,
But rest, tyll we come to the Firmament,

The quhilk was fixit full of sterris brycht,
Off figour round, rycht plesand and perfyte,
Quhose influence, and rycht excellent lycht,
stocked with stars,— And quhose nummer, may nocht be put in wryte.[3]
ȝit, cunnyng Clerkis dois naturallye indyte,
How that he dois compleit his cours, but weir,
In space of sewin and thretty thousand ȝeir.

[1] E heist [2] E veir [3] E vryte

Than the nynt Speir, and mouare principall
Off all the laif, we vesyit,—all that heuin
Quhose daylie motioun is contyneuall:
Baith firmament and all the planetis sewin,
Frome est to west,[1] garris thame turne,[2] full ewin,
In to the space of four and twenty houris.[3]
3it, be the myndis of the Austronomouris,[4]

The sewin Planetis, in to thare proper speris,
Frome west[5] to est, thay moue, naturallie,
Sum swyft, sum slaw, as to thare kynde afferis,—
As I haue schawin, afore, speciallie,—
Quhose motioun causis contynewallie
Rycht melodious harmonie and sound,
And all throw mouyng of those Planetis round.

Than montit we, with rycht feruent desyre,
Up throw the heuin callit Christallyne;
And so we enterit in the heuin Impyre,—
Quhilk to discryue it passis myne Ingyne,—
Quhare God, in to his holy throne deuyne,
Ryngis, in to his glore[6] Inestimabyll,
With Angellis cleir, quhilkis ar Innumirabyll.

In Ordouris nyne thir spretis glorious
Ar deuydit, the quhilkis excellentlye
Makis louyng, with sound melodious,
Syngand Sanctus rycht wounder feruentlye.
Thir ordouris nyne thay ar full plesandlye
Deuydit in to Ierarcheis three,
And thre Ordouris in euerilk Ierarche.

The lawest ordoure ar of Angelis brycht,
As Messingeris send vnto this law Regioun;
The secund ordour, Archangelis, full of mycht,
Uirtus, Potestatis, Principatis[7] of renoun;

which moves round the earth,

as do the planets, with harmony,

and, finally, Heaven.

There, with God, are angels,

divided into

[1] E wast [2] E, P omitted [3] E, P 3eris
[4] P Austronomeris, E Astronomeris [5] E vast [6] E he glore
[7] E Potestas, Principatus

nine orders.

The saxt is callit Dominatioun;
The sewint, Thronus; the auchtin, Cherubin;
The nynt and heast, callit Seraphin.

☞ And, nyxt, on to the blyssit Trynitie,
In his Tryumphant[1] throne Imperiall:—
Thre in tyll one, and one substance in thre,

And there is the Trinity,

Quhose indiuisabyll essens eternall
The rude Ingyne of mankynd is to small
Tyll comprehend, quhose power Infinyte
And deuyne nature no Creature can wryte.

So, myne Ingyne is nocht suffecient
For to treit of his heych Deuinitie:
All mortal men ar Insufficient

which no man can understand.

Tyll considder thay thre in vnitie.
Sic subtell mater I man, on neid, lat be:
To study on my Creid it war full fair,
And lat Doctouris of sic hie materis declare.

Than we beheld the blyste Humanitie
Off Christe, sittand in to his Sege Royall,
At the rycht hand of the Deuynitie,

We saw, also, Christ, in His humanity;

With ane excelland courte Celestiall,
Quhose exersitioun contynewall
Was in louyng thair Prince with reuerence;
And on this wyse thay kepit ordinance.

Nyxt to the Throne we saw *the*[2] Quene of Quenis,
Weill cumpanyit with Ladyis of delyte:
Sweit was the sang of those blyssit Uirginnis:

the B. V., with Her attendants;

No mortall man thare solace may indyte.
The Angellis brycht, in nummer infinyte,—
Euerilk ordour in thare awin degre,—
War officiaris vnto the deite.[3]

[1] E Tryumphand [2] E that [3] E, P diete

Patriarkis and Prophetis honorabyll,
Collaterall counsalouris in his consistorye,
Euangellistis, Apostolis venerabyll,
War Capitanis on to the Kyng of Glorye,
Quhilk Chiftane lyke had woun[1] the Uictorye.
Off that tryumphand courte celestiall
Sanct Peter was Lufetenand generall.

patriarchs, prophets, &c., headed by S. Peter;

The Martyris war as nobyll stalwart Knychtis,—
Discomfatouris of creuell battellis thre,
The flesche, the warld, the feind, & all his mychtis;
Confessouris, Doctouris in Diuinitie,
As Chapell clerkis on to his deite:
And, last, we sawe infinyte multytude
Makand seruyce vnto his[2] Celsitude,

martyrs, confessors, D.D.'s, &c.

Quhilkis, be the hie Deuyne permissioun,
Filicitie thay had Inuariabyll:
And of his Godhed cleir cognitioun;
And compleit peace thay had, Interminabyll:
Thare glore and honour was Inseparabyll.
That plesand place, repleit of pulchritude,
Innumirabyll it was of magnitude.

Of their unchanging felicity.

Thare is plentie of all plesouris perfyte,
Euident brychtnes, but obscuritie;
Withouttin dolour, dulcore and delyte;
Withouttin rancour, perfyte Cheritie;
Withouttin hunger, Sasiabilitie.
O happy ar those Saulis predestinate,
Quhen Saule and body sall be glorificate!

Happy are those souls,

Thir maruellous myrthis for to declare,
Be Arthimatik thay ar Innumirabyll;
The portratour of that palace[3] preclare,

whose joys are past numbering, depicting,

[1] E voun [2] E the [3] E, P place

By Geomatre it is Inmesurabyll;
and imagining. By Rethorike, als, Inpronunciabyll:[1]
Thare is none eiris may heir, nor Eine may se,
Nor hart may thynk, thare greit[2] felycitie.

Quhare to sulde I presume for tyll indyte—
The quhilk Sanct Paule, that doctour sapient,
Can nocht expres, nor in to paper wryte—
Even S. Paul could not do them justice. The hie excellend worke Indeficient,
And perfyte plesoure, euer parmanent,
In presens of that mychtie kyng of glore,
Quhilk was, and is, and sall be[3] euer more!

At Remembrance humilye I did inquyre,
Geue I mycht in that plesour styll remane.
Scho said: aganis reasoun is thy desyre:
In vain I would have stayed there. Quharefor, my freind,[4] thow mon returne agane,
And, for thy Synnis, be pennance, suffer paine,
And thole the dede, with creuell panis sore,
Or thow be ding to ryng with hym in glore.

Than we returnit, sore aganis my wyll,
Doun throw the speris of the heuinnis cleir.
Hir commandiment behuffit I fulfyll,
My conductress hurried me down again. With sorye hart, wyt ȝe, withouttin weir.
I wald full faine haif taryit thare all ȝeir;
Bot scho said to me: thare is no remede:
Or thow remane heir, first thow mon be dede.

Quod I: I pray ȝow hartfullye, madame,
Sen we haue had sic Contemplatioun
Off heuinlye plesouris, ȝit or we passe hame,
I questioned her about the earth. Lat ws haue sum consideratioun
Off eirth, and of his Situatioun.
Scho answerit and said: that sall be done.
So wer we, boith, brocht in the air, full sone,

[1] E Impronuciabyll [2] E, P omitted [3] E salbe
[4] E frind

Quhare we mycht se the Erth all at one sycht,
Bot lyke one moit, as it apperit[1] to me,
In to the respect of the heuinnis brycht.
I haue maruell, quod I, quhow this may be :
The eirth semis of so small quantitie,
The leist Sterne fixit in the Firmament
Is more than all the[2] eirth, be my Iugment.

She brought me within sight of it, minute in the distance.

FINIS.

[1] E appeirit [2] E omitted

☞ THE QVANTITE OF THE ERTH.

Scho sayis: Sonne, thow hes schawin *the* veritie.
The smallest sterne fixit in the firmament,
What is the size of the earth? In deid it is of greter quantytie
Than all[1] the eirth, efter the intent
Off wyse and cunnyng Clerkis sapient.
Quhat quantytie is, than, the eirth? quod Ie.[2]
That sall I schaw,[3] quod scho, to the schortlie.

Efter the myndis of the Austronimouris,
And, speciallie, the Auctour of the Speir,
And vther diuers gret Phelosiphouris,
It is 50,750 leagues The quantytie of the erth Circuleir
Is fyftie thousand liggis, withouttin weir,
Sewin houndreth, and fyftie, and no mo,—
Deuidyng, aye, ane lig in mylis two:

And euerilk myle in aucht stagis deuyde:
Ilk[4] staige, ane hundrith pais, twenty, and fyue;
Ane pais, fyue fute, quha wald than rycht[5] desyde;
In circumference. Ane fute, four palmes, geue I can rycht discryue;
Ane palme, four Inche; and, quha sa wald belyue
The Circuit of the eirth passe round aboute,
Man be considderit on this wyse, but doute.

Suppone that thare war none Impediment,
Bot that the eirth[6] but perrell wer, and plane,
Syne, that the persoun wer rycht deligent,
A calculation. And 3eid, ilk day, ten liggis in certane,
He mycht pas round aboute, and cum agane,
In four 3eris, saxtene oulkis, and dayis two:
Go reid the Auctour,[7] and thow sall fynd it so.

☞ FINIS.

[1] E omitted [2] E he [3] E schaw to the [4] E In
[5] Other editions here read—tham weil [6] E erith
[7] E Author

THE DEUISIOUN OF THE EIRTH.

Then, certanlye, scho tuke me be the hand,
And said: my sone, cum on thy[1] wayis with me.
And so scho gart me cleirly vnderstand
How that the eirth trypartit wes in thre,— The earth consists of three parts.
In Affrik, Europe, and Assie,
Efter the myndis of the Cosmographouris,
That is to say, the wardlis Discriptouris;

First, Asia contenis in the Orient,
And is, weill, more than baith the vther twane;
Affrik and Ewrope, in the Occident,
And ar deuydit be ane sey, certane, Their relative magnitudes
And that is callit the see Mediterane,
Quhilk at the strait of Marrok hes entre,
That is betuix Spanze and Barbarie.

Towart the southwest lyis Affrica;
And, in the northwest, Europa doith stand;
And all[2] the est contenis Asia:
On this wyse is deuydit the ferme land. and situations.
It war mekle to me to tak on hand
Thir regionis to declare in speciall;
3it, sall I schaw thare names in generall.

In mony diuers famous Regionis
Is deuydit this part of Asia,
Weill planesit[3] with Cieteis, towris, and townis:
The gret Ynde, and Mesopotamia, The divisions
Penthapolis, Egypt, and Seria,
Capadocia, Seres, and Armenye,
Babilone, Caldia, Perth, and Arabye,

[1] E thay [2] E omitted [3] plenisit

Sedone, Iudea, and Palestina,
Euer, Sethea, Tyir, and Galelie,
Hiberia, Bactria, and Phelestina,
of Asia, Hircanea, Compagena, and Samarie.
In lytill Asia standis Galathie,
Pamphilia, Isaria, and Leid,
Regia, Arathusa, Assiria, and Meid.

☞ Secundlie, we considderit Africa,
With mony fructfull[1] famous regioun,—
As Ethiope, and Tripolitana,
those of Africa, ȝewges, quhare standis the tryumphant toun
Off nobyll Cartage, that ciete of renoun;
Garamantes, Nadabar, Libia,
Getulia, and Maritania,

Futhensis, Numedie, and Thingetane:
Off Affrick thir ar the principall.
Than Ewrope we consideritt,[2] in certane,
and those of Europe, Quhose Regionis schortlie rehers I sall.
Foure principall*is* I fynd abone thame all,
Quhilkis ar Spanȝe, Italie, and France,
Quhose Subregionis wer mekle[3] tyll auance:[4]

Nether Scithia, Trace, and Garmanie,
Thusia, Histria, and Panonia,
Denmark, Gotland, Grunland, and Almanie,
the principal of which Pole, Hungarie, Boeme, Norica, Rethia,
Teutonia, and mony diuers ma.
And was in foure[5] deuidit Italie,—
Tuskane, Ethuria, Naiplis, and Champanye:

And subdeuydit sindry vther wayis,
As Lumbardie, Ueneis, and vther ma,
are specified Calaber, Romanie, and Ianewayis.
In Grece, Eperus and Dalmatica,

[1] E fruetfull [2] E considder [3] E mikil [4] E aduance [5] E fowr

Tessalie, Athica, and Illeria,
Achaya, Boetia, and Macedone,
Archadie, Pierie, and Lacedone.

And France we sawe deuydit[1] in to thre,—
Belgica, Rethia, and Aquitane,
And subdeuydit in Flanderis, Picardie,
Normandie, Gascon3e, Burguin3e, & Bretane,
And vtheris diuers Duchereis, in certane,
The quhilks wer to lang for to declare;
Quharefor, of thame as now I speik na[2] mare.

In Span3e lyis Castel3e and Arrogone,
Nauerne, Galice, Portingall, and Garnate.
Than sawe we famous Ylis mony one,
Quhilks in the Occiane sey was situate.
Thame to discryue my wyt wes desolate;—
Off Cosmographie I am nocht exparte,
For I did neuer study in that arte;—

3it I sall sum of thare names declare,
As Madagascar, Gardes, and Taprobane,
And vtheris diuers Ylis gude and fair,
Situate in to the sey Mediterrane,
As Syper, Candie, Corsica, and Sardane,
Crete, Abidos, Thoes, Cecilia,
Tapsone, Eolie, and mony vther ma.

Quho wald at lenth heir the Discriptioun
Off euerilk Yle, als weill as the ferme land,
And properteis of euerilk Regioun,
To study and to reid man tak on hand,
And the attentike werkis vnderstand,
Off Plenius, and worthy Tholomie,
Quhilks war[3] exparte in to Cosmographie:

by name.

Subdivisions of France,

and those of Spain.

Sundry famous islands.

References, for further information.

[1] E dewaydit [2] E no [3] E wer

Thare sall[1] thay fynd the names and properteis
Off euery[2] Yle, and of ilke Regioun.
Than I inquirit of eirthly Paradyce,
I inquired about Eden. Off the quhilk Adam tynt Possessioun.
Than schew scho me the Situatioun
Off that precelland place, full of delyte,
Quhose properteis wer[3] lang for to Indyte.

FINIS.[4]

[1] E Thar sel [2] E ewerilk [3] E war [4] E, P, omitted

☞ OF PARADICE.

THIS Paradyce, of all plesouris repleit,
Situate I saw in to the Orient.
That glorius gairth of euery flouris did fleit:
The lusty Lillyis, the Rosis redolent,
Fresche holesum fructis Indeficient,
Baith herbe and tree, thare growis euer grene,
Throw vertew of the temperat[1] air serene.

I saw Paradise in the East.

The sweit hailsum arromatyke odouris,
Proceidyng frome the herbis Medicinall,
The heuinlie hewis of the fragrant flouris,—
It was ane sycht wounder celestiall.
The perfectioun to schaw, in speciall,
And Ioyis, of that Regioun Deuyne,
Off mankynd it exceidis the Ingyne:

Its delights baffle description.

¶ And, als, so hie[2] in Situatioun,
Surmountyng the myd Regioun of the air,
Quhare no maner of perturbatioun
Off wodder may ascend so hie as thair:
Four fludis flowyng frome ane Fontane fair,—
As Tygris, Ganges, Ewphrates, and Nyle,
Quhilk, in the est, Transcurris mony ane myle.

It stands very lofty.

The countre closit is aboute, full rycht,
With wallis hie, of hote and birnyng fyre,
And straitly kepit be ane Angell brycht,
Sen the departyng of Adam, our Grandschyre,[3]
Quhilk, throw his cryme, Incurrit Goddis Yre,
And of that place tynte the Possessioun,
Baith frome hym self and his Successioun.

Its wall and its guard.

[1] E temporall [2] E hei [3] E granschyr

Quhen this lufesum lady Remembrance[1]
All this foresaid had gart me vnderstand,
I prayit hir, of hir beneuolence,
I begged to be shown Scotland. To schaw to me the countre of Scotland.
Weill, sonne, scho said, that sall I tak on hand.
So, suddanlie scho brocht me, in certane,
Ewin Iuste abone the braid Yle of Bertane,

Quhilk standis northwest, in the Occiane see,
And deuydit in famous Regionis two,—
The south part, Ingland, ane full ryche countre,
Its situation. Scotland, be north, with mony Ylis mo.
Be west Ingland, Yriland doith stand, also,
Quhose properteis I wyll nocht tak on hand
To schaw at lenth, bot only of Scotland.

FINIS.[2]

[1] E lydy Rememberance [2] E omitted

OF THE REALME OF SCOTLAND.

QUHILK, efter my sempyll Intandiment,
And as Remymbrance[1] did to me report,
I sall declare the suith and verrayment,
As I best can, and in to termes schort.
Quharfor, effecteouslie I 3ow exhorte,
Quhowbeit my wrytting be nocht tyll auance,
3it, quhare I faill, excuse myne Ignorance.

Quhen that I had ouersene this Regioun,
The quhilk, of nature, is boith gude and fair,
I did propone ane lytill questioun,
Beseikand hir the sam for to declare.
Quhat is the cause our boundis bene so bair?
Quod I: or quhate dois mufe our Misere?
Or quhareof[2] dois proceid our pouertie?

For, throw the supporte of 3our hie prudence,
Off Scotland I persaue the properteis,
And, als, considderis, be experience,
Off this countre the gret commoditeis:
First, the haboundance of fyschis in our seis,
And fructuall montanis for our bestiall,
And, for our cornis, mony lusty vaill;

The ryche Ryueris, plesand and proffitabyll;
The lustie lochis,[3] with fysche of sindry kyndis;
Hountyng, halkyng, for nobyllis conuenabyll;
Forrestis full of Da, Ra, Hartis, and Hyndis;
The fresche fontanis, quhose holesum cristel strandis

My account will be brief.

Whence is Scotland's ill condition?

For, as to all manner of natural advantages, it is

[1] E Remembrance [2] E quhare [3] P loochis

well provided with them.

Refreschis so the fair[1] fluriste grene medis:
So laik we no thyng that to nature nedis.

Off euery mettell we haue the ryche Mynis,[2]
Baith Gold, Syluer, and stonis precious.
Howbeit we want the Spyces and the Wynis,

Some of them particularized.

Or vther strange fructis delycious,
We haue als gude, and more neidfull for ws.
Meit, drynk, fyre, clathis, thar my*cht*[3] be gart abound,
Quhilk*is* als is nocht in al the Mapamound:

More fairer peple, nor of gretar ingyne,
Nor of more strenth gret dedis tyll indure.
Quharefor, I pray 3ow that 3e wald defyne

Why are we, then, so poor?

The principall cause quharefor we ar so pure;
For I maruell gretlie, I 3ow assure,
Considderand the peple and the ground,
That Ryches suld nocht in this realme redound.

My Sonne, scho said, be my discretioun,
I sall mak answeir, as I vnderstand.
I say to the, vnder confessioun,

Not because of the people or land.

The falt is nocht—I dar weill tak on hand—
Nother in to the peple nor the land.
As for the land, it lakis na vther thing
Bot laubour and the pepyll*is* gouernyng.

Than quharein lyis our Inprosperitie?[4]—
Quod I: I pray 3ow hartfullie, Madame,
3e wald declare to me the veritie;—

The question is repeated.

Or quho sall beir[5] of our barrat the blame?
For, be my treuth, to se I thynk gret schame
So plesand peple, and so fair ane land,
And so few verteous dedis tane on hand.

Some of

Quod scho: I sall, efter my Iugement,
Declare sum causis, in to generall,

[1] E, P omitted [2] E Myndis [3] E may
[4] E Improsperitie [5] E bair

And, in to termes schorte, schaw myne intent,
And, syne, transcend more in to speciall.
So, this is myne conclusioun fynall:
Wantyng of Iustice, polycie, and peace,
Ar cause of thir vnhappynes, allace!

☞ It is deficill Ryches tyll incres,
Quhare Polycie makith no residence;
And Policey may neuer haue entres,
Bot quhare that Iustice dois delygence
To puneis quhare thare may be found offence.
Iustice may nocht haue Dominatioun,
Bot quhare Peace makis habitatioun.

¶ Quhat is the cause—that wald I vnderstand—
That we sulde want Iustice and polycie
More than dois France, Italie, or Ingland?
Madame, quod I, schaw me the veritie:
Sen we haue Lawis in to[1] this countre,
Quhy want we lawis Exersitioun?
Quho suld put Iustice tyll exicutioun?[2]

Quharein dois stand our principall remeid?
Or quha may mak mendis of this myscheif?
Quod scho: I fynd the falt in to the heid;
For thay in quhome dois ly our hole releif,
I fynd thame rute and grund of all our greif;
For, quhen the heddis ar nocht delygent,
The membris[3] man, on neid, be necligent.

So, I conclude, the causis principall
Off all the trubyll of this Natioun
Ar in to Prencis, in to speciall,
The quhilk*is* hes the Gubernatioun,
And of the peple Dominatioun,
Quhose contynewall[4] exersitioun
Sulde be in Iustice[5] Exicutioun.[2]

the reasons are enumerated.

Prosperity depends on peace.

Why are we behind France, &c.?

The fault is in our governors.

Our princes are, chiefly, to blame.

[1] E, P omitted [2] E execusioun [3] E menbris
[4] E contynnwell [5] E juste

For, quhen the sleuthful hird dois sloug and sleip,
Taking no cure in kepyng of his floke,
Quho wyll go[1] sers amang sic heirdis scheip,
A parallel adduced. May, habyll, fynd mony pure scabbit crok,
And goyng wyll at large, withouttin lok:
Than Lupis[2] cumis, and Lowrance, in ane lyng,
And dois, but reuth, the sely scheip dounthryng.

Bot the gude hird, walkryfe and delygent,
Doith so, that all his flokis ar rewlit rycht,
To quhose quhissill all ar obedient;
Careful shepherd, safe sheep. And, geue the wolffis cumis, daye or nycht,
Thame to deuore, than ar thay put to flycht,
Houndit, and slane be thare weill dantit doggis;
So ar thay sure, baith 3owis, lambis, & hoggis.

So, I conclude that, throw the necligence
Off our infatuate heidis Insolent,
Is cause of all this realmes indigence,
Justice is what these realms want. Quhilk*is* in Iustice hes nocht bene delygent,
Bot to gude counsall inobedient,
Hauand small Ee vnto the comoun weill,
Bot to thare singulare proffect euerilk deill.

For, quhen thir Wolffis, be oppressioun,
The pure peple but piete doith oppres,
Than sulde the prencis mak punisioun,
The way to mend matters. And cause tha[3] Rebauldis for to mak redres,
That ryches mycht be, and Policey incres:
Bot rycht difficill is to mak remeid,
Quhen that the falt is so in to the heid.

FINIS.[4]

[1] E omitted [2] E Lupus [3] E that [4] E, P omitted

THE COMPLAYNT OF THE COMOUN WEILL OF SCOTLAND.

AND, thus as we wer[1] talking to and fro,
We saw a boustius berne cum ouir *the* bent,
But hors, on fute, als fast as he mycht go,
Quhose rayment wes all raggit, rewin, & rent;
With wisage leyne,[2] as he had fastit lent:
And fordwart fast his wayis he did aduance,—
With ane rycht malancolious countynance,—

With scrip on hip, and pyikstaff in his hand,
As he had purposit to passe fra hame.
Quod I: gude man, I wald faine vnderstand,
Geue that ȝe plesit, to wyt quhat wer ȝour name.
Quod he: my Sonne, of *th*at I think gret schame;
Bot, sen thow wald of my name haue ane feill,
Forsuith, thay call me Ihone the comoun weill.

Schir Commoun weill, quho hes ȝow so disgysit?
Quod I: or quhat makis ȝow so miserabyll?
I haue maruell to se ȝow so supprysit,
The quhilk that[3] I haue sene so honorabyll.
To all the warld ȝe haue bene proffitabyll,
And weill honorit in euerilk Natioun:
How happinnis, now, ȝour tribulatioun?

Allace! quod he, thow seis how it dois stand
With me, and quhow I am disherisit
Off all my grace, and mon pas of Scotland,
And go, afore quhare I was[4] cherisit.
Remane I heir, I am bot perysit;

I saw a rough figure approaching.

It was John the Commonwealth.

Whence was his low estate?

He said he must go abroad,

[1] E war [2] E Lyk [3] E omitted [4] E wes

unheeded at home.

For thare is few to me that takis tent,
That garris me go so raggit, rewin, and rent:

My tender friendis ar, all, put to the flycht;
For polecey is fled agane in France.
My Syster, Iustice, almaist haith tynt hir sycht,

His friends were, all, in evil case.

That scho can nocht[1] hald ewinly the ballance.
Plane wrang is plane capitane of Ordinance,
The quhilk debarris Laute and reassoun;
And small remeid is found for oppin treassoun.

In to the south, allace! I was neir slane;
Ouer all the land I culd fynd no releiff:
Almoist betuix the Mers and Lowmabane

In the south, misrule prevailed;

I culde nocht[1] knaw ane leill man be ane theif.
To schaw thare reif, thift, murthour, and mischeif,
And vecious workis, it wald infect the air;
And, als, langsum to me for tyll declair.

In to the hieland I could fynd no remeid;
Bot suddantlie I wes put to exile:
Tha sweir swyngeoris thay tuke of me non heid,

in the north, it was just as bad;

Nor amangs thame lat me remane ane quhyle.
Als, in the oute Ylis, and in Argyle,
Unthrift, sweirnes, falset, pouertie, and stryfe
Pat polacey in dainger of hir lyfe.

In the lawland I come to seik refuge,
And purposit thare to mak my residence;
Bot singulare proffect gart me soune disluge,

and he was ordered out of the lowlands.

And did me gret Iniuris and offence,
And said to me: swyith, harlote, hy the[2] hence;
And in this countre se thow tak no curis,
So lang as my auctoritie induris.

He despaired

And now I may mak no langer debait;[3]
Nor I wate nocht quhome to I suld me mene;

[1] E noch [2] E omitted [3] P bebait

For I haue socht throw all the Spirituall stait,
Quhilk*is* tuke na compt for to heir me complene:
Thare officiaris, thay held me at disdane;
For Symonie, he rewlis vp all that rowte;
And Couatyce, that Carle, gart bar me oute.

Pryde haith chaist far[1] frome thame humilitie;
Deuotioun is fled vnto the freris;
Sensuale plesour hes baneist Chaistitie;
Lordis of Religioun, thay go lyke Seculeris,
Taking more compt in tellyng thare deneris
Nor thay do of thare constitutioun,—
Thus ar thay blyndit be ambitioun.

Oure gentyll men ar, all, degenerat;
Liberalitie and Lawte, boith, ar loste;
And Cowardyce with Lordis is laureate;
And knychtlie curage, turnit in brag and boste;
The Ciuele weir misgydis euerilk oist.[2]
Thare is nocht ellis bot ilk man for[3] hym self:
That garris me go, thus baneist lyke ane elf.

Tharefor, adew: I may no langer tarye.
Fair weill, quod I, and w*ith* sanct Ihone to borrow.
Bot, wyt ȝe weill, my hart was[4] wounder sarye,
Quhen comoun weill so sopit was in sorrow:
ȝit, efter the nycht cumis the glaid morrow.
Quharefor, I pray ȝow, schaw me, in certane,
Quhen that ȝe purpose for to cum agane.

That questioun, it sall be[5] sone desydit,
Quod he: thare sall na Scot haue confortyng
Off me, tyll that I see the countre gydit
Be wysedome of ane gude auld prudent kyng,
Quhilk sall delyte hym maist, abone all thyng,

of the heads of the Church, corrupt.

They had renounced all virtue.

The laity, too, were degenerate.

I asked him when he meant to come back.

His return depended on a proper king,

[1] E, P omitted [2] E ouer ost, P euer oist [3] E omitted
[4] E wes [5] E salbe

doing justice.

To put Iustice tyll exicutioun,
And on strang tratouris mak puneisioun.

Als 3it to the I say ane vther thyng:
I se, rycht weill, that prouerbe is full trew,
Wo to the realme that hes ouir 3oung ane king.

Warning, he departed.

With that, he turnit his bak, and said adew.
Ouer firth and fell rycht fast[1] fra me he flew,
Quhose departyng to me was displesand.
With that, Remembrance tuk me be the hand,

And sone, me thocht, scho brocht me to the roche,
And to the coue quhare I began to sleip.
With that, one schip did spedalye approche,

Just then a ship appeared,

Full plesandlie saling apone the deip,
And, syne, did slake hir salis, and gan to creip
Towart the land, anent quhare that I lay:
Bot, wyt 3e weill, I gat ane fellown fraye.

All hir Cannounis sche leit craik of at onis:
Down schuke the stremaris frome *the* topcastell;
Thay sparit nocht the poulder, nor the stonis;

and fired her guns;

Thay schot thare boltis, & doun *th*ar ankeris fell;
The Marenaris, thay did so 3oute and 3ell,

and I awoke.

That haistalie I stert out of my dreme,
Half in ane fray, and spedalie past hame,

And lychtlie dynit, with lyste and appityte,
Syne efter, past in tyll ane Oritore,
And tuke my pen, and thare began to wryte

And you have seen what I dreamed.

All the visioun that I haue schawin afore:
Schir, of my dreme as now thov gettis no more.
Bot I beseik God for to send the grace
To rewle[2] thy realme in vnitie and peace.

FINIS.[3]

[1] E Our firth and se in rycht [2] E rowle [3] E, P omitted

HEIR ENDIS THE DREME ☞ AND BEGYNNIS THE EXHORTATIOUN TO THE KYNGIS GRACE.

Schir, Sen that God, of his preordinance,
Haith grantit the to haue the gouernance
Off his peple, and create the one Kyng,
Faill nocht to prent in thy Remembrance,[1]
That he wyll nocht excuse thyne Ignorance,
Geue thow be rekles in thy gouernyng.
Quharefor, dres the, abone all vther thyng,
Off his lawis to keip the obseruance,
And thow schaip lang in Ryaltie to ryng.

A king is to rule heedfully.

Thank hym that hes commandit Dame Nature
To prent the of so plesand portrature:
Hir gyftis may be cleirly on the knawin.
Tyll dame Fortune thow nedis no procurature;
For scho hes lairglie kyith it[2] on the hir cure,
Hir gratytude sche hes on to the schawin:
And, sen that thow mon scheir as thow hes sawin,[3]
Haue all thy hope in God, thy Creature,
And aske hym grace, that thow may be his awin.

Favoured by nature,

trust in God.

And, syne, considder thy vocatioun,
That for to haue the gubernatioun
Off this kynrik thov art predestinate.
Thov may weill wyt, be trew narratioun,
Quhat sorrow and quhat trubulatioun
Haith bene in this pure realme infortunate.
Now conforte thame that hes bene desolate;
And of thy peple haue compassioun,
Sen thow be God art so preordinate.

Consider of misfortune, and remedy it.

[1] E thay Rememberance [2] P kyith [3] E l. 1052 omitted

Tak Manlie curage, and leif thyne Insolence,
And vse counsale of nobyll dame Prudence;
Founde the fermelie on faith and fortytude;
Drawe to thy courte Iustice and Temporance;
Be manly, and shun the vicious and flatterers. And to the commoun weill haue attendance.
And, also, I beseik thy Celsitude,
Hait vicious men, and lufe thame that ar gude;
And ilke flattrer thow fleme frome thy presence,
And fals reporte out of thy courte exclude.

Do equale Iustice boith to gret and small;
And be exampyll to thy peple all,
Exersing verteous deidis honorabyll
Be nocht ane wrache, for oucht that may befall:
Study to be equitable and liberal. To that vnhappy vice and thow be thrall,
Tyll[1] all men thow sall be[2] abhominabyll
Kyngis nor knychtis ar neuer conuenabyll
To rewle peple, be thay nocht lyberall:
Was neuer ȝit na wrache to honour habyll.

And tak exempyll of the wracheit endyng
Quhilk maid Mydas of Trace, *the* mychtie king,
That to his Goddes maid Inuocatioun,
Throw gredines, that all substanciall thing
Remember the story of King Midas. That euer he twycheit suld turne, but tarying,
In to fyne gold: he gat his supplication;
All that he twychit, but delatioun,
Turnit in gold,—boith meit, drynk, and clethyng;—
And deit of hounger, but recreatioun.

Als, I beseik thy Maiestie serene,
Frome Lychorie thow keip thy body clene:
Taist neuer that Intoxicat poysoun:
Avoid premature concupiscence; Frome that vnhappy sensuall syn abstene,
Tyll that thow get ane lusty, plesand Quene:
Than tak[3] thy plesour, with my benesoun.

[1] E To [2] E salbe [3] E omitted

Tak tent, how prydful Tarquyne tynt his croun,
For the deforsyng of Lucres, the schene,
And was depryuit, and baneist Romes toun.

And, in dispyit of his Lycherous leuyng,
The Romanis wald be subiect to no kyng,
Mony lang 3eir,—as storyis doith recorde,—
Tyll Iulyus,[1] throw verteous gouernyng
And Princelie curage, gane on thame to ryng,
And chosin of Romanis Empriour and lord.
Quharfor, my Souerane, in to thy mynd remord,
That vicious lyfe makis, oft, ane euyll endyng,
Without it be throw speciall grace restord.

And, geue thow wald thy faime and honour grew,
Use counsall of thy prudent Lordis trew,
And se thow nocht presumpteouslie pretend
Thy awin perticulare weill for tyll Ensew:
Wyrk with counsall, so sall thow neuer rew.
Remember[2] of thy freindis the fatell end,
Quhilks to gude counsall wald not condiscend,
Tyll bitter deith, allace! did thame persew.
Frome sic vnhape I pray God the defend.

And, fynalie, remember[2] thow mon dee,
And suddanlie pas of this mortal see:
And art[3] nocht sicker of thy lyfe two houris;
Sen thare is none frome that scentence may fle,—
Kyng, Quene, nor knycht, of lawe estait, nor hie,—
Bot all mon thole of deith the bitter schouris.
Quhar bene thay gone, thir Papis & empriouris?
Bene thay nocht dede? so sall it fair on the:
Is no remeid, strenth,[4] ryches, nor honouris.

nor imitate Tarquin.

A wicked life is like to end unfortunately.

Avail thyself of the counsel of the prudent.

Finally, remember that thou art but mortal.

☞ FINIS.

[1] E Iuleus [2] E Remenber [3] E ar
[4] E in

And so, for conclusioun,
Secure the grace of Christ, Mak our Prouisioun.
To get the infusioun
Off his hie grace,
Who shed His blood for our peace. Quhilk bled with effusioun,
With scorne[1] and derisioun,
And deit with confusioun:
Confirmand our peace.
AMEN.[2]

[1] P scrone [2] E omitted

HEIR BEGINNIS THE COMPLAYNT OF SCHIR DAUID LINDESAY.

SCHIR, I beseik thyne Excellence,
Heir my complaynt with pacience.
My dolent hart dois me constrane
Off my infortune to complane,
Quhowbeit I stand in gret dowtance
Quhome I sall wyte of my myschance:
Quhidder Saturnis creueltie,
Ryngand in my Natyuitie,
Be bad aspect, quhilk wyrkis vengeance;
Or vtheris heuinlye influence;
Or geue I be predestinate
In Courte to be Infortunate,
Quhilk hes so lang in seruyce bene,
Contynewallie[1] with kyng and quene,
And enterit to thy Maiestie
The day of thy Natyuitie:
Quharethrow my freindis bene eschamit,
And with my fais I am defamit,
Seand that I am nocht[2] regardit,
Nor with my brether in Courte rewardit;
Blamand[3] my sleuthfull neclygence,
That seikis nocht[2] sum recompence.
Quhen diuers men dois me demand,
Quhy gettis thow nocht sum peis of land,
Als weill as vther men hes gottin?
Than wys I to be dede and rottin,
With sic extreme discomfortyng,
That I can mak no answeryng.

Hear, patiently, my complaint.
What shall I blame?
Saturn's influence?
Or my destiny?
Long have I served the king and queen.
Yet I am disregarded and unrewarded.
I am blamed, and taunted, and made miserable,
and am unable to give any answer.

[1] E Contynuallie [2] E noch [3] E Blemand

I am altogether uncertain what to do.

I wald sum wyse man did me teche
Quhidder that I suld flatter or fleche.
I wyll nocht flyte, that I conclude,
For crabyng of thy Celsitude;
And to flatter I am defamit:
Want I reward, than am I schamit.
Bot I hope thow sall do als weill

A reference to the parabolic lord of the vineyard,

As did the father of Fameill,
Off quhome Christ makis mentioun,
Quhilk, for ane certane pentioun,
Feit men to wyrk in his wyne ȝaird,

and the way he recompensed his labourers; with the expression of a hope.

Bot quho come last gat first rewaird;
Quharethrow the first men wer displesit:
Bot he thame prudentlie amesit;
For, thocht the last men first wer seruit,
ȝit gat the first that thay deseruit.
So, am I sure thy maiestie
Sall anis rewarde me, or I de,
And rube the ruste of my ingyne,
Quhilk bene, for langour, lyke to tyne.

Service and desert.

Althocht I beir nocht lyke ane baird,
Lang seruyce ȝarnis, ay, rewaird.
I can nocht blame thyne excellence,
That I so lang want recompence.

I would not beg;

Had I solistit,[1] lyke the laif,
My rewarde had nocht bene to craif;
Bot now[2] I may weill vnderstand,

and I have paid the penalty of my modesty and sluggishness.

Ane dum man ȝit wan neuer land,
And, in the court, men gettis na thyng
Withoute inopportune[3] askyng.
Allace! my sleuth and schamefulnes
Debarrit fra me all gredynes.

The greedy and diligent are sure to compass their ends.

Gredie men that ar delygent
Rycht oft obtenis thare intent,
And failȝeis[4] nocht to conqueis landis,
And namelye, at ȝoung Prencis handis.

[1] E solist [2] E omitted
[3] E importune. Other editions read—Withoutin opportune
[4] E falȝeis

Bot I tuke neuer non vther cure, — Devoted to thee,
In speciall, bot for thy plesour.
Bot now I am na mair dispaird,[1]
Bot I sall get Princely rewaird, — I shall not fail of rich reward.
The quhilk, to me, sall be mair glore
Nor thame thow did reward afore.
Quhen men dois aske ocht at ane kyng, — What sort of thing should be asked of a king.
Sulde aske his grace ane nobyll thyng,—
To his Excellence honorabyll,
And to the asker proffitabyll.
Thocht I be, in my askyng, lidder,
I praye thy grace for to considder :
Thow hes maid baith lordis and lairdis, — Who have been ennobled and remunerated.
And hes gewin mony ryche rewardis
To thame that was full far to seik,
Quhen I lay nychtlie be thy cheik.
I tak the Quenis grace, thy mother, — Witnesses of ancient service specified.
My lord Chanclare, and mony vther,
Thy Nowreis, and thy auld Maistres,—
I tak thame, all, to beir wytnes.
Auld Wille Dile, wer he on lyue,
My lyfe full weill he could discryue :
Quhow, as ane Chapman beris his pak, — How Lyndesay amused the
I bure thy[2] grace vpon my bak, — young king,
And, sumtymes, strydlingis on my nek,
Dansand with mony bend and bek.
The first sillabis that thow did mute — whose first effort of speech was to
Was 'pa, Da Lyn, vpon the lute :' — say 'Play, David Lyndesay,' &c.
Than playt[3] I twenty spryngis, perqueir,
Quhilk wos gret piete for to heir.
Fra play thow leit me neuer rest ; — The king, as a boy, was rather
Bot gynkartoun thow lufit, ay, best : — exacting, as has been told elsewhere.
And, ay, quhen thow come frome the scule,
Than I behuffit to play the fule :
As I[4] at lenth, in to my dreme,
My sindry seruyce did expreme.

[1] E displesit [2] E thay [3] E playit
[4] E omitted

Thocht it bene better, as sayis the wyse,
Hape to the court nor gude seruyce,
He was really attached to the poet, who, men said, would be made a lord, not undeservedly.
I wate thow luffit me better, than,
Nor, now, sum wyfe dois hir gude man.
Than men tyll vther did recorde,
Said Lyndsay[1] wald be maid ane lorde:
Thow hes maid lordis, schir, be sanct Geill,
Off sum that hes nocht[2] seruit so weill.
The story how his misfortune befell.
¶ To 3ow, my Lordis, that standis by,
I sall 3ow schaw the causis quhy:
Geue 3e lyst tary, I sall tell,
Quhow my infortune first befell.
He prayed to see his young master of age, and king,
I prayit, daylie, on my knee,
My 3oung maister that I mycht see
Off eild, in his aistait[3] Royall,
Hauand power Imperyall:
and hoped to get, then, some land.
Than traistit I,[4] without demand,
To be promouit to sum land.
Bot my askyng I gat ouer soun,
Because ane clips[5] fell in the mone,
But the peace of Scotland was disturbed, and he was balked of his expectation.
The quhilk all Scotland maid asteir.
Than did my purpose ryn arreir,—
The quhilk war langsum to declare;—
And, als, my hart is wounder sare,
Quhen I haue in remembrance
The suddand cheange, to my myschance.
The king, at twelve years of age, fell into the hands of selfish persons, who set
The kyng was bot twelf 3eris of aige,
Quhen new rewlaris come, in thare[6] raige,
For commoun weill makand no cair,
Bot for thare proffeit singulair.
Imprudentlie, lyk wytles fullis,
Thay tuke that 3oung Prince frome the sculis,
Quhare he, vnder Obedience,
Was lernand[7] vertew and science,
him governing before the proper time.
And haistelie plat in his hand
The gouernance of all Scotland;

[1] E Lynsay [2] E noch [3] E estait [4] E omitted
[5] E clipis [6] E the [7] E lernit

As quho wald, in ane stormye blast,— It was as if, in a terrible storm at sea, a child were to be put in charge of a ship.
Quhen Marinaris bene all agast
Throw dainger of the seis raige,—
Wald tak ane chylde of tender aige,
Quhilk neuer had bene on the sey,
And to his biddyng all[1] obey,
Geuyng hym haill the gouernall
Off schip, marchand, and Marinall,
For dreid of rockis and foreland.
To put the ruther in his hand, Would this be prudent?
Without godds[2] grace, is no refuge:
Geue thare be dainger, ȝe may Iuge.
I gyf thame to the deuyll of hell,
Quhilk first deuysit that counsell.
I wyll nocht say that it was treassoun; Softly! What it was like, and what it actually was.
Bot I dar sweir, it was no reassoun.
I pray God, lat me neuer se ryng,
In to this realme, so ȝoung ane kyng.
☞ I may nocht tary to desyd it,
Quhow than the court, ane quhyle, was gydit Misguidance prevailed at court, and eloquent flattery.
Be thame that peirtlye tuke on hand
To gyde the kyng and all Scotland;
And, als, langsum for to declare
Thare facound flattryng wordis fair.
Schir, sum wald say, ȝour maiestie The king was not to be subjected to restraint.
Sall now go to ȝour lybertie;
ȝe sall to no man be coactit,
Nor to the scule no more subiectit:
We thynk thame verray naturail fulis,
That lernis ouir mekle at the sculis.
Schir, ȝe mon[3] leir to ryn ane speir, Of the kind of learning advised to him, and of the men placed about him.
And gyde ȝow lyke ane man of weir;
For we sall put sic men aboute ȝow,
That all[4] the warld[5] and mo sall doute ȝow.
Than to his grace thay put ane gaird,
Quhilk haistelie gat thare rewaird.

[1] P of [2] E goddis [3] E man [4] E omitted [5] E wardl

The diversions recommended to him: games,

Ilke man, efter thare qualitie,
Thay did solyst his maiestie.
Sum gart hym raiffell at the rakcat;
Sum harld hym to the hurly hakcat;
And sum, to schaw thare courtlie corsis,

horse-racing, in reckless fashion,

Wald ryid to leith, and ryn thare horssis,
And wychtlie wallope ouer the sandis:
3e nother sparit spurris nor wandis;
Castand galmound*is*, w*ith* bendis and beckis,
For wantones, sum braik thare neckis.

cards, and dice.

Thare was no play bot cartis and dyce;
And ay schir flattre[1] bure the pryce;
Roundand and rowkand, ane tyll vther.

An intimation that the playing was not fair, and

Tak thow my part, quod he, my bruther,
And mak, betuix ws, sicker bandis,
Quhen ocht sall vaik[2] amangs our handis,
That ilk man stand to help his fallow.
I hald thareto, man, be alhallow,
Swa thow fysche nocht within my boundis.
That sall I nocht,[3] be godis woundis,
Quod he, bot erar tak thy part:
Swa[4] sall I thyne, be god*dis*[5] hart;

that there was disloyalty on the part of the treasurer.

And, geue the Thesaureir be our freind,
Than sall we get baith tak and teind.
Tak he our part, than quha dar wrang ws?
Bot we sall part the pelf amang ws.

The resolution of the courtiers to profit, as far as possible, by

Bot haist vs,[6] quhill the kyng is 3oung,
And lat[7] ilk man keip weill ane toung,
And in ilk quarter haue ane spye,
Ws tyll aduerteis haistelie,
Quhen ony casualiteis
Sall happin in tyll[6] our countreis.

present opportunities.

Lat ws mak sure prouissioun,
Or he cum to discretioun.
No more he wate nor dois ane sancte,
Quhat thyng it bene to haue, or wante:

[1] E flattrer [2] E waik [3] E noch [4] E So
[5] P gods [6] E, P omitted [7] P omitted

So, or he be of perfyte aige,
We sall be sicker of our waige ;
And, syne, lat ilk ane carle craif vther :[1]
That mouth speik mair, quod he, my[2] brother.
For god, nor I rax in ane raipe,
Thow mycht geue counsale to the Pape.
Thus lauborit thay within[3] few ȝeris,
That thay become no pagis peris,
Swa haistelye thay maid ane band :[4]
Sum gadderit gold, sum conqueist land.
Schir, sum wald say, be sanct Dinnyce,
Geue me sum fate[5] Benefyce ;
And all the proffect ȝe sall haue :—
Geue me the name, tak ȝow the laue.
Bot, be[6] his Bowis war weill cumit hame,
To mak seruyce he wald thynk schame ;
Syne, slyp awaye, withouttin more,
Quhen he had gottin that he sang fore.
Me thocht it was ane pieteous[7] thyng,
To se that fair, ȝoung, tender kyng,
Off quhome thir gallandis stude no awe,
To play with hym, pluke at the crawe :
Thay become ryche, I ȝowe assure,
Bot aye the Prence remanit pure.
Thare wes few of that garisoun
That lernit hym ane gude lessoun ;
Bot sum to crak, and sum to clatter,
Sum maid the fule, and sum did flatter.
Quod ane : the Deuyll stik me with ane knyfe,
Bot, schir, I knaw ane maid in fyfe,
Ane of the lusteast wantoun lassis,
Quhare to, schir, be gods blude scho passis.
Hald thy toung, brother, quod[8] ane vther ;
I knaw ane fairar, be fyftene futher.
Schir, quhen ȝe pleis to Leithgow pas,
Thare sall ȝe se ane lusty las.

In anticipation of his coming of age, they grasped

at every source of gain, in gold and land, and,

while asking for only titular honours, secured

something much more substantial.

It was grievous to see the young king thus cheated.

His companions, mostly, endeavoured tc make him a fribble, or worse, by their empty talk, of which a sample is given by the poet.

[1] E ane vther [2] E omitted [3] E withotin [4] P hand
[5] E fatt [6] E bet [7] E pretious
[8] E quod I

Now trittyll, trattyll, trolylow,
It was about women; and Quod[1] the thrid man; thow dois bot mow:
Quhen his grace cumis to fair sterlyng,
Thair sall he se ane dayis derlyng.
some of the courtiers counselled open lewdness, while they Schir, quod the fourt, tak my counsall,
And go, all, to the hie boirdall:[2]
Thare may we lope at lybertie,
Withouttin ony grauitie.
were all moved by selfish considerations. Thus euery man said for hym self,
And did amangis thame part the pelf;
Bot I, allace! or euer I wyste,
Meantime, I was contemned and thrust aside,—in favour of others,—unrewarded. Was trampit doun in to the douste,
With heuy charge, withouttin more,—
Bot I wyst neuer ȝit quharefore,—
And haistellie,[3] before my face,
Ane vther slippit in my place,
Quhilk rychelie gat his rewaird,
And stylit was the Anscient laird.
I bore this treatment patiently, That tyme I mycht mak no defence,
Bot tuke, perforce, in pacience,
praying that those evildoers should get their due. Prayand to send thame ane myschance
That had the court in gouernance,
The quhilkis aganis me did malyng,
Contrar the plesour of the kyng.
The king, all the while, was well-disposed to me, For weill I knew his graces mynd
Was euer to me trew and kynd,
And, contrar thare Intentioun,
and did not leave me poor. Gart pay me, weill, my pentioun.
Thocht I, ane quhyle, wantit presence,
He leit me haue no Indigence:
When afraid to observe openly, I Quhen I durst nother peip nor luke,
ȝit wald I hyde me in ane nuke,
watched, unobserved, the course of the king's false friends. To see those vncouth vaniteis,
Quhow thay, lyke ony beisy beis,
Did occupy thare goldin houris,
With help of thare new gouernouris.

[1] E Quod he [2] E bordall [3] haistelly

Bot, my complaynt for to compleit,
I gat the soure, and thay the sweit:
Als, Ihone Makerery, the kyngis fule,
Gat dowbyll garmoundis agane the ȝule,
ȝit, in his maist tryumphant glore,
For his rewarde, gat the grand gore.
Now in the court seindell he gois,
In dreid men stramp vpon his tois;
As I, that tyme, durst nocht be sene
In oppin court, for baith my Eine.
¶ Allace! I haue no tyme to tary,
To schaw ȝow all the fery fary,—
Quhow those that had the gouernance
Amangis thame selfis raist variance;
And quho[1] maist to my skaith consentit,
Within few ȝeris full sore repentit,
Quhen thay could mak me no remeid:
For thay war harlit out be the heid,
And vtheris tuke the gouernyng.
Weill wors than thay in alkin thyng.
Thay lordis tuke no more regaird,
Bot quho mycht purches best rewaird:
Sum to thare freindis gat benefyceis,
And vther sum gat Byschopreis.
For euery lord, as he thocht best,
Brocht in ane bird to fyll the nest,
To be ane wacheman to his marrow:
Thay gan[2] to draw at the cat harrow.
The proudest Prelatis of the kirk
Was faine to hyde thame in the myrk,
That tyme, so failȝeit[3] wes thare sycht.
Sen syne thay may nocht thole the lycht
Off Christis trew Gospell to be sene,
So blyndit is thare corporall Ene
With wardly lustis sensuall,
Takyng in realmes the gouernall,

They came off better than I.

Of the luck, good and bad, of the king's fool,

at the time I was out of favour.

It were long to tell of the variance among my enemies,

and of their being displaced by advisers worse, in every way, than themselves,—

men wholly greedy, and who snatched at church-preferment, each for his favourite.

Of the prelates, forgetful of their duties,

and hiding the light of the Gospel, occupied with affairs of state,

[1] E quhow [2] E began
[3] E feilȝeit

beside their calling.

Baith gyding court and cessioun,—
Contrar to thare professioun,—
Quhareof I thynk thay sulde haue schame,
Off spirituall preistis to tak the name.

How priests of this shameful description are spoken of in Holy Writ.

For Esayas, in to his wark,
Callis thame lyke Doggis that can nocht[1] bark,
That callit ar preistis, and can nocht preche,
Nor Christis law to the peple teche.

They should keep to things spiritual,

Geue for to preche bene thare professioun,
Quhy sulde thay mell with court, or Cessioun,
Except[2] it war in spirituall thyngis;

leaving temporal affairs to others.

Referryng vnto lordis and kyngis
Temporall causis to be desydit?

Ghostly duties are their proper business;

Geue thay thare spirituall office gydit,
Ilke man mycht say, thay did thare partis:

and they should eschew cards and luxurious mule-riding.

Bot, geue thay can play at the cairtis,
And mollet moylie on ane Mule,
Thocht thay had neuer sene the scule,
Ȝit, at this day, als weill as than,
Wyll be maid sic ane spirituall man.

Princes must answer for promoting such men, who will smart, unless they repent and reform.

Prencis that sic prelatis promofis
Accompt thareof to geue behuffis,
Quhilk sall nocht pas but puneischement,
Without thay mend and sore repent,
And, with[3] dew ministratioun,
Wyrk efter thare vocatioun.

But this they will not do,—proud, and breeders of discord and contention.

I wys that thyng quhilk wyll nocht be,
Thir peruerst Prelatis ar so hie:[4]
Frome tyme that thay bene callit lordis,
Thay ar occasioun of discordis,
And lairglie wyll propynis hecht,
To gar ilk lord with vther fecht:
Geue for thare part it may auaill,
Swa, to the purpose of my taill.

Of the struggling, among the lords, for superiority,

That tyme, in court, rais[5] gret debait,
And euerilk lord did stryue for stait,

[1] E noch [2] E Excep [3] E omitted
[4] E hei [5] E rayis

That all the realme mycht mak no reddyng,
Quhill on ilk syde thare was blude scheddyng, and of the shedding of blood that followed.
And feildit vther, in land and burgh,[1]
Att Lyithgow, Melros, and Edinburgh.[2]
Bot, to deplore I thynk gret paine
Off nobyll men that thare was slane, Noblemen were slain in great numbers;
And, als, langsum to be reportit
Off thame quhilk to the court resortit;
As tyrrannis, tratouris, and transgressouris, and wrong-doers of every stamp had high holiday.
And commoun publict plaine oppressouris,
Men murdresaris, and commoun theiffis,
In to that court gat, all, releiffis.
Thair was few lordis, in all thir landis,
Bot tyll new regentis maid thare bandis.
Than rais ane reik, or euer I wyste, Then, of a sudden, affairs took a new turn, and the king's advisers were fain to betake themselves across the Tweed.
The quhilk gart all thare bandis bryste:
Than thay allone quhilk had the gyding,
Thay culde nocht keip thare feit frome slyding;
Bot of thare lyffis thay had sic dreid,
That thay war faine tyll trott ouer tweid.

NOW, Potent Prince, I say to the,
I thank the haly Trinitie, I am thankful to see, at last, those men fled,
That I haue leuit to se this daye,
That all that warld is went awaye,
And thow to no man art subiectit, and thee no longer under their control.
Nor to sic counsalouris coactit.
The foure gret verteous[3] Cardinalis, The times are improving.
I see thame with the principalis:
For Iustice haldis hir sweird on hie, Justice again elevates her sword and her scales, and puts down oppression.
With hir ballance[4] of Equitie,
And, in this realme, hes maid sic ordour,
Baith throw the heland and the bordour,
That oppressioun and all[5] his fallowis
Ar hangit heych[6] apon the gallowis.[7]
Dame Prudence hes the be the heid, Prudence,

[1] E brugh [2] E Edinbrugh [3] E werteous.
[4] E ballandis [5] E omitted [6] E heycht [7] P gallous

Temperance, and kindred virtues have resumed their sway.

And temporance dois thy[1] brydill leid.
I se dame force mak assistance,
Berand thy Targe of assurance;
And lusty lady Chaistitie
Hes baneist Sensualitie.

Riches fosters thee; and I pray that Poverty may keep far from thee, in the Hebrides.

Dame Ryches takis on the sic cure,
I pray God that scho lang indure,
That Pouertie dar nocht be sene
In to thy hous, for baith hir Ene,
Bot fra thy grace fled mony mylis,
Amangis[2] the Hountaris in the Ylis.

Dissimulation is no more seen.

Dissimulance dar nocht schaw hir face,
Quhilk wount was to begyill thy grace;

Folly has fled away.

Foly is fled out of the toun,
Quhilk ay was countrar to ressoun;

Policy and Peace begin to show fruit.

Polyce and Peace begynnis to plant,
That verteous men can no thyng want;

Rogues will be punished.

And, as for sleuthfull Idyll[3] lownis,
Sall fetterit be in the Gailȝeownis.

John Upland is blithe.

Ihone Upeland bene full blyith, I trow,
Because the rysche bus kepis his kow.

Only the spirituality is out of gear.

Swa is thare nocht, I vnderstand,
Withoute gude ordour in this land,
Except the spiritualitie.

I pray thee to introduce, herein, a reformation; so that ecclesiastics may do their duty, and may

Prayand thy grace thareto haue Ee,
Cause thame mak ministratioun
Conforme to thare vocatioun,
To Preche with vnfenȝeit intentis,
And trewly vse the Sacramentis,
Efter Christis Institutionis,

lay aside superstitious practices, forbidden by Christ.

Leuyng thare vaine traditiounis,—
Quhilkis dois the syllie scheip Illude,
Quhame for Christ Iesus sched his blude,—
As[4] superstitious[5] pylgramagis,
Prayand to grawin[6] Ymagis,
Expres aganis the Lordis command.

[1] E the [2] E Amang [3] E omitted [4] E And
[5] P superstitionis [6] E grauen

I do thy grace tyll vnderstand,
Geue thow to mennis lawis assent,[1]
Aganis the lordis commandiment,—
As Ieroboam and mony mo,
Prencis of Israell, allso,
Assentaris to Ydolatrie,
Quhilkis puneist war rycht pieteouslie,
And frome thare realmes wer rutit oute,—
So sall thow be, withouttin doute,
Baith heir and hyne, withouttin more,
And want the euerlestyng glore.
Bot, geue thow wyll thy hart inclyne,
And keip his blyssit law deuyne,
As did the faithfull Patriarkis,
Boith in thare wordis and thare warkis,
And as did mony faithfull kyngis,
Off Israell, duryng thare ryngis,
As kyng Dauid and Salomone,
Quhilkis Ymagis wald suffer none
In thare ryche Tempillis for to stand,
Because it was nocht goddis command,
Bot distroyit all Ydolatrie,
As in the scripture thow may see;
Quhose ryche rewarde was heuinly blys,—
Quhilk sall be thyne, thow doand this.
Sen thow hes chosin sic ane gaird,
Now am I sure to get rewaird;
And, sen thow art the rychest kyng
That euer in this realme did ryng,
Off gold and stonis precious,
Maist prudent and Ingenious,
And hes thy honour done awance,
In Scotland, Ingland, and in France,
Be Merciall dedis honourabyll,
And art tyll euery vertew abyll,
I wat thy grace wyll nocht misken me,

Should Your Grace do otherwise,—as did Jeroboam and the like,

who assented to idolatry, and were extirpated therefor,—

a penalty, doubtless, will be visited here, with loss of glory hereafter.

But imitation of the example of the Patriarchs,

in their words and works,—as the Kings of Israel, David and Solomon,

who suffered no images to stand in their temples,

but destroyed all idolatry,— will be recompensed, as Scripture shows, with heavenly bliss.

Now my reward is certain.

As thou art the richest king Scotland has ever had, and art prudent and ingenious, and hast advanced thy honour abroad by martial prowess,

I know thou wilt not mistake me,

[1] E omits from l. 425 to end.

petitioning.

Bot thow wyll vther geue or len me.

I would borrow one or two thousand pounds,

Wald thy grace len me, to ane day,
Off gold ane thousand pound, or tway,
And I sall fix, with gude intent,

conditioning to repay it, when islands climb mountains, and such like;

Thy grace ane daye of payment,
With Selit Oblygatioun,
Under this protestatioun:
Quhen the Basse and the Yle of Maye
Beis sett vpon the mont Senaye;
Quhen the lowmound besyde Falkland
Beis lyftit to Northhumberland;

when priests, wives, and winter change their nature;

Quhen kirkmen ȝairnis no dignitie,
Nor Wyffis no Soueranitie;
Wynter but frost, snaw, wynd, or rane;
Than sall I geue thy gold agane;

or after Doomsday, when

Or I sall mak the payment
Efter the daye of Iugement,
Within ane moneth, at the leist,

S. Peter feasts Scotch fishermen.

Quhen Sanct Peter sall mak ane feist
To all the Fyscharis of Aberladye,
Swa thow haue myne Acquittance reddye.

The alternative terms.

Failȝeand thareof, be sanct Phillane,
Thy grace gettis neuer ane grote agane.

Else, God cause thee to recompense me.

¶ Geue thow be nocht content of this,
I man requeist the Kyng of blys,
That he to me haue sum regaird,
And cause thy grace me to rewaird.

For David says, that God controls the hearts of all princes,

For Dauid, Kyng of Israell,
Quhilk was the gret Propheit Royall,
Sayis, God hes haill at his command
The hartis of Prencis in his hand:
Ewin as he lyste thame for to turne,
That mon thay do withoute sudgeorne;

leading them to exalt, degrade, ennoble,

Sum tyll exault to Dignitie,
And sum to depryue in pouertie;
Sum tyme of lauid men to mak lordis,

And, sum tyme, lordis to bynd in cordis, restrain,
And thame alutterlye distroye, destroy.
As plesis God, that ryall Roye.
For thow art bot ane Instrument Of God thou art but an instrument;
To that gret kyng Omnipotent:
So, quhen plesis his excellence,
Thy grace sall mak me recompence; and He will procure me either reward, or contentment with little, when old, at my ancestral home.
Or he sall cause me stand content
Off quiet lyfe and sober rent,
And tak me, in my letter aige,
Unto my sempyll Hermytage,
And spend it that my eldaris woun,
As did Matussalem in his toun.
Off this complaynt, with mynd full meik, Of this complaint I beseech an answer.
Thy graces answeir, schir, I beseik.

☞ FINIS.

QUOD LINDESAY TO THE[1] KYNG.

[1] P omitted

☞ Gentyll redaris, I wyll aduerteis 3ow, that thare is of thir Bukis Imprentit in France, The quhilkis ar verray fals, And wantis the tane half, and all wrang spelit, and left out heir ane lyne, and thar twa wordis.

¶ To Conclude, thay ar all fals, and wantis mekle that this buke hes, as may be sene. Quha lyste tyll luke thame baith ouer, thay sall fynd my sayingis verray trew, and wors nor I do say. Preue and se; than 3e wyll geue me credence: thay ar nocht worthe ane plake.

Lindsay, Sir David

The Historie

OF ANE NOBIL AND WAILȝEAND SQVYER,

William Meldrum,

VMQVHYLE LAIRD OF CLEISCHE AND BYNNIS.

COMPYLIT BE

Sir Dauid Lyndesay of the Mont,

ALIAS,

Lyoun King of Armes.

H C

The Testament

OF THE SAID

Williame Meldrum, Squyer,

COMPYLIT ALSWA BE

Sir Dauid Lyndesay, &c.

Cicero, Philip. 14.
roprium sapientis est grata eorum virtutem memoria prosequi, qui pro Patria vitam proluderunt

Ovid, 2. Fast.
Et memorem famam, qui bene gessit habet.

IMPRENTIT AT EDINBVRGH,
BE HENRIE CHARTERIS.
ANNO M.D.XCIIII.
Cum Priuilegio Regali.

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QVHO that Antique Stories reidis
Considder may the famous deidis
Of our Nobill Progenitouris,
Quhilk suld, to vs, be richt mirrouris,
Thair verteous deidis to ensew,
And vicious leuing to eschew.
Sic Men bene put in memorie,
That deith suld not confound thair glorie.
Howbeit thair bodie bene absent,
Thair verteous deidis bene present:
Poetis, thair honour to auance,
Hes put thame in rememberance.
Sum wryt of preclair Conquerouris;
And sum, of vailȝeand Empriouris;
And sum, of Nobill Michtie Kingis,
That Royallie did reull thair Ringis;
And sum, of Campiounis and of Knichtis,
That bauldlie did defend thair richtis,
Quhilk vailȝeandlie did stand in stour,
For the defence of thair honour;

The famous gests of our noble forefathers instruct us to ensue virtue and to shun vice.

Such men are justly memorized.

Their good deeds survive; and poets remind us of them.

Some poets write of conquerors; others, of royal personages; others, of champions and knights, strenuous for their right and honour;

FEB 24 1955

others, of doughty squires; others, still, of the history of lovers.

With the aid of Clio and Minerva, I purpose to descant of a bold squire, whom, and his private history, I tell of from what I know.

His youth he spent in love, pleasantly and without reproof. Also, he was as valiant as many another man sung by poets.

He should not be forgotten, looking to what he suffered for his lady's sake.

Sir Launcelot fought no better, and in a less worthy cause: for his lady was an adulteress; and he loved in the dark, like an owl.

And sum, of Squyeris douchtie deidis,
That wounders wrocht in weirlie weidis.
Sum wryt of deidis amorous;
As Chauceir wrait of Troilus,
How that he luiffit Cressida;
Of Iason and of Medea.
With help of Cleo, I intend,
Sa Minerue wald me Sapience send,
Ane Nobill Squyer to discryfe,
Quhais douchtines, during his Lyfe,
I knaw my self: thairof I wryte;
And all his deidis I dar indyte:
And secreitis, that I did not knaw,
That Nobill Squyer did me schaw.
Sa I intend, the best I can,
Descryue the deidis and the Man;
Quhais 3outh did occupie in lufe,
Full plesantlie, without reprufe;
Quhilk did as monie douchtie deidis
As monie ane that men of reidis,
Quhilkis Poetis puttis in Memorie,
For the exalting of thair glorie.
Quhairfoir, I think,—sa God me saif!—
He suld haue place amangis the laif,
That his hie honour suld not smure,
Considering quhat he did indure,
Oft times, for his Ladeis sake.
I wait, Sir Lancelote du lake,
Quhen he did lufe King Arthuris wyfe,
Faucht neuer better, with sword nor knyfe,
For his Ladie, in no battell;
Nor had not half so just querrell.
The veritie quha list declair,
His Lufe was ane Adulterair;
And durst not cum into hir sicht,
Bot, lyke ane Houlet, on the nicht.

With this Squyer it stude not so :
His Ladie luifit him, and no mo.
Husband nor Lemman had scho none ;
And so he had hir lufe alone.
I think it is no happie lyfe,
Ane Man to jaip his Maisteris wyfe,
As did Lancelote : this I conclude,
Of sic amour culd cum na gude.
Now to my purpois will I pas,
And shaw 3ow how the Squyer was :
Ane gentilman of Scotland borne ;
So was his Father him beforne ;
Of Nobilnes lineallie discendit,
Quhilks thair gude fame hes euer defendit.
Gude Williame Meldrum he was namit,—
Quhilk in his honour was neuer defamit,—
Stalwart and stout in euerie stryfe,
And borne within the Schyre of Fyfe ,
To Cleische and Bynnis richt Heritour,
Quhilk stude, for Lufe, in monie stour.
He was bot twentie 3eiris of age,
Quhen he began his Uassalage ;
Proportionat weill, of mid stature,
Feirie, and wicht, and micht indure ;
Ouirset with trauell, both nicht and day ;
Richt hardie baith in ernist and play ;
Blyith in countenance, richt fair of face,
And stude weill, ay, in his Ladies grace :
For he was wounder amiabill,
And, in all deidis, honorabill.
And ay his honour did auance,
In Ingland first, and syne in France.
And thair his manheid did assaill,
Under the Kingis greit Admirall,
Quhen the greit Nauie of Scotland
Passit to the sey, aganis Ingland.

Our Squire,
contrariwise,
was alone loved
by his lady.
Unhappy was
Launcelot's life ;
and no good
could come of
intrigue like his.
The Squire was
born in Scotland ;
gentle, as was his
father, and as
were his fathers.
He was called
William
Meldrum ; stout
in quarrel ;
born in Fifeshire ;
and, for love, he
fought often.
He began life at
twenty, well-
built, manly,
endurant,
restless,
hearty,
comely,
and ever
favourite with
his lady.
He gained
repute.
He signalized his
prowess, when the
Scottish navy set
sail against
England.

The Admiral of the fleet set fire to Craigfergus, sparing nothing.

And, as thay passit be Ireland Coist,
The Admirall gart land his Oist,
And set Craigfergus into Fyre,
And saifit nouther Barne nor Byre.

The people were spoliated, and fair women were trampled on.

It was greit pietie for to heir
Of the pepill the bailfull cheir,
And how the Land folk wer spuilȝeit;
Fair wemen vnderfute wer fuilȝeit.

But the Squire saved women, priests, and friars.

Bot this ȝoung Squyer, bauld and wicht,
Sauit all wemen, quhair he micht:
All Preistis and Freiris he did saue;

At last he heard a voice; he followed it; and he found a woman, stripped.

Till, at the last, he did persaue,
Behind ane Garding amiabill,
Ane womanis voce richt lamentabill;
And on that voce he followit fast,
Till he did see hir, at the last,
Spuilȝeit, naikit as scho was borne:

Two soldiers stood parting the plunder.

Twa men of weir wer hir beforne,—
Quhilk wer richt cruell men and kene,—
Partand the spuilȝie thame betwene.

She was of the fairest.

Ane fairer woman nor scho wes
He had not sene in onie place.

She implored him to help her, a maid.

Befoir him on hir kneis scho fell,
Sayand, for him that heryit Hell,
Help me, sweit Sir; I am ane Mayd.

He begged them to give back her shift, and keep the rest.

Than softlie to the men he said,
I pray ȝow giue againe hir sark,
And tak to ȝow all vther wark.

Gorgeous were her kirtle, garland, belt, and brooches; and her shift was of taffety, ornamented with gold and silk.

Hir Kirtill was of Scarlot reid;
Of gold ane garland of hir heid,
Decorit with Enamelyne;
Belt and Brochis of siluer fyne:
Of ȝallow Taftais wes hir sark,
Begaryit all with browderit wark,
Richt craftelie with gold and silk.

The lady

Than said the Ladie, quhyte as milk,

Except my sark, no thing I craue ; prayed for her
Let thame go hence, with all the laue. shift only.
Quod thay to hir : be Sanct Fillane, They refused to
Of this ȝe get nathing agane. give it up.
Than said the Squyer, courteslie : The Squire
Gude Freindis, I pray ȝow hartfullie, requested
Gif ȝe be worthie Men of Weir, them
Restoir to hir agane hir Geir ; to comply,
Or, be greit God that all hes wrocht, and added a
That spuilȝie salbe full deir bocht. threat.
Quod thay to him : we the defy, They defied him,
And drew thair swordis haistely, drew their
And straik at him with sa greit Ire, swords, and set
That from his Harnes flew the fyre ; upon him with
With duntis sa darflie on him dang, great fury.
That he was neuer in sic ane thrang. He returned the
Bot he him manfullie defendit, charge, struck
And with ane bolt on thame he bendit, one of them on
And hat the ane vpon the heid, the head, cleft it,
That to the ground he fell doun deid ; and felled him to
For to the teith he did him cleif, the ground.
Lat him ly thair with ane mischeif. Then he turned
Than, with the vther, hand for hand, to the other, a
He beit him with his birneist brand. powerful
The vther was baith stout and strang, ruffian,
And on the Squyer darflie dang. and had a hard
And than the Squyer wrocht greit wonder, fight,
Ay, till his sword did shaik in sunder. but drew a
Than drew he furth ane sharp dagair, dagger, plunged
And did him cleik be the Collair, it into his neck,
And euin in at the collerbane, and sent him
At the first straik, he hes him slane : reeling, slain.
He founderit fordward to the ground. Himself escaped
ȝit was the Squyer haill and sound ; unhurt, being
For quhy he was sa weill enarmit, well-armed.
He did escaip fra thame vnharmit.

The fellows despatched, he told the lady to take her clothes.

Thanking him, she put them on.

He kissed her, and took his leave.

All were to go to the ships.

She grieved to lose her rescuer,

embraced him,

and offered to marry him.

Though then in stress, she was,

she told him,

an heiress.

She kissed him,

inquiringly.

He pleaded that he must first go to France.

Returned, after war, he would gladly wed her.

He saluted and blessed her.

She gave him a love-token, and would go to Scotland.

He thanked her,

too young for the sea, with

And, quhen he saw thay wer baith slane,
He to that Ladie past agane,
Quhair scho stude nakit on the bent,
And said: tak 3our abul3ement.
And scho him thankit, full humillie,
And put hir claithis on spedilie.
Than kissit he that Ladie fair,
And tuik his leif at hir but mair.
Be that the Taburne and Trumpet blew,
And euerie man to shipburd drew.
That Ladie was dolent in hart,
From tyme scho saw he wald depart,
That hir releuit from hir harmes,
And hint the Squyer in hir armes,
And said: will 3e byde in this Land,
I sall 3ow tak to my Husband.
Thocht I be cassin, now, in cair,
I am, quod scho, my Fatheris Air,
The quhilk may spend, of pennies round,
Of 3eirlie Rent ane thowsand Pound.
With that, hartlie scho did him kis.
Ar 3e, quod scho, content of this?
Of that, quod he, I wald be fane,
Gif I micht in this Realme remane:
Bot I mon, first, pas into France;
Sa, quhen I cum agane, perchance,
And efter that the Peice be maid,
To marie 3ow I will be glaid.
Fair weill! I may no langer tarie:
I pray God keip 3ow, & sweit sanct Marie.
Than gaif scho him ane Lufe taking,
Ane riche Rubie set in ane Ring.
I am, quod scho, at 3our command,
With 3ow to pas into Scotland.
I thank 3ow hartfullie, quod he:
3e ar ouir 3oung to saill the See,

And, speciallie, with Men of weir.
Of that, quod scho, tak ȝe na feir :
I sall me cleith in mennis clais,
And ga with ȝow quhair euir ȝe pleis.
Suld I not lufe him Paramour,
That saifit my Lyfe and my honour ?
Ladie, I say ȝow, in certane,
ȝe sall haue lufe for lufe agane,
Trewlie, vnto my Lyfis end.
Fairweill ! to God I ȝow commend.
With that, into his Boit he past,
And to the ship he rowit fast.
Thay weyit thair ankeris, and maid saill,—
This Nauie, with the Admirall,—
And landit in bauld Brytane.
This Admirall was Erle of Arrane,—
Quhilk was baith wyse and vailȝeand,
Of the blude Royall of Scotland,—
Accompanyit with monie ane Knicht,
Quhilk wer richt worthie men and wicht.
Amang the laif, this ȝoung Squyar
Was with him richt familiar ;
And, throw his verteous diligence,
Of that Lord he gat sic credence,
That, quhen he did his courage ken,
Gaif him cure of fyue hundreth men,
Quhilkis wer to him obedient,
Reddie at his commandement.
It wer to lang for to declair
The douchtie deidis that he did thair.
Becaus he was sa courageous,
Ladies of him wes amorous.
He was ane Munȝeoun for ane Dame,
Meik, in Chalmer, lyk ane lame ;
Bot, in the Feild, ane Campioun,
Rampand lyke ane wyld Lyoun ;

soldiers.
She would go with him, dressed like a man.
She would love her deliverer.
He promises her his love for life, says adieu, and makes for the ship.
They proceed, and land in Brittany.
under the Earl of Arran, with whom were many stout fighters.
The young Squire stood so well with the Earl, for his courage, that he was made captain of five hundred.
He wrought bold deeds ; and the ladies fancied him.
He was mild among dames, but formidable in the field.

He was deft with arms, open-handed beyond all, and lucky, but good, and so all-beloved.

Weill practikit with Speir and Scheild,
And with the formest in the Feild.
No Chiftane was, amangis thame all,
In expensis mair liberall;
In euerilk play he wan the pryse:
With that, he was verteous and wyse.
And so, becaus he was weill pruift,
With euerie man he was weill luifit.

Henry VIII. of England was at Calais, to fight France. The French king, with his army, was hard by. The two armies only skirmished. The Squire lusted for real war, and selected a band to follow him.

HARY the aucht, King of Ingland,
That tyme at Caleis wes lyand,
With his triumphant ordinance,
Makand weir on the Realme of France.
The King of France his greit armie
Lay neir hand by, in Picardie,
Quhair aither vther did assaill.
Howbeit, thair was na set battaill,
Bot thair wes daylie skirmishing,
Quhair men of armis brak monie sting.
Quhen to the Squyer Meldrum
Wer tauld thir Nouellis, all and sum,
He thocht he wald vesie the weiris,
And waillit furth ane hundreth Speiris,
And Futemen quhilk wer bauld & stout,
The maist worthie of all his rout.

The French king accepted the services of himself and company. In the English host was a great champion, passing confident of his valour and might, Master Talbart,

Quhen he come to the King of France,
He wes sone put in ordinance;
Richt so was all his companie,
That on him waitit continuallie.
Thair was, into the Inglis Oist,
Ane Campioun that blew greit boist:
He was ane stout Man and ane strang,
Quhilk Oist wald, with his conduct, gang
Outthrow the greit Armie of France,
His valiantnes for to auance.
And Maister Talbart was his name,

Of Scottis & Frenche quhilk spak disdane ; disdainful
And, on his Bonnet, vsit to beir of speech,
Of Siluer fyne takinnis of weir : and vain.
And Proclamatiounis he gart mak, For his lady, he
That he wald, for his Ladies saik, would engage
With any gentilman of France, with any gentle-
To fecht with him with Speir or Lance. man of France.
Bot no Frenche man, in all that Land, The French
With him durst battell, hand for hand. dreaded him.
Than, lyke ane Weiriour vail3eand, He visited the
He enterit in the Scottis band. Scots.
And, quhen the Squyer Meldrum Squire Meldrum
Hard tell this Campioun wes cum, accosted him,
Richt haistelie he past him till, demanding his
Demanding him quhat was his will. will.
Forsuith, I can find none, quod he, He wished to
On hors, nor fute, dar fecht with me. fight.
Than, said he, it wer greit schame, He should be
Without battell 3e suld pas hame. gratified ;
Thairfoir, to God I mak ane vow, and the Squire
The morne my self sall fecht with 3ow, would meet him
Outher on Horsbak or on fute : on the morrow, mounted or on
3our crakkis I count thame not ane cute. foot.
I sall be fund into the Feild, He would come
Armit, on Hors, with speir and Scheild. mounted.
Maister Talbart said : my gude Chyld, Master Talbart
It wer maist lyk that thow wer wyld. accounts him a stripling, and
Thow ar to 3oung, and hes no micht mad to think of
To fecht with me, that is so wicht : such a thing,
To speik to me thow suld haue feir. and declares
For I haue sic practik in weir, himself of courage to
That I wald not effeirit be encounter with
To mak debait aganis sic thre : three such as he ;
For I haue stand in monie stour, for he had never
And ay defendit my honour. been worsted.
Thairfoir, my barne, I counsell the The Squire had

better beware.
Meldrum,
replying, reminds
him how it fared
with Goliath at
the hands of
David,
piously trusts
to win,
and agrees to
meet him the
next morning,
before ten.
He proposes
the terms
of victory.
Master Talbart
consents;
and they fix to
meet.
Talbart scorns
him proudly,
rides off, and
tells how a young
Scot had under-
taken to fight
with him,
foolishly.
His friends have
their doubts.
He has none, and
boasts that
Meldrum will go
home afoot, no
match for him.
More doubts.
M. D'Aubigny,

Sic interprysis to let be.
Than said this Squyer to the Knicht:
I grant ȝe ar baith greit and wicht.
ȝoung Dauid was far les than I,
Quhen he with Golias, manfullie,
Withouttin outher Speir or Scheild,
He faucht, and slew him in the Feild.
I traist that God salbe my Gyde,
And giue me grace to stanche thy pryde.
Thocht thow be greit like Gowmakmorne,
Traist weill I sall ȝow meit the morne:
Beside Montruill, vpon the grene,
Befoir ten houris I salbe sene;
And, gif ȝe wyn me in the Feild,
Baith hors & Geir I sall ȝow ȝeild,
Sa that siclyke ȝe do to me.
That I sall do, be God, quod he,
And thairto I giue the my hand;
And swa, betwene thame, maid an Band,
That thay suld meit vpon the morne.
Bot Talbart maid at him bot Scorne,
Lychtlyand him with wordis of pryde;
Syne, hamewart to his Oist culd ryde,
And shew the Brethren of his Land,
How ane ȝoung Scot had tane on hand
To fecht with him beside Montruill:
Bot, I traist, he sall prufe the fuill.
Quod thay: the morne that sall we ken:
The Scottis ar haldin hardie men.
Quod he: I compt thame not ane cute;
He sall returne vpon his fute,
And leif with me his armour bricht;
For weill I wait he hes no micht,
On hors nor fute, to fecht with me.
Quod thay: the morne that sall we se.
Quhan to Monsour de Obenie

Reportit was the veritie,
How that the Squyer had tane on hand
To fecht with Talbart, hand for hand,
His greit courage he did commend ;
Syne, haistelie did for him send.
And, quhen he come befoir the Lord,
The veritie he did record ;
How, for the honour of Scotland,
That Battell he had tane on hand.
And, sen it giuis me in my hart,
Get I ane hors to tak my part,
My traist is sa in Goddis grace,
To leif him lyand in the place.
Howbeit he stalwart be, and stout,
My Lord, of him I haue no dout.
Than send the Lord out throw the Land,
And gat ane hundreth hors, fra hand :
To his presence he brocht in haist,
And bad the Squyer cheis him the best.
Of that the Squyer was rejoisit,
And cheisit the best, as he suppoisit,
And lap on him delyuerlie,—
Was neuer hors ran mair plesantlie,—
With Speir and sword at his command,
And was the best of all the Land.
He tuik his leif, and went to rest ;
Syne, airlie in the morne him drest,
Wantonlie, in his weirlyke weid,
All weill enarmit, saif the heid.
He lap vpon his Cursour wicht,
And straucht him in his stirroppis richt.
His speir, and scheild, & helme wes borne
With Squyeris that raid him beforne.
Ane veluot Cap on heid he bair ;
Ane quoif of gold, to heild his hair.
This Lord of him tuik sa greit Ioy,

hearing what the
Squire had taken
in hand,
commended his
daring, and
summoned him.
Meldrum
had at heart
the honour
of Scotland.
If duly
horsed,
he would
humble
Talbart,
of whom he had
no fear.
A hundred horses
were soon
produced, for him
to choose from.
The Squire,
delighted,
selected a
charger,
and mounted
him.
The next day he
was up early,
and donned his
armour, but with
his head exposed,
and leaped on
his horse.
Squires attended
him.
His cap
and coif.
By favour

he was provided with a right honourable escort.

That he him self wald him conuoy :
With him ane hundreth men of Armes,
That thair suld no man do him harmes.

His escutcheon and caparison.

The Squyer buir, into his scheild,
Ane Otter in ane siluer Feild.

He sets off, amid warlike music,

His hors was bairdit full richelie,
Couerit with Satyne Cramesie.
Than fordward raid this Campioun,
With sound of Trumpet and Clarioun,

Mars-like.

And spedilie spurrit ouir the bent,
Lyke Mars, the God Armipotent.

Talbart, too, was up betimes,

Thus leif we rydand our Squyar,
And speik of Maister Talbart mair ;

and was at once ready for business.

Quhilk gat vp airlie, in the morrow,
And no maner of geir to borrow,—
Hors, Harnes, Speir, nor Scheild,—
Bot was ay reddie for the Feild ;

He feared not Meldrum.

And had sic practik into weir,
Of our Squyer he tuik na feir.

He related, much ashamed, a dream he had dreamed.

And said vnto his companȝeoun,
Or he come furth of his Pauilȝeoun :
This nicht I saw, into my dreame,—
Quhilk to reheirs I think greit shame,—

An otter, from the sea, rode at him, attacked him, bit him till he bled, and dragged him from his horse.

Me thocht I saw cum, fra the See,
Ane greit Otter, rydand to me,
The quhilk was blak, with ane lang taill,
And cruellie did me assaill,
And bait me till he gart me bleid,
And drew me backwart fra my steid.

What could it mean ?

Quhat this suld mene I can not say ;
Bot I was neuer in sic ane fray.

Dreams were nothing.

His fellow said : think ȝe not schame
For to gif credence till ane dreame ?

He should go arm, and show his

ȝe knaw it is aganis our Faith.
Thairfoir, go dres ȝow in ȝour graith,
And think weill, throw ȝour hie courage,

This day ȝe sall wyn vassalage. valour.
Than drest he him into his geir, He equipped
Wantounlie, like ane Man of weir, himself,
Quhilk had baith hardines and fors, and leaped
And lichtlie lap vpon his hors. on his horse,
His hors was bairdit full brauelie, who was adorned
And couerit wes, richt courtfullie, with embroidery
With browderit wark and veluot grene. and green velvet.
Sanct Georges Croce thair micht be sene, S. George was
On Hors, Harnes, and all his geir. his patron.
Than raid he furth, withouttin weir, As he rode forth,
Conuoyit with his Capitane with his
And with monie ane Inglisman, attendants, the
Arrayit, all, with Armes bricht: sight was a fair
Micht no man see ane fairer sicht. one to behold.
Than clariounis and trumpettis blew, The signal was
And weiriouris monie hither drew. given to move;
On euerie side come monie Man, and a crowd
To behald quha the Battell wan. drew near to see,
The feild wes in the Medow grene, in a green
Quhair euerie man micht weill be sene. meadow.
The Heraldis put thame sa in ordour, The heralds
That no man passit within the bordour; protect the
Nor preissit to cum within the grene, champions from
Bot Heraldis and the Campiounis kene. the press,
The ordour and the circumstance and arrange
Wer lang to put in remembrance. preliminaries.
Quhen thir twa nobill Men of weir When all was
Wer weill accowterit in thair geir, ready, on the
And in thair handis strang burdounis, sounding of
Than Trumpotis blew & Clariounis; trumpets and
And Heraldis cryit hie on hicht, clarions,
Now let thame go. God shaw the richt! proclamation was
Than spedilie thay spurrit thair hors, made to begin.
And ran to vther, with sic fors, They rushed at
That baith thair speiris in sindrie flaw. each other,
furiously; and the

by-standers applauded their skill.

Than said they all, that stude on raw:
Ane better cours than they twa ran
Was not sene sen the warld began:
Than baith the parties wer rejoisit.

They rest, and are supplied with new spears.

The Campiounis ane quhyle repoisit,
Till thay had gottin speiris new.

Then the trumpets again blew, and the champions charged each other impetuously.

Than with triumph the trumpettis blew;
And they, with all the force thay can,
Wounder rudelie at aither ran,
And straik at vther with sa greit Ire,

Both were overthrown, with horses and all.

That fra thair Harnes flew the Fyre.
Thair Speiris war sa teuch & strang,
That aither vther to Eirth doun dang.
Baith hors & man, with Speir and scheild,
Than flatlingis lay into the feild.

Thereat Talbart was much abashed, and would die or be revenged.

Than Maister Talbart was eschamit:
Forsuith, for euer I am defamit;
And said this: I had rather die,
Without that I reuengit be.

The Squire jumps up, and mounts his horse.

Our 3oung Squyer—sic was his hap—
Was first on fute; and on he lap
Upon his hors, without support.

Seeing this, the Scots are enheartened.

Of that the Scottis tuke gude comfort,
Quhen thay saw him sa feirelie
Loup on his Hors sa gal3eardlie.

The Squire lifts his visor, and drinks wine, with thanks.

The Squyer liftit his Uisair
Ane lytill space, to take the Air.
Thay bad him wyne; and he it drank,
And humillie he did thame thank.

Talbart remounts, and challenges the Squire to run for his lady's sake.

Be that, Talbart on Hors mountit,
And of our Squyer lytill countit,
And cryit, gif he durst vndertak
To ryn anis for his Ladies saik.

Meldrum is ready to fight

The Squyer answerit hie on hicht:
That sall I do, be Marie bricht.
I am content all day to ryn,

Till ane of vs the honour wyn.
Of that Talbart was weill content;
And ane greit Speir in hand he hent.
The Squyer in his hand he thrang
His Speir, quhilk was baith greit & lang,
With ane sharp heid of grundin steill,
Of quhilk he was appleisit weill.
That plesand Feild was lang and braid,
Quhair gay ordour and rowme was maid,
And euerie man micht haue gude sicht.
And thair was monie weirlyke Knicht;
Sum man of euerie Natioun
Was in that Congregatioun.
Than Trumpettis blew triumphantlie;
And thay twa Campiounis egeirlie
Thay spurrit thair hors, with speir on breist;
Pertlie to preif thair pith thay preist:
That round, rinkroume wes at vtterance.
Bot Talbartis Hors, with ane mischance,
He outterit, and to ryn was laith;
Quhairof Talbart was wonder wraith.
The Squyer furth his rink he ran,—
Commendit weill with euerie man,—
And him dischargit of his speir,
Honestlie lyke ane Man of Weir.
Becaus that rink thay ran in vane,
Than Talbart wald not ryn agane,
Till he had gottin ane better steid,—
Quhilk was brocht to him with gude speid,—
Quhairon he lap, and tuik his speir,
As brym as he had bene ane Beir,
And bowtit fordwart, with ane bend,
And ran on to the Rinkis end,
And saw his hors was at command.
Than wes he blyith, I vnderstand,
Traistand na mair to ryn in vane.

till one or other wins.
Talbart took his spear;
and the Squire tossed his,
well pleased with it.
It was a pleasant plain and spacious; and the spectators were various.
The trumpets sounded, and the champions prepared for a run.
Talbart's horse balked.
The Squire was more fortunate with his courser.
Talbart must have another horse, on which he leaped, fierce as a bear,
tried him, and found him tractable.
He was encouraged.

They again dashed at each other, and, with a crash, encountered.

Than all the Trumpettis blew agane;
Be that, with all the force they can,
Thay richt rudelie at vther ran.
Of that meiting ilk man thocht wounder,
Quhilk soundit lyke ane crak of thunder.
And nane of thame thair marrow mist:
Sir Talbartis speir in sunder brist;
Bot the Squyer, with his burdoun,
Sir Talbart to the eirth dang doun.

The Squire overthrew Talbart, with his horse, and wounded him very severely with his spear.

That straik was with sic micht and fors,
That on the ground lay man and hors;
And throw the brydell hand him bair,
And in the breist ane span and mair,
Throw curras and throw gluifis of plait,
That Talbart micht mak na debait:
The trencheour of the Squyeris speir
Stak still into Sir Talbartis Geir.

He was thought dead. The Squire dismounted to his assistance.

Than euerie man, into that steid,
Did all beleue that he was deid.
The Squyer lap richt haistelie
From his Cursour, deliuerlie,
And to Sir Talbart maid support,
And humillie did him comfort.

Talbart then reads his dream, which he recounts.

Quhen Talbart saw, into his Scheild,
Ane Otter in ane siluer Feild,
This race, said he, I may sair rew,
For I see weill my dreame wes trew.
Me thocht ȝone Otter gart me bleid,
And buir me backwart from my steid.

He will joust no more; and he reminds the Squire of their compact, and will act on it.

Bot heir I vow to God Souerane,
That I sall neuer Iust agane;
And sweitlie to the Squyer said,
Thow knawis the cunning that we maid:
Quhilk of vs twa suld tyne the Feild
He suld baith Hors and Armour ȝeild
Till him that wan: quhairfoir, I will

My Hors and Harnes geue the till.
Than said the Squyer, courteouslie,
Brother, I thank 3ow hartfullie:
Of 3ow, forsuith, nathing I craue;
For I haue gottin that I wald haue.
With euerie man he was commendit,
Sa vail3eandlie he him defendit.
The Capitane of the Inglis band
Tuke the 3oung Squyer be the hand,
And led him to the Pail3eoun,
And gart him mak Collatioun.
Quhen Talbartis woundis wes bund vp fast,
The Inglis Capitane to him past,
And prudentlie did him comfort;
Syne said: Brother, I 3ow exhort
To tak the Squyer be the hand.
And sa he did, at his command,
And said: this bene bot chance of Armes.
With that, he braisit him in his armes,
Sayand: hartlie I 3ow forgeue.
And than the Squyer tuik his leue,
Commendit weill with euerie man;
Than wichtlie on his hors he wan,
With monie ane Nobill man conuoyit.
Leue we thair Talbart, sair annoyit.
Sum sayis, of that discomfitour
He thocht sic schame and dishonour,
That he departit of that Land,
And neuer wes sene into Ingland.
Bot our Squyer did still remane,
Efter the Weir, quhill Peice was tane.
All Capitanes of the Kingis Gairdis
Gaif to the Squyer riche rewairdis:
Becaus he had sa weill debaitit,
With euerie Nobill he wes weill traitit.
Efter the Weir, he tuke licence;

The Squire thanks him, but is already content.

He is applauded, and is honourably entertained.

Talbart is comforted, and is exhorted to shake hands with the Squire.

He complies, embracing and forgiving him.

The Squire takes his leave, commended for having so well acquitted himself.

Some say that Talbart, for shame, withdrew, and never returned to England.

The Squire remained, was richly rewarded, and, for his bravery, well treated.

After the war,

he stayed awhile in Normandy, the fleet being delayed.

Syne, did returne, with diligence,
From Pycardie to Normandie;
And thair ane space remanit he,
Becaus the Nauie of Scotland
Wes still vpon the Coist lyand.

Afterwards he returned to the French Court, and thence, with his troop, eight score picked men, went to visit King Lewis and his companions.

Quhen he ane quhyle had sojornit,
He to the Court of France returnit,
For to decore his vassalege;
From Bartanze tuke his veyage,
With aucht scoir, in his companie,
Of waillit wicht men and hardie,
Enarmit weill, lyke men of Weir,
With Hakbut, Culuering, Pik, and Speir;
And passit vp throw Normandie,
Till Ambiance in Pycardie,
Quhair Nobill Lowes, the King of France,
Wes lyand, with his Ordinance,
With monie ane Prince and worthie man.

The Court of France was then thronged with foreign notables, including Englishmen.

And in the Court of France wes, than,
Ane meruellous Congregatioun
Of monie ane diuers Natioun;
Of Ingland monie ane prudent Lord,
Efter the Weir makand record.

An ambassador was there, with many Scottish knights, whom the English envied and sought to annoy.

Thair wes, than, ane Ambassadour,
Ane Lord, ane man of greit honour:
With him was monie Nobill Knicht
Of Scotland, to defend thair richt,
Quhilk guydit thame sa honestlie,
Inglismen had thame at inuie,
And purposit to mak thame cummer,
Becaus they wer of greiter number.

These English set upon the Scots, and besieged them in a house; and

And sa, quhaireuer thay with thame met,
Upon the Scottis thay maid onset;
And, lyke wyld Lyounis furious,
Thay layd ane seige about the hous,
Thame to destroy, sa thay intendit.

Our worthie Scottis thame weill defendit.
The Sutheroun wes, ay, fywe for ane ;
Sa, on ilk syde, thair wes men slane.
The Inglismen grew in greit Ire,
And cryit, swyith ! set the hous in fyre.
Be that, the Squyer Meldrum
Into the Market streit wes cum,
With his folkis in gude array,
And saw the toun wes in ane fray :
He did inquyre the occasioun.
Quod thay : the Scottis ar all put doun
Be Inglismen into thair Innis.
Quod he : I wald gif all the Bynnis,
That I micht cum or thay departit.
With that, he grew sa cruell-hartit,
That he was like ane wyld Lyoun,
And rudelie ran outthrow the toun,
With all his companie weill arrayit,
And with Baner full braid displayit.
And, quhen thay saw the Inglis rout,
Thay set vpon thame, with ane schout ;
With reird sa rudelie on thame ruschit,
That fiftie to the eirth thay duschit :
Thair was nocht ellis bot tak and slay.
This Squyer wounder did, that day,
And stoutlie stoppit in the stour,
And dang on thame with dintis dour.
Wes neuer man buir better hand :
Thair micht na Buckler byde his brand ;
For it was weill seuin quarter lang.
With that sa derflie on thame dang,
That, lyke ane worthie Campioun,
Ay at ane straik he dang ane doun.
Sum wes euill hurt ; and sum wes slane ;
Sum fell, quhilk rais not ȝit agane.
Quhen that the Sutheroun saw his micht,

many were slain of each party.

A base project.

The Squire appears opportunely on the scene, and learns what the English are doing.

He hopes he is in time, and sallies forth, with his company, to the rescue.

The English are attacked and roughly handled.

The Squire was redoubtable in the fray, with his long sword.

One blow from it sufficed for a man ; and many felt it.

The Southrons

fled aghast; and, but for the French, it would have sped worse with them.

Effrayitlie thay tuke the flicht,
And wist not quhair to flie, for haist:
Thus throw the toun he hes thame chaist.
Wer not Frenchemen come to the redding,
*Th*air had bene mekill mair blude shedding.
Of this journey I mak ane end,
Quhilk euerie Nobill did commend.
Quhen to the King the cace wes knawin,
And all the suith vnto him shawin,—
How this Squyer sa manfullie
On Sutheroun wan the victorie,—
He put him into ordinance.
And sa he did remane in France,
Ane certane tyme, for his plesour,
Weill estemit in greit honour,
Quhair he did monie ane Nobill deid.
With that, richt wantoun in his weid,
Quhen Ladies knew his hie courage,
He was desyrit in Mariage
Be ane Ladie of greit Rent.
Bot 3outh maid him sa insolent,
That he in France wald not remane,
Bot come to Scotland hame agane.
Thocht Frenche Ladies did for him murne,
The Scottis wer glaid of his returne.
At euerie Lord he tuke his leue;
Bot his departing did thame greiue;
For he was luifit with all wichtis,
Quhilk had him sene defend his richtis.
Scottis Capitanes did him conuoy,
Thocht his departing did thame noy.
At Deip he maid him for the saill,
Quhair he furnischit ane gay veschaill,
For his self and his Men of Weir,
With Artail3ie, Hakbut, Bow, and Speir;
And furneist hir with gude victuaill,

When this valorous exploit was known to the King of France, the Squire was put in orders; and he did many a noble deed. For his courage he was sought in marriage by a great lady; but he would return to Scotland. He was greatly regretted, being admired for his daring. Well escorted, he made for Dieppe, where he procured a ship for his company, and equipped and provisioned it.

With the best wyne that he culd waill.
And, quhen the Schip was reddie maid,
He lay bot ane day in the raid,
Quhill he gat wind of the Southeist.
Than thay thair ankeris weyit on haist,
And syne maid Saill, and fordwart past,
Ane day, at morne; till, at the last,
Of ane greit saill thay gat ane sicht;
And Phœbus schew his bemis bricht,
Into the morning richt airlie.
Than past the Skipper, richt spedelie,
Up to the top, with richt greit feir,
And saw it wes ane Man of Weir,
And cryit: I see nocht ellis, perdie,
Bot we mon outher fecht or fle.
The Squyer wes in his bed lyand,
Quhen he hard tell this new tydand.
Be this, the Inglis Artaiłe,
Lyke hailschot, maid on thame assaiłe,
And sloppit throw thair fechting saillis,
And diuers dang out ouir the waillis.
The Scottis agane, with all thair micht,
Of gunnis, than, thay leit fle ane flicht.
That thay micht weill see quhair they wair,
Heidis and armes flew in the Air.
The Scottis Schip scho wes sa law,
That monie gunnis out ouir hir flaw,
Quhilk far beȝond thame lichtit doun.
Bot the Inglis greit Galȝeoun
Fornent thame stude, lyke ane strang castell,
*Tha*t the Scottis gunnis micht na way faill,
Bot hat hir ay on the richt syde,
With monie ane slop, for all hir pryde,
That monie ane beft wer on thair bakkis;
Than rais the reik with vglie crakkis,
Quhilk on the Sey maid sic ane sound,

After a short delay, the wind sat for them.
Before long they caught sight of a great sail, early one morning.
The Captain saw it was a man of war, and was much alarmed.
The Squire hears the news.
The ship, which is English, rakes them with a broadside, which is returned, with dire effect.
Luckily, the Scottish ship lay low.
The English galleon suffered sorely from the Scottish artillery.
From the booming of the

guns people on shore knew that a battle was going forward.

That in the Air it did redound,
That men micht weill wit, on the land,
That shippis wer on the Sey fechtand.

The two ships grappled; and

Be this, thegyder straik the shippis,
And ather on vther laid thair clippis;

then began a fierce contest, with divers weapons, terrible in its result.

And than began the strang battell.
Ilk man his marrow did assaill:
Sa rudelie thay did rushe togidder,
That nane micht hald thair feit for slidder:
Sum with halbert, and sum with speir;
Bot hakbuttis did the greitest deir.
Out of the top the grundin dartis
Did diuers peirs outthrow the hartis.

Every man did his best; and blood flowed freely.

Euerie man did his diligence
Upon his fo to wirk vengence;
Ruschand on vther routtis rude,
That ouir the waillis ran the blude.

The English Captain tells the Scots to yield, or die.

The Inglis Capitane cryit hie,
Swyith! 3eild 3ow, doggis, or 3e sall die;
And, do 3e not, I mak ane vow,
That Scotland salbe quyte of 3ow.

The Squire answers him fearlessly.

Than peirtlie answerit the Squyar,
And said: O tratour Tauernar,
I lat the wit, thow hes na micht
This day to put vs to the flicht.

The fighting continues; and the Squire leaps into the English ship, and knocks down the Captain.

Thay derflie ay at vther dang:
The Squyer thristit throw the thrang,
And in the Inglis schip he lap,
And hat the Capitane sic ane flap
Upon his heid, till he fell doun,
Welterand intill ane deidlie swoun.

At this, the Scots leave their ship, follow him, and attack the

And, quhen the Scottis saw the Squyer
Had strikkin doun that rank Reuer,
They left thair awin schip standand waist,
And in the Inglis schip, in haist,
They followit, all, thair Capitane;

And sone wes all the Sutheroun slane.
Howbeit thay wer of greiter number,
The Scottismen put thame in sic cummer,
That thay wer fane to leif the Feild,
Cryand mercie, than did thame ȝeild.
ȝit wes the Squyer straikand fast
At the Capitane; till, at the last,
Quhen he persauit no remeid,
Outher to ȝeild, or to be deid,
He said: O gentill Capitane,
Thoill me not for to be slane.
My lyfe to ȝow salbe mair pryse
Nor sall my deith, ane thowsand syse:
For ȝe may get, as I suppois,
Thrie thowsand Nobillis of the Rois
Of me and of my companie:
Thairfoir, I cry ȝow loud mercie.
Except my lyfe, nothing I craif:
Tak ȝow the schip and all the laif.
I ȝeild to ȝow baith sword and knyfe;
Thairfoir, gude Maister, saue my Lyfe.
The Squyer tuik him be the hand,
And on his feit he gart him stand,
And treittit him richt tenderly,
And, syne, vnto his men did cry,
And gaif to thame richt strait command,
To straik no moir, bot hald thair hand.
Than baith the Capitanes ran and red;
And so thair wes na mair blude shed.
Than all the laif thay did thame ȝeild,
And to the Scottis gaif sword and sheild.
Ane Nobill Leiche the Squyer had,—
Quhairof the Inglismen wes full glaid,—
To quhome the Squyer gaif command
The woundit men to tak on hand:
And so he did, with diligence,

Southrons, though surpassing themselves in number.
The Squire was getting the better of the Captain, who, tempting his adversary with rich promise of gold, begged for mercy. He would give up ship and all, for his life.
The Squire lifted him up, and gave order to cease fighting; and the fighting ceased, in favour of the Scots.
The Squire's leech was directed to look after the wounded;

and he was recompensed.

Quhairof he gat gude recompence.
Than, quhen the woundit men wer drest,
And all the deand men confest,
And deid men cassin in the See,—
Quhilk to behald wes greit pietie,—
Thair was slane, of Inglis band,
Fyue scoir of men, I vnderstand,—
The quhilk wer cruell men and kene,—
And of the Scottis wer slane fyftene.

The wounded, dying, and dead disposed of, it was found that five score English were slain, and fifteen of Scots.

The English Captain, seeing this upshot, went into a frenzy, defied Fortune, and thought better of his former opinion of the Scots.

And, quhen the Inglis Capitane
Saw how his men wer tane and slane,
And how the Scottis, sa few in number,
Had put thame in sa greit ane cummer,
He grew intill ane frenesy,
Sayand: fals Fortoun, I the defy;
For I beleuit, this day at morne,
That he was not in Scotland borne,
That durst haue met me, hand for hand,
Within the boundis of my brand.

The Squire cheered him as best he could, and proposed dinner and wine.

The Squyer bad him mak gude cheir,
And said, it wes bot chance of Weir.
Greit Conquerouris, I ȝow assure,
Hes hapnit siclike aduenture:
Thairfoir, mak mirrie, and go dyne,
And let vs preif the michtie wyne.

They drank, and set sail; some of the English being landed in Kent, while others went to Scotland.

Sum drank wyne, and sum drank Aill;
Syne, put the shippis vnder saill,
And waillit furth of the Inglis band
Twa hundreth men, and put on land,
Quyetlie, on the Coist of Kent;
The laif in Scotland with him went.

The English Captain was imprisoned, with his company, till he paid their

The Inglis Capitane, as I ges,
He wairdit him in the Blaknes,
And treitit him richt honestlie,
Togither with his companie,
And held thame in that Garnisoun,

Till thay had payit thair Ransoun.
Out throw the land than sprang the fame,
That Squyer Meldrum wes cum hame.
Quhen thay hard tell how he debaitit,
With euerie man he was sa treitit,
That, quhen he trauellit throw the land,
Thay bankettit him fra hand to hand,
With greit solace; till, at the last,
Out throw Straitherne the Squyer past.
And, as it did approch the nicht,
Of ane Castell he gat ane sicht,
Beside ane Montane, in ane vaill;
And than, efter his greit trauaill,
He purpoisit him to repois,
Quhair ilk man did of him rejois.
Of this triumphant plesand place
Ane lustie Ladie wes Maistres,
Quhais Lord was deid schort tyme befoir,
Quhairthrow hir dolour wes the moir.
Bot ȝit scho tuke sum comforting,
To heir the plesant dulce talking
Of this ȝoung Squyer, of his chance,
And how it fortunit him in France.
This Squyer and the Ladie gent
Did wesche, and then to supper went.
During that nicht thair was nocht ellis
Bot for to heir of his Nouellis.
Eneas, quhen he fled from Troy,
Did not Quene Dido greiter Ioy,
Quhen he in Carthage did arryue,
And did the seige of Troy discryue.
The wonderis that he did reheirs
Wer langsum for to put in vers,
Of quhilk this Ladie did rejois.
Thay drank, and syne went to repois.
He fand his Chalmer weill arrayit

ransom.
The Squire, returned with fame, was well treated and banquetted throughout the land.
Travelling, once, towards night he espied a castle, where he found hospitable reception.
The castle belonged to a lady whose lord had lately died, to her grief.
Yet she showed interest in the Squire's account of his adventures.
After supper, he went on talking as before.
Aeneas did not please Dido more than the Squire the lady, with his wondrous exploits.
The Squire was

well housed, and fed with good meat and drink; and he fared bravely.

With dornik work on buird displayit.
Of Uenisoun he had his waill,
Gude Aquavite, Wyne, and Aill,
With nobill Confeittis, Bran, and Geill;
And swa the Squyer fuir richt weill.

The lady tells him he is welcome; and he thanks her.

Sa, to heir mair of his narratioun,
This Ladie come to his Collatioun,
Sayand he was richt welcum hame.
Grandmercie! than, quod he, Madame.

They played games; and then the Squire escorted her to her bedroom, and went to his own.

Thay past the time with Ches and Tabill;—
For he to euerie game was abill;—
Than vnto bed drew euerie wicht;
To Chalmer went this Ladie bricht,
The quhilk this Squyer did conuoy;
Syne, till his bed he went, with Ioy.

But he could not sleep a wink; for Cupid had pierced his heart; and he made his moan to Venus, complaining that, just before free, he had been taken captive.

That nicht he sleipit neuer ane wink,
Bot still did on the Ladie think;
Cupido, with his fyrie dart,
Did peirs him so out throw the hart.
Sa all that nicht he did bot murn it;
Sum tyme sat vp, and sumtyme turnit,
Sichand with monie gant and grane,
To fair Venus makand his mane,
Sayand: Ladie, quhat may this mene?
I was ane fre man lait ȝistrene,
And now ane catiue bound and thrall
For ane that I think Flour of all.

If she only knew his mind!

I pray God sen scho knew my mynd,
How, for hir saik, I am sa pynd.

He wished himself back in France, rather than subject to one careless of him.

Wald God I had bene ȝit in France,
Or I had hapnit sic mischance,
To be subject or seruiture
Till ane quhilk takis of me na cure!

The lady overhears the Squire bewailing himself,

This Ladie ludgit neirhand by,
And hard the Squyer priuely,
With dreidfull hart makand his mone,

With monie cairfull gant and grone.
Hir hart fulfillit with pietie,
Thocht scho wald haif of him mercie,
And said: howbeit I suld be slane,
He sall haue lufe for lufe agane.
Wald God I micht, with my honour,
Haue him to be my Paramour!
This wes the mirrie tyme of May,
Quhen this fair Ladie, freshe and gay,
Start vp, to take the hailsum Air,
With pantonis on hir feit ane pair,
Airlie into ane cleir morning,
Befoir fair Phœbus vprysing,
Kirtill alone, withouttin Clok;
And saw the Squyeris dure vnlok.
Scho slippit in, or euer he wist,
And fenzeitlie past till ane kist,
And with hir keyis oppinnit the Lokkis,
And maid hir to take furth ane Boxe:
Bot that was not hir erand thair.
With that, this lustie zoung Squyar
Saw this Ladie so plesantlie
Cum to his Chalmer quyetlie,
In Kyrtill of fyne Damais broun,
Hir goldin traissis hingand doun.
Hir Pappis wer hard, round, and quhyte,
Quhome to behald wes greit delyte.
Lyke the quhyte lyllie wes hir lyre;
Hir hair was like the reid gold wyre;
Hir schankis quhyte withouttin hois,
Quhairat the Squyer did rejois.
And said, than: now, vailze quod vailze,
Upon the Ladie thow mak ane sailze.
Hir Courlyke Kirtill was vnlaist,
And sone into his armis hir braist,
And said to hir: Madame, gudemorne!

determines
that he shall
have love
for love,
and sighs
for him.
She gets up, the
sun not yet risen,
puts on her
slippers, and sees
that the Squire's
door is unlocked.
She slips into his
room, and,
as a pretext,
opens a chest, to
take out a box.
He sees
her come
quietly into
his bedroom,
scans her
unconcealed
charms with
great relish,
and grows
amorous.
As she is he clasps
her, wishes her
good-morrow,

and will die, unless she relieves him.

Help me, 3our man that is forlorne.
Without 3e mak me sum remeid,
Withouttin dout I am bot deid;
Quhairfoir, 3e mon releif my harmes.

He talks, and makes all secure.

With that, he hint hir in his armes,
And talkit with hir on the flure;
Syne, quyetlie did bar the dure.

She pretends to have a scruple.

Squyer, quod scho, quhat is 3our will?
Think 3e my womanheid to spill?
Na, God forbid! it wer greit syn:
My Lord and 3e wes neir of Kyn.

She would get a dispensation, and then marry him, quite agreeable to her.

Quhairfoir, I mak 3ow supplicatioun,
Pas, and seik ane dispensatioun;
Than sall I wed 3ow with ane Ring;
Than may 3e leif at 3our lyking:
For 3e ar 3oung, lustie, and fair,
And, als, 3e ar 3our Fatheris Air.

She praises him, and proposes terms for his becoming her husband.

Thair is na Ladie, in all this land,
May 3ow refuse to hir Husband;
And, gif 3e lufe me as 3e say,
Haist tó dispens the best 3e may;
And thair to 3ow I geue my hand,
I sall 3ow take to my Husband.

He would ever serve her, but is impatient.

Quod he: quhill that I may indure,
I vow to be 3our seruiture;
Bot I think greit vexatioun
To tarie vpon dispensatioun.

They kiss and embrace.

Than in his armis he did hir thrist,
And aither vther sweitlie kist;
And wame for wame thay vther braissit:

Cupid enters their hearts; and the twain proceed, in due

With that, hir Kirtill wes vnlaissit.
Than Cupido, with his fyrie dartis,
Inflammit sa thir Luiferis hartis,
Thay micht na maner of way disseuer,
Nor ane micht not part fra ane vther;
Bot, like wodbind, thay wer baith wrappit.

Thair tenderlie he hes hir happit, — course, to
Full softlie vp, intill his Bed : — natural
Iudge 3e gif he hir schankis shed. — extremities;
Allace ! quod scho, quhat may this mene ? — she covering her eyes with her hair.
And with hir hair scho dicht hir Ene.
I can not tell how thay did play ; — Her solace was
Bot I beleue scho said not nay. — such that he
He pleisit hir sa, as I hard sane, — was welcome
That he was welcum ay agane. — ever after.
Scho rais, and tenderlie him kist, — She rises,
And on his hand ane Ring scho thrist ; — kisses him
And he gaif hir ane lufe drowrie, — tenderly, and they
Ane Ring set with ane riche Rubie, — exchange token
In takin that thair Lufe for euer — of constancy.
Suld neuer frome thir twa disseuer.
And than scho passit vnto hir Chalmer, — She returns to
And fand hir madinnis, sweit as Lammer, — her room, and
Sleipand full sound ; and nothing wist — finds her maids
How that thair Ladie past to the Kist. — still sleeping.
Quod thay : Madame, quhair haue 3e bene ? — Where had she
Quod scho : into my Gardine grene, — been ?
To heir thir mirrie birdis sang : — In the garden,
I lat 3ow wit, I thocht not lang, — where the time
Thocht I had taryit thair quhill None. — passed swiftly.
Quod *th*ai : quhair wes 3our hois & schone ? — Why did she go
Quhy 3eid 3e with 3our bellie bair ? — out in undress ?
Quod scho : the morning wes sa fair : — Because she did
For, be him that deir Iesus sauld, — not feel it cold.
I felt na wayis ony maner of cauld. — Why was she
Quod thay : Madame, me think 3e sweit. — so moist ?
Quod scho : 3e see I sufferit heit ; — From the heat and
The dew did sa on flouris fleit, — from the dew.
That baith my Lymmis ar maid weit : — She will lie and
Thairfoir ane quhyle I will heir ly, — dry herself.
Till this dulce dew be fra me dry. — They are to go
Ryse, and gar mak our denner reddie.

about their work.

That salbe done, quod thay, my Ladie.
Efter that scho had tane hir rest,
Sho rais, and in hir Chalmer hir drest,
And, efter Mes, to denner went.

She rests, rises, dresses, goes to Mass, and appears.

The Squire proceeds with his stories.

Than wes the Squyer diligent
To declair monie sindrie storie
Worthie to put in Memorie.
Quhat sall we of thir Luiferis say,

The lovers turn to good account this pleasant May, undetected.

Bot, all this tyme of lustie May,
They past the tyme with Ioy and blis,
Full quyetlie, with monie ane kis!
Thair was na Creature that knew
3it of thir Luiferis Chalmer glew.

The Squire makes some stay, diverting himself in various ways.

He was an adept at all manner of games.

And sa he leuit, plesandlie,
Ane certane time, with his Ladie;
Sum time with halking and hunting,
Sum time with wantoun hors rinning,
And, sum time, like ane man of weir,
Full gal3ardlie wald ryn ane speir.
He wan the pryse abone thame all,
Baith at the Buttis and the Futeball.
Till euerie solace he was abill,
At cartis, and dyce, at Ches, and tabill:
And, gif 3e list, I sall 3ow tell

Of a siege.

How that he seigit ane Castell.

A courier comes, and tells that Macfarlane has seized her castle, and ravaged the country.

Ane Messinger come spedilie,
From the Lennox to that Ladie,
And schew how that Makfagon,
And with him monie bauld Baron,
Hir Castell had tane perfors,
And nouther left hir kow nor hors,
And heryit all that land about;

In fear, she goes to the Squire, and tells him what has befallen.

Quhairof the Ladie had greit dout.
Till hir Squyer scho passit in haist,
And schew him how scho wes opprest,
And how he waistit monie ane myle

Betuix Dunbartane and Argyle.
And, quhen the Squyer Meldrum
Had hard thir Nouellis, all and sum,
Intill his hart thair grew sic Ire,
That all his bodie brint in fyre;
And swoir it suld be full deir sald,
Gif he micht find him in that hald.
He and his men did them addres,
Richt haistelie, in thair Harnes;
Sum with bow, and sum with speir.
And he, like Mars, the God of weir,
Come to the Ladie, and tuke his leif;
And scho gaif him hir richt hand gluif,
The quhilk he on his basnet bure,
And said: Madame, I 3ow assure,
That worthie Lancelot du laik
Did neuer mair, for his Ladies saik,
Nor I sall do, or ellis de,
Without that 3e reuengit be.
Than in hir armes scho him braist;
And he his leif did take in haist,
And raid that day, and all the nicht,
Till, on the morne, he gat ane sicht
Of that Castell, baith fair and strang.
Than, in the middis, his men amang,
To michtie Mars his vow he maid,
That he suld neuer in hart be glaid,
Nor 3it returne furth of that land,
Quhill that strenth wer at his command.
All the Tennentis of that Ladie
Come to the Squyer haistelie,
And maid aith of fidelitie,
That they suld neuer fra him flie.
Quhen to Makferland, wicht and bauld,
The veritie, all haill, wes tauld,
How the 3oung Squyer Meldrum

On learning this news, the Squire warms with wrath, and declares himself ready for all hazards.

He and his men arm themselves.

He takes leave of the lady, who gives him her right glove; and he promises, that, even at the cost of his life, she shall be revenged.

She embraces him; and he rides all that day, and all the night, before he comes in sight of the castle.

In the midst of his men, he swears to Mars never to be happy, nor to leave the land, till the castle yields to him.

The lady's tenants flock to him, and make oath to stand by him to the last.

Macfarlane, hearing of the Squire's coming

with intent to besiege the fortress, victuals it, resolved to defend it to the death.

Wes now into the Cuntrie cum,
Purpoisand to seige that place,
Than vittaillit he thar Fortres,
And swoir he suld that place defend,
Bauldlie, vntill his lyfis end.

The Squire makes preparations for action.

Be this, the Squyer wes arrayit,
With his Baner bricht displayit,
With culuering, hakbut, bow, and speir.

He demands of Macfarlane to surrender.

Of Makfarland he tuke na feir;
And, like ane Campioun courageous,
He cryit and said: gif ouir the hous.

Macfarlane refuses, declaring that he will stay where he is.

The Capitane answerit, heichly,
And said: tratour, we the defy:
We sall remane this hous within,
Into despyte of all thy kyn.

His men discharge their arrows at the Squire's band.

With that, the Archeris, bauld and wicht,
Of braid arrowis let fle ane flicht
Amang the Squyeris companie;

The volley is returned, with good result.

And thay, agane, richt manfullie,
With Hakbute, Bow, and Culueryne,
Quhilk put Makferlandis men to pyne;

Then follows a sharp fight; and many are slain on each side.

And on thair colleris laid full sikker,
And thair began ane bailfull bikker:
Thair was bot schot and schot agane,
Till, on ilk side, thair wes men slane.

The Squire calls for scaling-ladders, which are set up and mounted.

Than cryit the Squyer couragious:
Swyith! lay the ledderis to the hous.
And sa thay did, and clam, belyfe,
As busie Beis dois to thair hyfe.

The castle is entered; and the Squire plants his banner on the wall.

Howbeit thair wes slane monie man,
3it wichtlie ouir the wallis they wan.
The Squyer, formest of them all,
Plantit the Baner ouir the wall;

The fighting still goes on.

And than began the mortall fray:
Thair wes not ellis bot tak and slay.

Macfarlane yields,

Than Makferland, that maid the prais,

From time he saw the Squyeris face,
Vpon his kneis he did him ȝeild,
Deliuerand him baith speir and scheild.
The Squyer hartlie him ressauit,
Commandand that he suld be sauit:
And sa did slaik that mortall feid,
Sa that na man wes put to deid.
In fre waird was Makferland seisit,
And leit the laif gang quhair they pleisit.
And sa this Squyer amorous
Seigit and wan the Ladies hous,
And left thairin ane Capitane;
Syne, to Stratherne returnit agane,
Quhair that he with his fair Ladie
Ressauit wes full plesantlie,
And to tak rest did him conuoy:
Iudge ȝe gif thair wes mirth and Ioy.
Howbeit the Chalmer dure wes cloisit,
They did bot kis, as I suppois it:
Gif vther thing wes them betwene,
Let them discouer, that Luiferis bene;
For I am not in Lufe expart,
And neuer studyit in that art.
Thus they remainit in merines,
Beleifand neuer to haue distres.
In that meine time, this Ladie fair
Ane douchter to the Squyer bair:
Nane fund wes fairer of visage.
Than tuke the Squyer sic courage,
Agane the mirrie time of May,
Threttie he put in his Luferay,—
In Scarlot fyne, and of hew grene,
Quhilk wes ane semelie sicht to sene.
The gentilmen, in all that land,
Wer glaid with him to mak ane band;
And he wald plainelie tak thair partis,

and gives up to the Squire his spear and shield.

The Squire spares his life; and there is no more bloodshed.

All but Macfarlane are let go.

The Squire leaves a captain in charge of the castle, and returns to Stratherne,

where the fair lady received him most graciously.

How far they carried their rejoicing let lovers discover; for I am unstudied in the art of such.

So their happiness continued.

The lady bore the Squire a daughter, of the comeliest.

Against the merry time of May, he put thirty of his men in livery, scarlet and green, seemly to behold.

All the gentry were fain of his friendship, he wishing only

their good will; and so he lived pleasantly.

And not desyring bot thair hartis.
Thus leuit the Squyer plesandlie,
With Musick and with Menstralie.
Of this Ladie he wes sa glaid,

He and the lady, whom he loved much, consoled each other, awaiting the dispensation.

Thair micht na sorrow mak him sad:
Ilk ane did vther consolatioun,
Taryand vpon dispensatioun.

But it was mismanaged; and the end was sore grief.

Had it cum hame, he had hir bruikit;
Bot, or it come, it wes miscuikit:
And all this game he bocht full deir,
As ȝe at lenth sall efter heir.

Joy leads to sorrow.

Of warldlie Ioy it wes weill kend,
That sorrow bene the fatall end;

Jealousy and envy pursued him; and, consequently, he had many a quarrel, but yet always defended his honour.

For Ielousie and fals Inuie
Did him persew richt cruellie,—
I meruell not thocht it be so;
For they wer, euer, Luiferis fo:—
Quhairthrow he stude in monie ane stour,
And ay defendit his honour.

A cruel knight, who lived hard by, envied the Squire, aimed to part the lovers, and wished the lady to marry some one else.

Ane cruell Knicht dwelt neir hand by,
Quhilk at this Squyer had Inuy;
Imaginand, intill his hart,
How he thir Luiferis micht depart,
And wald haue had hir maryand
Ane gentilman, within his land,
The quhilk to him wes not in blude:

She, however, refused.

Bot, finallie for to conclude,
Thairto scho wald neuer assent.

So the knight resolved to kill the Squire, and swore that one or other of them should die.

Quhairfoir, the Knicht set his Intent
This nobill Squyer for to destroy,
And swore he suld neuer haue Ioy
In till his hart, without remeid,
Till ane of thame wer left for deid.

The Squire was quite prepared for a

This vailȝeand Squyer manfully
In ernist or play did him defy,
Offerand him self for to assaill,

Bodie for bodie, in battaill.
The Knicht thairto not condiscendit,
Bot to betrais him ay intendit.
Sa it fell, anis vpon ane day,
In Edinburgh, as I hard say:
This Squyer and the Ladie trew
Was thair, just matteris to persew.
That cruell Knicht, full of Inuy,
Gart hald on them ane secreit Spy,
Quhen thai suld pas furth of the toun,
For this Squyeris confusioun,
Quhilk traistit no man suld him greiue,
Nor of tressoun had no beleiue.
And tuik his licence from his Oist,
And liberallie did pay his Coist,
And sa departit, blyith and mirrie,
With purpois to pas ouir the Ferrie.
He wes bot auchtsum in his rout;
For of danger he had no dout.
The Spy come to the Knicht, anone,
And him informit how they wer gone.
Than gadderit he his men in hy,
With thrie scoir in his company,
Accowterit weill in feir of weir,—
Sum with bow, and sum with speir,—
And on the Squyer followit fast,
Till thay did see him, at the last,
With all his men richt weill arrayit,
With cruell men nathing effrayit.
And, quhen the Ladie saw the rout,
God wait gif scho stude in greit dout.
Quod scho: 3our enemeis I see;
Thairfoir, sweit hart, I reid 3ow fle:
In the cuntrey I will be kend:
3e ar na partie to defend.
3e knaw 3one Knichtis crueltie,

duel with him;
but the knight preferred treachery.
One day the Squire and the lady chanced to go to Edinburgh.
The cruel knight, full of envy, set a spy, to watch when they should pass out of the town.
The Squire departed, suspecting nothing, with purpose to cross the ferry.
His party was of eight.
The spy notified their starting.
The knight collected his men, —three score, and armed with bows or spears,—gave chase, and at last came in sight of the Squire and his dauntless band.
The lady was alarmed.
She advises the Squire to take to flight, overmatched, from the cruel knight;

since he sought her alone.
She would soon find her way to him.
He replies, declining to turn his back.
He draws his sword, disposes his men, and encourages them.
The knight demands the lady.
If not given up, he will seize her.
The Squire calls on him, if a knight, to fight with him single-handed.
Beaten, he will give up the lady.
The knight will not venture.
A contest was inevitable.
He looks to heaven, commends his cause to God, and prepares for work.
He and his company dash forward, courageously.
The Squire

That in his hart hes no mercie.
It is bot ane that thay wald haue ;
Thairfoir, deir hart, 3our self 3e saue.
Howbeit thay tak me with this trane,
I salbe sone at 3ow agane :
For 3e war neuer sa hard staid.
Madame, quod he, be 3e not raid ;
For, be the halie Trinitie,
This day ane fute I will not fle.
And, be he had endit this word,
He drew ane lang twa-handit sword,
And put his aucht men in array,
And bad that thay suld tak na fray.
Than to the Squyer cryit the Knicht,
And said : send me the Ladie bricht.
Do 3e not sa, be Goddis Croce,
I sall hir tak away perforce.
The Squyer said : be thow ane Knicht,
Cum furth to me, and shaw the richt,
Bot hand for hand, without redding,
That thair be na mair blude shedding :
And, gif thow winnis me in the feild,
I sall my Ladie to the 3eild.
The Knicht durst not, for all his land,
Fecht with this Squyer hand for hand.
The Squyer than saw no remeid,
Bot outher to fecht or to be deid.
To heuin he liftit vp his visage,
Cryand to God, with hie courage :
To the my querrell I do commend :
Syne, bowtit fordwart, with ane bend.
With countenance baith bauld and stout,
He rudelie rushit in that rout ;
With him, his litill companie,
Quhilk them defendit manfullie.
The Squyer, with his birneist brand,

Amang his fa-men maid sic hand,
That Gaudefer, as sayis the Letter,
At Gadderis Ferrie faucht no better.
His sword he swappit sa about,
That he greit roum maid in the rout;
And, like ane man that was dispairit,
His wapoun sa on thame he wairit,
Quhome euer he hit, as I hard say,
Thay did him na mair deir, that day.
Quha euer come within his boundis,
He chaipit not but mortall woundis.
Sum mutilate wer, and sum wer slane,
Sum fled, and come not ȝit agane.
He hat the Knicht abone the breis,
That he fell fordwart on his kneis:
Wer not Thome Giffard did him saue,
The Knicht had sone bene in his graue.
Bot than the Squyer, with his brand,
Hat Thomas Giffard on the hand:
From that time furth, during his lyfe,
He neuer weildit sword nor knyfe.
Than come ane sort, as brim as beiris,
And in him festnit fyftene speiris,
In purpois to haue borne him doun:
Bot he, as forcie Campioun,
Amang thai wicht men wrocht greit wounder;
For all thai speiris he schure in sunder.
Nane durst cum neir him, hand for hand,
Within the boundis of his brand.
This worthie Squyer courageous
Micht be compairit to Tydeus,
Quhilk faucht for to defend his Richtis,
And slew of Thebes fyftie Knichtis.
Rolland, with Brandwell, his bricht brand,
Faucht neuer better, hand for hand;
Nor Gawin, aganis Golibras;

acquitted himself manfully with his bright sword.
He hewed about him, making great gaps; and no one that he struck did him any more harm that day.
A blow from him was death.
His execution was terrible.
He knocks the knight to his knees.
Tom Giffard interposes,
who gets a blow, from the Squire, on the hand, disabling it for life.
A crowd of fifteen assault him with spears; but he hews all their weapons in two.
None durst attack him singly.
For his courage, the Squire may be compared with Tydeus of Thebes.
None of the famous knights of

romance ever fought better than he fought on that day; and this, Sirs, I undertake to prove, with your leave.

1316 Nor Olyuer, with Pharambras.
I wait he faucht, that day, als weill
As did Sir Gryme aganis Graysteill.
And I dar say, he was als abill
1320 As onie Knicht of the round Tabill,
And did his honour mair auance
Nor onie of thay Knichtis, perchance;
The quhilk I offer me to preif,
1324 Gif that ȝe pleis, Sirs, with ȝour leif.

The knights aforesaid fought man for man, by compact; but the Squire always had five against him.

Amang thay Knichts wes maid ane band,
That they suld fecht bot hand for hand,
Assurit that thair suld cum no mo.
1328 With this Squyer it stude not so;
His stalwart stour quha wald discryfe,
Aganis ane man thair come, ay, fyfe.

The cruel tyrant knight, seeing the Squire so hard to kill, falls into a great passion. He and his men will be accounted craven, if the Squire escapes. He must not escape. Three men are sent to his rear. There they hack at him, the cowards; and he falls on his knees.

Quhen that this cruell tyrane Knicht
1332 Saw the Squyer sa wounder wicht,
And had no micht him to destroy,
Into his hart thair grew sic noy,
That he was abill for to rage,
1336 That no man micht his Ire asswage.
Fy on vs! said he to his men:
Ay aganis ane, sen we ar ten,
Chaip he away, we ar eschamit;
1340 Like cowartis, we salbe defamit.
I had rather be in hellis pane,
Or he suld chaip fra vs vnslane.
And callit thrie of his companie,
1344 Said: pas behind him, quyetlie.
And sa thay did, richt secreitlie,
And come behind him, cowartlie,
And hackit on his hochis and theis,
1348 Till that he fell vpon his kneis.

Even in that plight, he wields his sword effectively, not

ȝit, quhen his schankis wer schorne in sunder,
Vpon his kneis he wrocht greit wounder;
Sweipand his sword round about,

Not haifand of the deith na dout. fearing death.
Durst nane approche within his boundis, From loss of
Till that his cruell mortall woundis
Bled sa, that he did swap in swoun; blood, he falls
Perforce behuifit him, than, fall doun. down, fainting.
And, quhen he lay vpon the ground, Even then his
They gaif him monie cruell wound, adversaries
That men on far micht heir the knokkis, continued their
Like boucheouris hakkand on thair stokks. attack on him.
And, finallie, without remeid, There they left
They left him lyand thair, for deid, him, wounded as
With ma woundis of sword and knyfe never man was
Nor euer had man that keipit lyfe. that survived.
Quhat suld I of thir tratouris say? Then they fled
Quhen they had done, they fled away. away.
Bot than this lustie ladie fair, The lady
With dolent hart, scho maid sic cair, thereupon
Quhilk wes greit pietie for to reheirs, bewails herself
And langsum for to put in vers. with bitter grief.
With teiris scho wuische his bludie face, She weeps over
Sichand with manie loud allace. him, and laments
Allace! quod scho, that I was borne! that she had been
In my querrell thow art forlorne. born.
Sall neuer man, efter this hour, No more lovers
Of my bodie haue mair plesour; for her, after
For thow was gem of gentilnes,
And werie well of worthines. him!
Than to the eirth scho rushit doun, Then she falls
And lay intill ane deidlie swoun. into a swoon.
Be that, the Regent of the land Directly the
Fra Edinburgh come fast rydand: Regent came
Sir Anthonie Darsie wes his name, riding from
Ane Knicht of France, and man of fame, Edinburgh, to the
Quhilk had the guiding, haillilie, rescue.
Vnder Iohne, Duke of Albanie, He was then a
Quhilk wes to our 3oung King Tutour, man of great

authority; under the King, five years of age.

And of all Scotland Gouernour.
Our King was bot fyue ȝeiris of age,
That time quhen done wes the outrage.

He was distressed to see the Squire in such a condition.

Quhen this gude Knicht the Squyer saw,
Thus lyand in till his deid thraw,
Wo is me! quod he, to see this sicht
On the, quhilk worthie wes and wicht.

He wished he had been with the Squire, as the Squire was with him once in Picardie.

Wald God that I had bene with the,
As thow in France was anis with me,
Into the land of Picardy,
Quhair Inglis men had greit Inuy
To haue me slane,—sa they intendit;—
Bot manfullie thow me defendit,
And vailȝeandlie did saue my lyfe.

Never was there seen a better fighter than he against the Southrons.

Was neuer man, with sword nor knyfe,—
Nocht Hercules, I dar weill say,—
That euer faucht better for ane day.
Defendand me within ane stound,
Thow dang seir Sutheroun to the ground.

He will do what he can, in following up the knight; he will cast him into prison, and strike off his head.

I may the mak no help, allace!
Bot I sall follow on the chace,
Richt spedilie, baith day and nicht,
Till I may get that cruell Knicht.
I mak ane vow, gif I may get him,
In till ane Presoun I sall set him;
And, quhen I heir that thow beis deid,
Than sall my handis straik of his heid.

So saying, he departs, and comes up with the knight, whom he valorously takes captive, sends back, and consigns to prison

With that, he gaue his hors the spurris,
And spedelie flaw ouir the furris:
He and his Gaird, with all thair micht,
They ran, till thai ouirtuik the Knicht.
Quhen he approchit, he lichtit doun,
And, like ane vailȝeand Campioun,
He tuik the Tyrane presonar,
And send him backward to Dumbar;
And thair remainit in presoun,

Ane certane time, in that Dungeoun. — for a time.
Let him ly thair, with mekill cair; — Leaving him, let
And speik we of our heynd Squyar, — us return to the
Of quhome we can not speik bot gude. — Squire.
Quhen he lay bathand in his blude, — His friends and
His freindis and his Ladie fair — the lady were in
They maid for him sic dule and cair, — great grief at his
Quhilk wer greit pietie to deploir: — case, in short.
Of that matter I speik no moir.
Thay send for Leiches, haistelie; — Doctors were summoned; and he was lodged and medicined.
Syne, buir his bodie, tenderlie,
To ludge into ane fair ludgyne,
Quhair he ressauit medicyne.
The greitest Leichis of the land — Every remedy
Come, all, to him, without command, — was tried, so
And all practikis on him prouit, — greatly was he
Becaus he was sa weill belouit. — beloved.
Thay tuik on hand his life to saue; — No expense was
And he thame gaif quhat they wald haue. — spared.
Bot he sa lang lay into pane, — The length of his
He turnit to be ane Chirurgiane; — own cure
And, als, be his naturall ingyne, — converted him
He lernit the Art of Medicyne. — into a chirurgeon.
He saw thame on his bodie wrocht, — He bought his
Quhairfoir the Science wes deir bocht. — skill dearly.
Bot, efterward, quhen he was haill, — Afterwards, when made whole, he practised
He spairit na coist, nor ȝit trauaill,
To preif his practikis on the pure, — medicine for
And on thame preuit monie ane cure, — behalf of the poor, but quite
On his expensis, without rewaird: — regardless
Of Money he tuik na regaird. — of recompence.
ȝit sum thing will we commoun mair — Something further of the
Of this Ladie, quhilk maid greit cair, — lady, which pained the Squire more
Quhilk to the Squyer wes mair pane — than all his wounds.
Nor all his woundis, in certane.
And than hir freindis did conclude, — Her friends

would send her home; and home she went.

Becaus scho micht do him na gude,
That scho suld take hir leif and go
Till hir cuntrie; and scho did so.

The lovers never met again; and she was married against her will.

Bot thir luiferis met neuer agane,
Quhilk wes to thame ane lestand pane;
For scho, aganis hir will, wes maryit,
Quhairthrow hir weird scho daylie waryit.

Still, her heart was constantly with the Squire.

Howbeit hir bodie wes absent,
Hir tender hart wes ay present,
Baith nicht and day, with hir Squyar.

Never did any woman of story pine more for the loss of her lover.

Wes neuer Creature that maid sic cair:
Penelope for Vlisses,
I wait, had neuer mair distres;
Nor Cresseid for trew Troylus
Wes not tent part sa dolorous.

She left him reluctantly.

I wait it wes aganis hir hart
That scho did from hir Lufe depart.

Helen did not grieve more.

Helene had not sa mekill noy,
Quhen scho perforce wes brocht to Troy.

Let us return to the Squire.

I leif hir, than, with hart full sore,
And speik now of this Squyer more.

Once again recovering, the Squire complained to the Regent; but he was soon afterwards slain,

Quhen this Squyer wes haill & sound,
And softlie micht gang on the ground,
To the Regent he did complane;
Bot he, allace! wes richt sone slane
Be Dauid Hume, of Wedderburne,
The quhilk gart monie Frenchemen murne;

—most noble, valiant, and wise.

For thair was nane mair nobill Knicht,
Mair vaiłeand, mair wyse, mair wicht.

The knight was then set at liberty; and so the matter was left unredressed.

And, sone efter that crueltie,
The Knicht was put to libertie,
The quhilk the Squyer had opprest:
Sa wes his matter left vndrest.

The king being young, tyrants ruled.

Becaus the King was ȝoung of age,
Than tyrannis rang, into thair rage.

At last he was

Bot, efterward, as I hard say,

On Striuiling brig, vpon ane day,
This Knicht wes slane with crueltie,
And that day gat na mair mercie
Nor he gaif to the ȝoung Squyar.
I say na mair: let him ly thair:
For cruell men, ȝe may weill see,
They end, ofttimes, with crueltie.
For Christ to Peter said this word,
Quha euer straikis with ane sword,
That man salbe with ane sword slane:
That saw is suith, I tell ȝow plane.
He menis, quha straikis cruellie,
Aganis the Law, without mercie.
Bot this Squyer to nane offendit,
Bot manfullie him self defendit.
Wes neuer man, with sword nor knyfe,
Micht saif thair honour and thair lyfe,
As did the Squyer, all his dayis,
With monie terribill effrayis.
Wald I at lenth his lyfe declair,
I micht weill writ ane vther quair.
Bot, at this time, I may not mend it,
Bot shaw ȝow how the Squyer endit.
Thair dwelt in Fyfe ane agit Lord,
That of this Squyer hard record,
And did desire, richt hartfullie,
To haue him in his companie;
And send for him with diligence.
And he come with obedience,
And lang time did with him remane,
Of quhome this agit Lord was fane;—
Wyse men desiris, commounlie,
Wyse men into thair companie;—
For he had bene in monie ane Land,
In Flanderis, France, and in Ingland;
Quhairfoir the Lord gaif him the cure

slain ruthlessly, and got no more mercy than he had shown to the Squire.

The cruel often meet a like end.

This is according to what Christ declared to S. Peter,

which applies to those who use the sword against the law.

The Squire was none such.

It was for his honour and his life that he fought.

To cut short his history, I will tell how it ended.

An aged lord, in Fife, hearing of the Squire, sent for him, to be his companion.

He came and stayed, well-liked;

—the wise affect the wise,—for the nobleman was travelled.

The Squire was

placed over the nobleman's household.

Of his houshald, I ȝow assure,
And, in his Hall, cheif Merschall,
And auditour of his comptis all.

He was a courtier, and also knew the law; and he was a just judge,

He was ane richt Courticiane,
And in the Law ane Practiciane;
Quhairfoir, during this Lordis lyfe,
Tchyref depute he wes in Fyfe,—
To euerie man ane equall Iudge,—

befriending the poor.

And of the pure he wes refuge,
And with Iustice did thame support,

Also, he showed himself a benefactor, from his knowledge of medicine; and, as a leech, he wrought many a cure, without thought of reward.

And curit thair sairis with greit comfort;
For, as I did reheirs before,
Of Medicine he tuke the Lore.
Quhen he saw the Chirurgience
Vpon him do thair diligence,
Experience maid him perfyte;
And of the Science tuke sic delyte,
That he did monie thriftie cure,
And, speciallie, vpon the pure,
Without rewaird for his expensis,
Without regaird or recompencis.

Pelf he valued not at all.

To gold, to siluer, or to rent,
This Nobill Squyer tuke litill tent.

His honour was all to him.

Of all this warld na mair he craifit,
Sa that his honour micht be saifit.

Once a year he gave a great banquet, in memory of his lady; and it lacked no good thing in meat or drink.

And, ilk ȝeir, for his Ladies saik,
Ane Banket Royall wald he maik;
And that he maid on the Sonday
Precedand to Asch wednisday,
With wyld foull, venisoun, and wyne,
With tairt, and flam, and frutage fyne:
Of Bran and Geill thair wes na skant;
And Ipocras he wald not want.

Thereto came lords, ladies, knights, and squires; and

I haue sene sittand at his Tabill,
Lordis and Lairdis honorabill,
With Knichtis & monie ane gay Squyar,—

Quhilk wer to lang for to declair,—
With mirth, Musick, and menstrallie.
All this he did for his Ladie,
And, for hir saik, during his lyfe,
Wald neuer be weddit to ane wyfe.
And, quhen he did declyne to age,
He faillit neuer of his courage.
Of ancient storyis for to tell,
Abone all vther he did precell ;
Sa that euerilk Creature
To heir him speik thay tuke plesure.
Bot all his deidis honorabill
For to descryue I am not abill.
Of euerie man he was commendit,
And, as he leiuit, sa he endit ;
Plesandlie, till he micht indure,
Till dolent deith come to his dure,
And cruellie, with his mortall dart,
He straik the Squyer throw the hart.
His saull, with Ioy Angelicall,
Past to the Heuin Imperiall.
Thus, at the Struther, into Fyfe,
This nobill Squyer loist his lyfe.
I pray to Christ for to conuoy
All sic trew Luiferis to his Ioy.
Say ȝe Amen ! for Cheritie.
Adew ! ȝe sall get na mair of me.

there were music and merriment.
For his lady's sake, he never took him a wife.
To the last he was brave.
He talked well; and all listened to him with pleasure.
But I describe him feebly.
He was commended of every one; and, as he lived, so he died, when his time came.
His soul went to Heaven.
He died at Struther, in Fyfe.
Christ save all true lovers!
Say Amen!
I have done.

FINIS.

The Testament

OF THE NOBILL AND VAILȝEAND SQVYER,

Williame Meldrum,

OF THE BYNNIS.

COMPYLIT BE

Sir Dauid Lyndesay of the Mont, &c.

THE Holie man Iob, ground of pacience,
In his greit trubill trewlie did report,—
Quhilk I persaue, now, be Experience,—
Life is fleeting. That mennis lyfe, in eirth, bene wounder short.
My ȝouth is gane; and eild now dois resort:
My time is gane; I think it bot ane dreame:
ȝit efter deith remane sall my gude fame.

I persaue shortlie that I man pay my det:
To me in eirth no place bene permanent:
My hart on it no mair now will I set,
I make my testament. Bot, with the help of God omnipotent,
With resolute mind, go mak my Testament,
And tak my leif at cuntriemen and kyn,
And all the warld: and thus I will begyn.

Thrie Lordis to me salbe Executouris,—
Lindesayis, all thrie, in surname of renoun:
Of my Testament thay sall haue hail the cure,
I name my executors: To put my mind till executioun.
That Surname failȝeit neuer to the Croun;
Na mair will thay to me, I am richt sure,
Quhilk is the caus that I giue them the cure.

First, Dauid, Erll of Craufuird, wise & wicht ;
And Iohne, Lord Lindesay, my maister special.
The thrid salbe ane nobill trauellit Knicht,
Quhilk knawis the coistis of Feistis funeral : three noble Lindesays.
The wise Sir Walter Lindesay they him cal,
Lord of S. Iohne, and Knicht of Torfichane,
Be sey and land ane vaiȝeand Capitane.

Thocht age hes maid my bodie impotent,
ȝit in my hart hie courage doeth precell ;
Quhairfoir, I leif to God, with gude intent,
My spreit, the quhilk he hes maid immortell, My soul I leave to God ;
Intill his Court perpetuallie to dwell,
And neuir moir to steir furth of that steid,
Till Christ discend & judge baith quick & deid.

I ȝow beseik, my Lordis Executouris,
My geir geue till the nixt of my kynrent.
It is weill kend, I neuer tuik na cures
Of conquessing of riches nor of Rent : my wealth, to my next of kin.
Dispone as ȝe think maist expedient.
I neuer tuik cure of gold more than of glas.
Without honour, fy, fy vpon Riches !

I ȝow requeist, my freindis, ane and all,
And nobill men, of quhome I am descendit,
Faill not to be at my feist funerall,
Quhilk throw the warld, I traist, salbe commendit. Let my friends come to my funeral.
ȝe knaw how that my fame I haue defendit,
During my life, vnto this latter hour,
Quhilk suld to ȝow be infinit plesour.

First, of my Bowellis clenge my bodie clene,
Within & out ; syne, wesche it weill with wyne,—
Bot honestie see that nothing be sene ;— Disembowel

and coffin me.

Syne, clois it in ane coistlie caruit schryne
Of Ceder treis, or of Cyper fyne:
Anoynt my corps with Balme delicious,
With Cynamome, and Spycis precious.

In twa caissis of gold and precious stanis
Inclois my hart and toung, richt craftelie:
My sepulture, syne, gar mak for my banis,

Bury me in the Temple of Mars.

Into the Tempill of Mars, triumphandlie,
Of marbill stanis caruit richt curiouslie,
Quhairin my Kist and banis ȝe sall clois,
In that triumphand Tempill to repois.

Mars, Venus, and Mercurius, all thre
Gaue me my natural inclinatiounis,
Quhilk rang the day of my natiuitie;

My temperament.

And sa thair heuinlie constellatiounis
Did me support in monie Natiounis.
Mars maid me hardie like ane feirs lyoun,
Quhairthrow I conqueist honour & renoun.

Quho list to knaw the actis Bellical,
Let thame go reid the legend of my life:
Thair sall thai find the deidis martiall,

To Mars present my body;

How I haue stand, in monie stalwart strife,
Victoriouslie, with speir, sheild, sword, & knife:
Quhairfoir, to Mars, the God Armipotent,
My corps incloisit ȝe do till him present.

Mak offering of my toung Rhetoricall
Till Mercurius, quhilk gaif me eloquence,

to Mercury, my tongue;

In his Tempill to hing perpetuall:
I can mak him na better recompence;
For, quhen I was brocht to the presence
Of Kings, in Scotland, Ingland, & in France,
My ornate toung my honour did auance.

To fresche Venus my hart ȝe sall present,
Quhilk hes to me bene, ay, comfortabill:
And in my face sic grace scho did imprent,
All creatures did think me amiabill. to Venus, my heart.
Wemen to me scho maid sa fauorabill,
Wes neuer Ladie that luikit in my face,
Bot honestlie I did obtene hir grace.

My freind Sir Dauid Lyndsay of *th*e Mont
Sall put in ordour my Processioun.
I will that thair pas formest in the front,
To beir my Penseil, ane wicht Campioun; Let arquebusiers attend me,
With him, ane band of Mars his Religioun,—
That is to say, in steid of Monkis & Freiris,
In gude ordour, ane thowsand hagbutteris.

Nixt them, ane thowsand futemen, in ane rout,
With speir & sheild, with buckler, bow, & brand,
In ane Luferay, ȝoung stalwart men & stout. with foot-soldiers and cavalry.
Thridlie in ordour, thair sall cum ane band
Of nobill men, abill to wraik thair Harmes,—
Thair Capitane with my standart in his ha*n*d,—
On bairdit hors, ane hundreth men of Armes.

Amang that band my baner salbe borne,
Of siluer schene, thrie Otteris into sabill,
With tabroun, trumpet, clarioun, and horne,
For men of Armes verie conuenabill. Exhibit my banner and helmet,
Nixt efter them, ane Campioun honorabill
Sall beir my basnet with my funerall;
Syne efter him, in ordour triumphall,

My armi*n*g sword, my gluifis of plait, & sheild,
Borne be ane forcie Campioun, or ane Knicht
Quhilk did me serue in monie dangerous feild; and all my

fighting gear;

Nixt efter him, ane man in armour bricht,
Vpon ane Ionet or ane cursour wicht,—
The quhilk salbe ane man of greit honour,
Vpon ane speir to beir my coit armour.

Syne, nixt my Beir sall cum my Corspresent,—
My bairdit hors, my harnes, and my speir,
With sum greit man of my awin kynrent,
and a mortuary for Mars. As I wes wont on my bodie to beir,
During my time, quhen I went to the weir;
Quhilk salbe offerit, with ane gay garment,
To Mars, his Preist, at my Interrement.

Duill weidis I think hypocrisie & scorne,
With huidis heklit doun ouirthort thair ene.
With men of armes my bodie salbe borne:
Let there be gay colours; Into that band see that no blak be sene:
My Luferay salbe reid, blew, and grene;
The reid for Mars, the grene for freshe Venus,
The blew for lufe of God Mercurius.

About my beir sall ryde ane multitude,
All of ane Luiferay of my cullouris thrie;
let laurel-branches be carried; Erles and Lordis, Knichtis, and men of gude:
Ilk Barroun beirand, in his hand, on hie,
Ane Lawrer branche, in signe of victorie;
Becaus I fled neuer out of the feild,
Nor 3it, as presoner, vnto my fois me 3eild.

Agane, that day, faill not to warne and call
All Men of Musick and of Menstrallie
About my Beir, with mirthis Musicall,
and be there dancing and singing. To dance and sing with Heuinlie harmonie,
Quhais plesant sound redound sall in the skye.
My spreit, I wait, salbe with mirth & Ioy;
Quhairfoir, with mirth my corps 3e sal conuoy.

This beand done, and all thing reulit richt,
Than plesantlie mak 3our progressioun,
Quhilk, I beleif, salbe ane plesant sicht.
Se that 3e thoill na Preist in my Processioun,
Without he be of Venus Professioun:
Quhairfoir, gar warne all Venus chapel clarks,
Quhilk hes bene most exercit in hir warkis.

Let priests of Venus assist;

With ane Bischop of that Religioun,
Solemnitlie gar thame sing my saull mes,
With organe, Timpane, Trumpet, & Clarion,
To shaw thair Musick dewlie them addres:
I will, that day, be hard no heuines.
I will na seruice of the Requiem,
Bot Alleluya, with melodie and Game.

and her Bishop sing Mass.

Efter the Euangell and the Offertour,
Throw all the Tempill gar proclame silence;
Than to the Pulpet gar ane Oratour
Pas vp, and schaw, in oppin audience,
Solempnitlie, with ornate eloquence,
At greit laser, the legend of my life,
How I haue stand in monie stalwart strife.

An orator is to laud me.

Quhen he hes red my buik fra end till end,
And of my life maid trew narratioun,
All creature, I wait, will me commend,
And pray to God for my saluatioun.
Than, efter this Solempni3atioun
Of seruice, and all brocht to end,
With grauitie, than, with my bodie wend,

All will pray for my salvation.

And clois it vp into my Sepulture,—
Thair to repois till the greit Iudgement,—
The quhilk may not corrupt, I 3ow assure,
Be vertew of the precious oyntment

Then bury my body,

not to corrupt.

Of Balme, and vther Spyces redolent.
Let not be rung for me, that day, saull knellis;
Bot greit Cannounis gar them crak, for bellis.

Ane thousand hakbuttis gar schute al at anis,
With swesche, talburnis, & trumpettis, awfullie:
Lat neuer spair the poulder nor the stanis,

Let salutes be fired.

Quhais thundring sound redound sall in the sky;
That Mars may heir, quhair he, triumphandlie,
Abone Phebus, is situate, full euin,
Maist awfull God, vnder the sternie heuin.

And, syne, hing vp, aboue my sepulture,
My bricht harnes, my scheild, & als my speir,

Over my tomb hang up my arms;

Togidder with my courtlie Coit armour,
Quhilk I wes wont vpon my bodie beir,
In France, in Ingland, being at the weir;
My Baner, Basnet, with my Temperall,
As bene the vse of feistis funerall.

This beand done, I pray 3ow tak the pane
My Epitaphe to writ, vpon this wyis,
Abone my graue, in goldin letteris fyne:

and write my epitaph.

The maist inuincibill weiriour heir lyis,
During his time quhilk wan sic laud & pryis,
That throw the heuinis sprang his nobil fame:
Victorious William Meldrum wes his name.

Adew! my Lordis; I may na langer tarie:
My Lord Lindesay, adew! abone all vther.
I pray to God, and to the Virgine Marie,

Adieu! all Lindesays.

With 3our Lady to leif lang in the Struther.
Maister Patrik, with 3oung Normond, 3our brother,
With my Ladies, 3our sisteris, al, adew!
My departing, I wait weill, 3e will rew.

Bot, maist of all, the fair Ladies of France,
Quhen thai heir tell, but dout, that I am deid,
Extreme dolour wil change thair countenance,
And, for my saik, will weir the murning weid. The ladies will regret me.
Quhen thir nouellis dois into Ingland spreid,
Of Londoun, than, the lustie ladies cleir
Will, for my saik, mak dule and drerie cheir.

Of Craigfergus my dayis darling, adew !
In all Ireland of feminine the flour.
In 3our querrell twa men of weir I slew,
Quhilk purposit to do 3ow dishonour. Adieu ! maid of Craigfergus.
3e suld haue bene my spous and paramour,
With Rent and riches for my recompence,
Quhilk I refusit, throw 3outh and insolence.

Fair weill ! 3e Lemant Lampis of lustines
Of fair Scotland : adew ! my Ladies all.
During my 3outh, with ardent besines,
3e knaw how I was in 3our seruice thrall. Adieu ! ladies of Scotland.
Ten thowsand times adew ! aboue thame all,
Sterne of Stratherne, my Ladie Souerane,
For quhom I sched my blud with mekill pane !

3it, wald my Ladie luke, at euin and morrow,
On my Legend at lenth, scho wald not mis
How, for hir saik, I sufferit mekill sorrow.
3it, giue I micht, at this time, get my wis, Above all, Star of Stratherne, adieu!
Of hir sweit mouth, deir God, I had ane kis.
I wis in vane : allace ! we will disseuer.
I say na mair : sweit hart, adew for euer !

Brether in Armes, adew, in generall !
For me, I wait, 3our hartis bene full soir.
All trew compan3eounis, into speciall,
I say to 3ow, adew, for euermoir, True friends, adieu, till we

meet in Glory!

Till that we meit agane with God in Gloir!
Sir Curat, now gif me, incontinent,
My Crysme, with the holie Sacrament.

My Spreit hartlie I recommend
In manus tuas, Domine.
My hoip to the is till ascend,
Rex, quia redemisti me.
Fra Syn Resurrexisti me;
Or ellis my saull had bene forlorne:
With Sapience docuisti me;
Blist be the hour that thow wes borne!

I commend myself to God.

FINIS.

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS FOR THE SOCIETY'S TEXTS.

[Printed on one side only, to allow of each slip being cut off and gummed in the volume to which it refers.]

13. SEINT MARHARETE.

It may be of interest to note that the *Ancren Riwle* mentions "Ruffin þe deouel, Beliales broðer, in our [= your] *Englische boc of Seinte Margarete*," at p. 244 of the Camden Society's edition, 1853. See the E. E. T. Soc.'s *Seinte Marherete*, p. 13, 63: "ant art mi broðeref bone, ruffines of helle" (and art the bane of my brother, Ruffinus of hell).

33. THE KNIGHT OF LA TOUR-LANDRY.

The following mention of this book "by mayster Fitzherbarde" might have been quoted in the Preface.

"I coulde parauenture shewe the husbande of dyuers poyntes that the wyues deceyue theyr husbandes in / & in lyke maner how husbandes deceyue theyr wyues / but and I shold do so: I shold shewe more subtyll poyntes of deceyte than eyther of them knewe of before / and therfore me semeth best to holde my peace / leste I sholde do as the knyght of the toure dyd / the which had many fayre doughters / & of fatherly loue y^t^ he ought to them: he made a boke to a good entent / that they myght eschewe & flee from vyces & folowe vertues. In the whiche booke he shewed that yf they were wowed / moued or styred by any man after suche a maner as he there shewed, y^t^ they sholde withstande it / in y^e^ which boke he shewed so many ways how a man sholde attayne to his purpose to brynge a woman to vyce / the which wayes were so naturall, & the wayes to come to theyr purpose was so subtylly contryued and craftly shewed / that hard it wolde be for any woman to resist or deny theyr desyre. And by the sayd boke hathe made bothe the men & the women to knowe more vyces / subteltye & crafte / than euer they sholde haue knowen yf the booke had nat ben made / the whiche booke he named hym selfe the knyghte of the toure. And thus I leue the wyues to vse theyr occupacyons at theyr owne dyscressyon."

[FITZHERBERT.] *The Booke of Husbandrye.* leaf 50 back. 1st ed. No date, printed by Peter Treverys. (? 1525.) 2nd ed., 1534, T. Berthelet. Reprinted in 1767 in *Certain Ancient Tracts concerning the Management of Landed Property.* The extract above is on p. 92-3 of the *Husbandry* reprint.

31. MYRC'S INSTRUCTIONS FOR PARISH PRIESTS.

Mr E. Brock is responsible for the text of this poem, except the additions from the Oxford MSS., for which Mr Peacock is responsible. The following additions to and corrections in Mr Peacock's Glossary should be made.

Add:

Blesse, make the sign of the Cross. See note, p. 74-5. p. 9, l. 280.
Erre, anger, p. 37, l. 1225.
Fulthe, filth, p. 60, l. 1942.
I-went, turned, p. 19, l. 602.
Lykynge, lust, desire, p. 44, l. 1427.
Note, profit, advantage, p. 45, l. 1484.
Summe, some, one, p. 45, l. 1467.
Tend, kindled, incited, p. 44, l. 1432.

Correct as under:

Bollyng (p. 11, note), playing at bowls (?); not bull-baiting.—E. Gillett.

Fere, sound, entire (*not* undaunted).

Fytered cloþes, p. 35, l. 1146; explained in the Glossary *fitted.* They are really what are spoken of as *cuttede* clothes at p. 2, l. 43, and which Chaucer in his Parsons Tale denounces as *daggid.* Fatters, *fitters*, tatters.—H. Wedgwood.

Lindsay, Sir David

Ane Satyre of the thrie Estaits,

IN COMMENDATION OF VERTEW AND VITVPERATION OF VYCE.

MAID BE

Sir Dauid Lindesay of the Mont,

ALIAS,

Lyon King of Armes.

AT EDINBVRGH,
PRINTED BE ROBERT CHARTERIS.
1602.
CVM PRIVILEGIO REGIS.

ANE

PLEASANT SATYRE

OF THE THRIE ESTAITIS,

IN COMMENDATIOVN OF VERTEW AND VITVPERATIOVN OF VYCE:

AS FOLLOWIS.

DILIGENCE.

THE Father and founder of faith and felicitie, — May God the Father,
That 3our fassioun formed to his similitude,
And his Sone, our Sauiour, scheild in necessitie,— — God the Son,
That bocht 3ow from baillis ransom rude, — Who ransomed us
Repleadgeand his presonaris with his hart-blude,— — with his blood,
The halie Gaist, gouernour and grounder of grace, — and God the Holy Ghost,
Of wisdome and weilfair baith fontaine and flude,
Gif 3ow all that I sie seasit in this place, — protect and
And scheild 3ow from sinne, — inspire you with
And with his Spreit 3ow inspyre, — His Spirit, till
Till I haue shawin my desyre. — you have heard
Silence, Soueraine, I requyre; — my poem!
For now I begin.

Tak tent to me, my freinds, and hald 3ow coy; — My friends,
For I am sent to 3ow, as messingeir, — I present myself
From ane nobill and rycht redoubtit Roy, — as messenger from
The quhilk hes bene absent this monie 3eir,— — King Humanity.
Humanitie, giue 3e his name wald speir,— — who will soon appear among you,
Quha bade me shaw to 3ow, but variance,
That he intendis amang 3ow to compeir,

60529

in triumph

and in array,

to avenge misrule
and the death of
innocent folk.

A reform
is coming.

Misdoers,
depart;
or you will be
hanged.

Faithful men
may sing.

The King says
none shall be
wronged.

But excuse him,

if he is vicious

meantime,
and avoids
Correction,
Truth, and
Discretion.

In the King's
name, I summon

the Three Estates
to appear
and do homage,—

the spirituality,
the burgesses,
and the
temporal peers.

Hearers,
be patient,

With ane triumph and awfull ordinance,
With crown, and sword, and scepter in his hand,
Temperit with mercie, quhen penitence appeiris;
Howbeit that hee lang tyme hes bene sleipand,
Quhairthrow misreull hes rung thir monie 3eiris,
That innocentis hes bene brocht on thair beiris
Be fals reporteris of this natioun:
Thocht 3oung oppressouris at the elder leiris,
Be now assurit of reformatioun.
Sie no misdoeris be sa bauld
As to remaine into this hauld;
For quhy, be him that Iudas sauld,
Thay will be heich hangit.
Now faithfull folk for ioy may sing,
For quhy it is the iust bidding
Of my soveraine lord the king,
That na man be wrangit.
Thocht he ane quhyll, into his flouris,
Be gouernit be vylde trompouris,
And sumtyme lufe his paramouris,
Hauld 3e him excusit;
For, quhen he meittis with Correctioun,
With Veritie, and Discretioun,
Thay will be banisched aff the toun,
Quhilk hes him abusit.
And heir, be oppin proclamatioun,
I wairne, in name of his magnificence,
The thrie estaitis of this natioun,
That thay compeir, with detfull diligence,
And till his grace mak thair obedience.
And, first, I wairne the Spritualitie;
And sie the burgessis spair not for expence,
Bot speid thame heir, with Temporalitie.
Als, I beseik 3ow famous auditouris,
Conveinit in this congregatioun,
To be patient the space of certaine houris,

Till ȝe haue hard our short narratioun. and disdain not
And, als, we mak ȝow supplicatioun, my words,
That na man tak our wordis intill disdaine, though the
Althocht ȝe hear, be declamatioun, Commonwealth
The common-weill richt pitiouslie complaine. complain, though
Rycht so the verteous ladie Veritie Truth
Will mak ane pitious lamentatioun;
Als for the treuth sho will impresonit be, be imprisoned,
And banischit lang tyme out of the toun.
And Chastitie will mak narratioun, and though
How sho can get na ludging in this land, Chastity be
Till that the heauinlie king Correctioun banished.
Meit with the king and commoun, hand for hand.
Prudent peopill, I pray ȝow all, I shall speak
Tak na man greif in speciall; generally, not of
For wee sall speik in generall, individuals,
For pastyme and for play. for diversion.
Thairfoir, till all our rymis be rung, So let
And our mistoinit sangis be sung, every man hold
Let euerie man keip weill ane toung, his one tongue,
And euerie woman tway. and every woman two.

REX HVMANITAS.

O Lord of Lords, and King of kingis all, Lord Almighty,
Omnipotent of power, Prince but peir, reigning in
Euer ringand in gloir Celestial,— glory,
Quha, be great micht, and haifing na mateir, Maker of all from
Maid heauin and eird, fyre, air, and watter cleir,— nothing,
Send me thy grace, with peace perpetuall, send me grace
That I may rewll my realme to thy pleaseir; to rule as pleases
Syne, bring my saull to ioy angelicall. Thee; and save
Sen thow hes giuin mee dominatioun me at last.
And rewll of pepill subiect to my cure, If I govern not
Be I nocht rewlit be counsall and ressoun, aright, my
In dignitie I may nocht lang indure. power will be
I grant, my stait my self may nocht assure, short-lived.

Nor 3it conserue my life in sickernes.
Haue pitie, Lord, on mee, thy creature,
Supportand me in all my busines.
I thee requeist, quha rent wes on the Rude,
Me to defend from the deids of defame,
That my pepill report of me bot gude,
And be my saifgaird baith from sin and shame.
I knaw my dayis induris bot as ane dreame :
Thairfoir, O Lord, I hairtlie the exhort,
To gif me grace to vse my diadeame
To thy pleasure and to my great comfort.

Pity and support me, Christ;
defend me;
save me from sin and shame;
and let me rule as is agreeable to Thee!

WANTONNES.

My Soueraine Lord and Prince but peir,
Quhat garris 3ow mak sic dreirie cheir?
Be blyth, sa lang as 3e ar heir,
And pas tyme with pleasure :
For als lang leifis the mirrie man
As the sorie, for ocht he can.
His banis full sair, Sir, sall I ban,
That dois 3ow displeasure.
Sa lang as Placebo and I
Remainis into 3our company,
3our grace sall leif richt mirrely :
Of this haif 3e na dout.
Sa lang as 3e haue vs in cure,
3our grace, sir, sall want na pleasure.
War Solace heir, I 3ow assure,
He wald reioyce this rout.

Why so sad, my Lord?
Be blithe and happy;
for the merry man lives as long as the melancholy.
Placebo and I promise to enliven you,
and to see that you want no pleasure.

PLACEBO.

Gude brother myne, quhair is Solace,
The mirrour of all mirrines?
I haue great meruell, be the Mes,
He taries sa lang.
Byde he away, wee ar bot shent :

Where is Solace, the jovial?
We are done for, without him.

I ferlie how he fra vs went ; Something must
I trow he hes impediment have hindered
That lettis him nocht gang. his coming.

WANTONNES.

I left Solace, that same greit loun, I left him
Drinkand into the burrows toun : drinking ;
It will cost him halfe of ane croun, and he
Althocht he had na mair. said he was
And, als, he said hee wald gang see going to see Lady
Fair ladie Sensualitie, Sensuality, the
The buriall of all bewtie dainty beauty.
And portratour preclair.

PLACEBO.

Be God, I see him, at the last, When last I saw
As he war chaist, rynnand richt fast ; him, he was
He glowris, euin as he war agast, running hard, as
Or fleyit of ane gaist. if scared by a
Na, he is wod drunkin, I trow. ghost.
Se ȝe not that he is wod fow ? But no ; he is
I ken weill, be his creischie mow, mad-drunk,
He hes bene at ane feast. after a feast.

SOLACE.

Now, quha saw euer sic ane thrang ? Who says I have
Me thocht sum said I had gaine wrang. gone wrong ?
Had I help, I wald sing ane sang I should like to
With ane rycht mirrie noyse. sing you the
I haue sic pleasour at my hart, treble of a song,
That garris me sing the troubill pairt, if some one would
Wald sum gude fellow fill the quart, fill the quart.
It wald my hairt reioyce. Thank God, I am
Howbeit my coat be short and nippit, very stiff in the
Thankis be to God, I am weill hippit, back,
Thocht all my gold may shone be grippit
Intill ane pennie pursse ;

and not worth a pin.

Thocht I ane seruand lang haif bene,
My purchais is nocht worth ane preine;
I may sing Peblis on the greine,
For ocht that I may tursse.

Can you guess my name? I am Sandy Solace, son of Bess, the wanton from her girlhood,

Quhat is my name, can ȝe not gesse?
Sirs, ken ȝe nocht Sandie Solace?
Thay callit my mother bonie Besse,
That dwelt betwene the bowis.
Of twelf ȝeir auld sho learnit to swyfe:

and of four or five fathers,—no joking,—one after another.

Thankit be the great God on lyue,
Scho maid me fatheris four or fyue:
But dout, this is na mowis.
Quhen ane was deid, sho gat ane vther:

I had a power of sires, lay and cleric.

Was never man had sic ane mother.
Of fatheris sho maid me ane futher,
Of lawit men and leirit.

She is more than a match for twenty-four a night, honour bright.

Scho is baith wyse, worthie, and wicht;
For scho spairis nouther kuik nor knycht,
ȝea, four and twentie on ane nicht,
And ay thair eine scho bleirit:
And, gif I lie, sirs, ȝe may speir.

Have you seen the King? I am his player; and he is soon coming here. Long may he reign!

Bot saw ye nocht the King cum heir?
I am ane sportour and playfeir
To that Royall ȝoung King.
He said he wald, within schort space,
Cum pas his tyme into this place.
I pray the Lord to send him grace,
That he lang tyme may ring.

PLACEBO.

Why so late?

Solace, quhy taryit ȝe sa lang?

SOLACE.

I could not come any quicker; and

The feind a faster I micht gang:
I micht not thrist out throw the thrang
Of wyfes fyftein fidder.

Then for to rin I tuik ane rink ; I ran away as
Bot I felt neuer sik ane stink. soon as I could.
For our Lordis luif, gif me ane drink, For God's love,
Placebo, my deir brother. give me a drink.

REX HVMANITAS.

My servant Solace, quhat gart 3ow tarie? Why did you delay?

SOLACE.

I wait not, sir, be sweit saint Marie : I have been in
I haue bene in ane feirie farie, sad confusion.
Or ellis intill ane trance :
Sir, I haue sene, I 3ow assure, I have seen the
The fairest earthlie creature loveliest creature
That ever was formit be nature, that ever was
And maist for to advance. created,
To luik on hir is great delyte, with red lips and
With lippis reid and cheikis quhyte : white cheeks,
I wald renunce all this warld quyte, most desirable,
For till stand in hir grace. inviting,
Scho is wantoun, and scho is wyse and dressed in
And cled scho is on the new gyse : the new fashion.
It wald gar all 3our flesche vpryse, Such a face!
To luik vpon hir face. If I were a king,
War I ane king, it sould be kend, cost what it
I sould not spair on hir to spend, might, I would
And this same nicht for hir to send, send for her to
For my pleasure. night.
Quhat rak of 3our prosperitie, What is the
Gif 3e want Sensualitie! world worth
I wald nocht gif ane sillie flie without a
For 3our treasure. woman?

REX HVMANITAS.

Forsuith, my freinds, I think 3e are not wyse The King rebukes
Till counsall me to breik commandement, Solace

for trying to tempt one who was minded to eschew lewdness, and repudiates his offer, as odious.

Directit be the Prince of Paradyce,—
Considering 3e knaw that my intent
Is for till be to God obedient,—
Quhilk dois forbid men to be lecherous:
Do I nocht sa, perchance I will repent.
Thairfoir, I think 3our counsall odious,
The quhilk 3e gaif mee till;

He had, hitherto, had no manner of experience whatever.

Becaus I haue bene, to this day,
Tanquam tabula rasa;
That is als mekill as to say,
Redie for gude and ill.

PLACEBO.

Placebo says they have no wish to corrupt or mislead the King.

Beleiue 3e that we will begyll 3ow,
Or from 3our vertew we will wyle 3ow,
Or with euill counsall overseyll 3ow
Both into gude and euill?

They will side with him, so that he be not a young saint and then an old devil.

To tak 3our graces part wee grant,
In all 3our deidis participant,
Sa that 3e be nocht ane 3oung sanct,
And, syne, ane auld deuill.

WANTONNES.

Wantonness vouches the Romish Church, in proof that lechery is no sin.

Beleiue 3e, Sir, that Lecherie be sin?
Na, trow nocht that: this is my ressoun quhy:
First, at the Romane Kirk will 3e begin,—
Quhilk is the lemand lamp of lechery,—
Quhair Cardinals and Bischops, generally,
To luif Ladies thay think ane pleasant sport,

Chastity is banished out of Rome.

And out of Rome hes baneist Chastity,
Quha with our Prelats can get na resort.

SOLACE.

Solace advises His Majesty to have a concubine,

Sir, quhill 3e get ane prudent Queine,
I think 3our Maiestie serein
Sould haue ane lustie Concubein,

To play 3ow withall. — for his comfort;
For I knaw, be 3our qualitie, — as he lacks the
248 3e want the gift of chastitie. — gift of chastity.
Fall to, in nomine Domini :
This is my counsall.
I speik, Sir, vnder protestatioun, — For the prelates
252 That nane at me haif indignatioun ; — indulge, pretty
For all the Prelats of this natioun, — generally, in
concubinage;
For the maist part, — and some of them
Thay think na schame to haue ane huir ; — had a whole leash
256 And sum hes thrie vnder thair cuir. — of mistresses.
This to be trew, Ile 3ow assuir, — This is true;
3e sall heir efterwart. — and do thou
Sir, knew [3e] all the mater throch,
260 To play 3e wald begin. — likewise.
Speir at the Monks of Bamirrinoch, — Ask the monks of Bamirrinoch
Gif lecherie be sin. — if lechery is sin.

PLACEBO.

Sir, send 3e for Sandie Solace, — Placebo tells the
264 Or ells 3our monzeoun Wantonnes ; — King to ask the
And pray my Ladie Priores — Prioress
The suith till declair, — whether
Gif it be sin to tak Kaity, — fornication is sin.
268 Or to leif like ane bummillbaty.
The buik sayis Omnia probate, — Prove all
And nocht for to spair. — things.

SENSVALITIE.

Luifers, awalk ! behald the fyrie spheir ! — Lovers, look at
272 Behauld the naturall dochter of Venus ! — me, Venus's
Behauld, luifers, this lustie Ladie cleir, — daughter,
The fresche fonteine of Knichtis amorous, — lovely,
Repleit with ioyis dulce and delicious : — full of joys.
276 Or quha wald mak to Venus observance ? — Pleasant is my
In my mirthfull chalmer melodious, — bower

to all.
Thair sall thay find all pastyme and pleasance.
See my lovely neck,
Behauld my heid! behauld my gay attyre!
my glowing face,
Behauld my halse lusum and lilie quhite!
my shapely breasts.
Behauld my visage flammand as the fyre!
I please all kings, and, specially, the Court of Rome.
Behauld my papis of portratour perfyte!
To luke on mee luiffers hes greit delyte;
Rycht sa hes all the Kingis of Christindome:
To thame I haif done pleasouris infinite,
And, speciallie, vnto the Court of Rome.
My kiss is worth a million of gold; and yet I readily give it to all.
Ane kis of me war worth, in ane morning,
A milȝioun of gold, to Knicht or King;
And ȝit I am of nature sa towart,
I lat no luiffer pas with ane sair hart.
My name is Sensuality.
Of my name wald ȝe wit the veritie,
Forsuith, thay call me Sensualitie.
Let us sing a song to Venus.
I hauld it best, now, or we farther gang,
To Dame Venus let vs go sing ane sang.

HAMELINES.

Familiarity acquiesces in this.
Madame, but taryíng,
For to serue Venus deir,
We sall fall to and sing.
Sister Danger, cum neir.

DANGER.

Danger makes
Sister, I was nocht sweir
To Venus observance.
Howbeit I mak Dangeir,
ȝit, be continuance,
Men may haue thair pleasance;
with hesitation.
Thairfoir, let na man fray:
We will tak it, perchance,
Howbeit that wee say nay.

HAMELINES.

Familiarity
Sister, cum on ȝour way;

And let vs nocht think lang, — presses her
In all the haist wee may, — to sing a song
To sing Venus ane sang. — to Venus

DANGER.

Sister, sing this sang I may not, — Danger asks for
Without the help of gude Fund-Ionet. — the help of
Fund-Ionet! hoaw! cum tak a part. — Fund-Jonet

FVND-IONET.

That sall I do, with all my hart. — Fund-Jonet,
Sister, howbeit that I am hais, — though hoarse,
I am content to beir a bais. — is ready to sing bass.
3e twa sould luif me as 3our lyfe; — She claims their
3e knaw I lernit 3ow baith to swyfe: — love, since she
In my chalmer—3e wait weill quhair—
Sen syne the feind ane man 3e spair. — initiated them.

HAMELINES.

Fund-Ionet, fy! 3e ar to blame. — Objurgation.
To speik foull wordis think 3e not schame

FVND-IONET.

Thair is ane hundreth heir sitand by, — Many a one
That luifis geaping als weill as I, — here is as wanton
Micht thay get it in priuitie. — as I.
Bot quha begins the sang, let se. — But the song!

REX HVMANITAS.

Vp, Wantonnes! thow sleipis to lang. — The King tells
Me thocht I hard ane mirrie sang: — Wantonness to
I the command in haist to gang — see who is
Se quhat 3on mirth may meine. — singing.

WANTONNES.

I trow, Sir, be the Trinitie, — Sensuality, Sir,

I surmise, whom I would see.

Ȝon same is Sensualitie :
Gif it be scho, sune sall I sie
That Soverance sereine.

REX HVMANITAS.

Who is it?

Quhat war thay ȝon, to me declair.

WANTONNES.

Sensuality.

Dame Sensuall, baith gude and fair.

PLACEBO.

She can both play and dance.

Sir, scho is mekill to avance ;
For scho can baith play and dance,
That perfyt patron of plesance,

Her neck is like silk ; her hair is fine ;

Ane perle of pulchritude :
Soft as the silk is hir quhite lyre,
Hir hair is like the goldin wyre :

and I burn with passion.

My hart burnis in ane flame of fyre :
I sweir ȝow, be the Rude.

She has not her equal on earth.

I think scho is sa wonder fair,
That in earth scho hes na compair.

If you knew love's lore, and had once seen her,

War ȝe weill leirnit at luffis lair,
And syne had hir anis sene,

you would give a million for her love.

I wait, be cokis passioun,
Ȝe wald mak supplicatioun,
And spend on hir ane millioun,
Hir lufe for till obteine.

SOLACE.

Shall she come to you at once? What is the worth of power and riches, without joy and quiet?

Quhat say ȝe, sir? ar ȝe content
That scho cum heir incontinent?
Quhat vails ȝour kingdome and ȝour rent,
And all ȝour great treasure,
Without ȝe haif ane mirrie lyfe,
And cast asyde all sturt and stryfe,

Till you get a wife, take your pleasure.

And, sa lang as ȝe want ane wyfe,
Fall to and tak ȝour pleasure?

REX HVMANITAS.

Gif that be trew quhilk ȝe me tell,
I will not langer tarie,
Bot will gang preif that play, my sell,
Howbeit the warld me warie.
Als fast as ȝe may carie,
Speid with all diligence:
Bring Sensualitie,
Fra-hand, to my presence.
Forsuth, I wait not how it stands;
Bot, sen I hard of ȝour tythands,
My bodie trimblis, feit and hands,
And, quhiles, is hait as fyre.
I trow, Cupido with his dart
Hes woundit me out-throw the hart;
My spreit will fra my bodie part,
Get I nocht my desyre.
Pas on away, with diligence,
And bring hir heir to my presence:
Spair nocht for trauell nor expence;
I cair not for na cost.
Pas on ȝour way, schone Wantonnes;
And tak with ȝow Sandie Solace,
And bring that Ladie to this place,
Or els I am bot lost.
Commend me to that sweitest thing,
And present hir with this same Ring;
And say I ly in languisching,
Except scho mak remeid.
With siching sair I am bot schent,
Without scho cum, incontinent,
My heauie langour to relent,
And saif me now fra deid.

The King yields, defying the world, and orders them to fetch Sensuality, at once, to him. He finds himself very much excited. Cupid's dart has pierced him; and he is very uneasy. Let her come immediately, despite trouble and cost. Wantonness and Solace are to bring Sensuality to him forthwith, giving her a ring; for he longs and sighs sorely for her to come and relieve his distress.

WANTONNES.

Or ȝe tuik skaith, be Gods goun,

He is told he

shall not be disappointed.

I leuer thair war not, vp nor doun,
Ane tume cunt into this toun,
Nor twentie myle about.

Sensuality shall come: but there will be charges.

Doubt ȝe nocht, Sir, bot wee will get hir:
Wee sall be feirie for till fetch hir;
Bot, faith! wee wald speid all the better,
Till gar our pursses rout.

SOLACE.

Money is indispensable; and we have no ready coin.

Sir, let na sorrow in ȝow sink;
Bot gif vs Ducats for till drink,
And wee sall never sleip ane wink,
Till it be back or eadge.
ȝe ken weill, Sir, wee haue no cunȝe.

REX HVMANITAS.

The King gives it, and bids them make haste.

Solace, sure that sall be no sunȝie:
Beir ȝe that bag vpon ȝour lunȝie.
Now, sirs, win weill ȝour wage:
I pray ȝow speid ȝow sone againe.

WANTONNES.

They promise diligence, whatever the weather, and to be back by midnight.

ȝe! of this sang, sir, wee ar faine:
Wee sall nother spair wind nor raine,
Till our days wark be done:
Fairweill! for wee ar at the flicht.
Placebo, rewll our Roy at richt:
We sall be heir, man, or midnicht,
Thocht wee marche with the Mone.

WANTONNES.

Wantonness greets Sensuality.

Pastyme, with pleasance & greit prosperitie,
Be to ȝow, Soveraine Sensualitie!

SENSVALITIE.

Whither?

Sirs, ȝe ar welcum: quhair go ȝe? eist? or west?

WANTONNES.

In faith, I trow we be at the farrest. "Farrest."

SENSVALITIE.

Quhat is 3our name? I pray 3ou, Sir, declair. Your name?

WANTONNES.

Marie! Wantonnes, the Kings secretair. Wantonness.

SENSVALITIE.

Quhat King is that quhilk hes sa gay a boy? From what king?

WANTONNES.

Humanitie, that richt redoutit Roy, Humanity;
Quhilk dois commend him to 3ow hartfullie, and he sends you
And sends 3ow heir ane ring with ane Rubie, a ring, as a token
In takin that, abuife all creatour, that he
He hes chosen 3ow to be his Paramour. has chosen you
He bade me say that he will be bot deid, as his paramour.
Without that 3e mak, haistelie, remeid. Do not delay.

SENSVALITIE.

How can I help him, althocht he suld forfair? How can I, no physician, help him?
3e ken, richt weill, I am na Medcinair.

SOLACE.

3es, lustie ladie, thocht he war never sa seik, In a very natural
I wait 3e beare his health into 3our breik. way.
Ane kis of 3our sweit mow, in ane morning, One kiss of yours will give him great comfort.
Till his seiknes micht be greit comforting.
And, als, he maks 3ow supplicatioun, Meet him to-night.
This nicht to mak with him collatioun.

SENSVALITIE.

I thank his grace of his benevolence. Sensuality agrees
Gude sirs, I sall be reddie, evin fra-hand: to go at once;

she will not neglect him, will come immediately, and will do his bidding.

In me thair sall be fund na negligence,
Baith nicht & day, quhen his grace will demand.
Pas 3e befoir, and say I am cummand,
And thinks richt lang to haif of him ane sicht:
And I to Venus do mak ane faithfull band,
That in his arms I think to ly all nicht.

WANTONNES.

Wantonness asks for Familiarity.

That salbe done: bot 3it, or I hame pas,
Heir I protest for Hamelynes, 3our las.

SENSVALITIE.

The request is granted.

Scho salbe at command, sir, quhen 3e will:
I traist scho sall find 3ow flinging 3our fill.

WANTONNES.

Wantonness congratulates himself on having led the King so quickly into sin.

Now hay! for ioy and mirth I dance.
Tak thair ane gay gamond of France:
Am I nocht worthie till avance,
That am sa gude a page,
And that sa spedelie can rin
To tyst my maister vnto sin?
The fiend a penny he will win
Of this his mariage.

He grieves that he did not keep Sensuality to himself, and abuses himself.

I rew richt sair, be sanct Michell!
Nor I had pearst hir my awin sell;
For quhy 3on King, be Bryds bell,
Kennis na mair of ane cunt
Nor dois the noueis of ane freir.
It war bot almis to pull my eir,
That wald not preif 3on gallant geir.
Fy, that I am sa blunt!
I think, this day, to win greit thank.

He jests about spraining

Hay! as ane brydlit cat, I brank:
Alace! I haue wreistit my schank,
Yit gangis, be sanct Michaell!

Quhilk of my leggis, Sirs, as ȝe trow, — one of his
Was it that I did hurt evin now? — legs, but
Bot quhairto sould I speir at ȝow? — afterwards
I think thay baith ar haill. — thinks they
Gude morrow, Maister, be the Mes! — are both right.

REX HVMANITAS.

Welcum, my menȝeon, Wantonnes! — Welcome!
How hes thow sped in thy trauell? — What speed?

WANTONNES.

Rycht weill, be him that herryit hell! — Very good.
ȝour erand is weill done.

REX HVMANITAS.

Then, Wantonnes, how weill is mee! — Then you deserve
Thow hes deseruit baith meit and fie, — reward.
Be him that maid the Mone! — But what shall
Thair is ane thing that I wald speir: — I do when she
Quhat sall I do, quhen scho cums heir? — comes? For
For I knaw nocht the craft, perqueir, — I am a
Of luifers gyn: — novice in love-
Thairfoir, at lenth ȝe mon me leir — matters
How to begin.

WANTONNES.

To kis hir & clap hir, sir, be not affeard: — Kiss her,
Sho will not schrink, thocht ȝe kis hir ane span within the baird. — without fear
Gif ȝe think that sho thinks shame, then hyd *the* bairns eine — of her resisting,
With hir taill, & tent hir weil: ȝe wait quhat I meine. — &c., &c.
Will ȝe leif me, Sir, first for to go to? — Shall I go first,
And I sall leirne ȝow all kewis how to do. — and show you?

REX HVMANITAS.

By no manner of means.

God forbid, Wantonnes, that I gif the leife !
Thou art ouer perillous ane page sic practiks to preife.

WANTONNES.

She comes.

Now, Sir, preife as ȝe pleis. I se hir cumand.

Be wise.

Vse ȝour self grauelie : wee sall by ȝow stand.

SENSVALITIE.

Glory to thee, Venus, for giving me such beauty !

O Queene Venus ! vnto thy Celsitude
I gif gloir, honour, laud, and reuerence,
Quha grantit me sic perfite pulchritude,
That Princes of my persone haue pleasance.

I will sacrifice to thee.

I mak ane vow, with humbill obseruance,
Richt reuerentlie thy Tempill to visie,
With sacrifice vnto thy Dyosie.

All love me,—

Till everie stait I am so greabill,
That few or nane refuses me, at all :

clerics and laymen,—

Paipis, Patriarks, or Prelats venerabill,
Common pepill, and Princes temporall

and all will, the young especially.

Ar subiect, all, to me, Dame Sensuall.
Sa sall it be ay, quhill the warld indures,
And, speciallie, quhair ȝouthage hes the cures.

None here could truthfully deny this.

Quha knawis the contrair ?
I traist, few, in this companie,
Wald thay declair the veritie,
How thay vse Sensualitie,
Bot with me maks repair.

I now go to a powerful prince.

And now my way I man auance
Vnto ane Prince of great puissance,
Quhom ȝoung men hes in gouernance,
Rolland into his rage.

It delights me to take him in charge,—

I am richt glaid, I ȝow assure,
That potent Prince to get in cure,
Quhilk is of lustines the luir,

And greitest of curage. a bold youth.
O potent Prince, of pulchritude preclair,
God Cupido preserue 3our celsitude ! May Cupid and
And Dame Venus mot keip 3our court fro cair, Venus watch
As I wald sho suld keip my awin hart-blud ! over you !

REX HVMANITAS.

Welcum to me, peirles in pulchritude ! Welcome !
Welcum to me, thow sweiter nor the Lamber,
Quhilk hes maid me of all dolour denude ! Take the lady
Solace, convoy this Ladie to my chamber. to my chamber.

SENSVALITIE.

I gang this gait with richt gude will. I go willingly.
Sir Wantonnes, tarie 3e stil ;
And, Hamelines, the cap 3eis fill, But do you two
And beir him cumpanie. drink.

[HAMELINES.]

That sall I do, withoutin dout, We will.
And he and I sall play cap'out.

WANTONNES.

Now, Ladie, len me that batye tout : Fill up.
Fill in ; for I am dry.
3our dame, be this, trewlie, Suppose we
Hes gotten vpon the gumis. follow their
Quhat rak, thocht 3e and I example ?
Go iunne our iusting Lumis !

HAMELINES.

Content I am, with gude will, I am nothing
Quhen euer 3e ar reddie, loth.
3our pleasure to fulfill.

WANTONNES.

Now, weill said, be our Ladie ! I will do as my

master, and just where we are, on the floor.

Ile bair my Maister cumpanie,
Till that I may indure:
Gif ȝe be quisland wantounlie,
We sall fling on the flure.

GVDE COVNSALL.

God save the hearers, and keep them from offending Christ, the Crucified!

Immortall God, maist of magnificence,
Quhais Maiestie na Clark can comprehend,
Must saue ȝow all that giuis sic audience,
And grant ȝow grace him never till offend,
Quhilk on the Croce did willinglie ascend,
And sched his pretious blude on everie side;

May He rule and guide you!

Quhais pitious passioun from danger ȝow defend,
And be ȝour gratious governour and gyde!

I come, because kings, without me, are nothing.

Now, my gude freinds, considder, I ȝow beseik,
The caus maist principall of my cumming:
Princis or Potestatis ar nocht worth ane leik,
Be thay not gydit be my gude gouerning.

To such my wisdom is all.

Thair was never Empriour, Conquerour, nor King,
Without my wisdome that micht thair wil avance.

But for me, Good Counsel, confusion is inevitable.

My name is Gude Counsall, without feinȝeing;
Lords, for lack of my lair, ar brocht to mischance.
Finallie, for conclusioun,
Quha halds me at delusioun
Sall be brocht to confusioun:
And this I vnderstand;

I have dwelt in many a land, but have long been banished Scotland;

For I haue maid my residence
With hie Princes of greit puissance,
In Ingland, Italie, and France,
And monie vther Land.
Bot out of Scotland—wa! alace!—
I haif bene fleimit lang tyme space:
That garris our gyders all want grace,
And die befoir thair day.

Becaus thay lychtlyit Gude Counsall, whence
Fortune turnit on thame hir saill,
Quhilk brocht this Realme to meikill baill. manifold
Quha can the contrair say? misfortune.
My Lords, I came nocht heir to lie. I come, for that
Wa is me; for King Humanitie King Humanity,
Overset with Sensualitie, at the outset of
In th' entrie of his ring, his reign, is misguided by
Throw vicious counsell insolent. vicious and
Sa thay may get riches or rent, greedy
To his weilfair thay tak na tent, counsellors, heedless of
Nor quhat sal be th' ending. consequences.
3it in this Realme I wald mak sum repair, May the king
Gif I beleifit my name suld nocht forfair; still be guided by
For, wald this King be gydit 3it with resioun, reason; and may
And on misdoars mak punitioun, I regain my
Howbeit I haif lang tyme bene exyllit, honour here.
I traist in God my name suld 3it be styllit:
Sa, till I se God send mair of his grace, Hence I mean to
I purpois till repois me in this place. stay awhile.

FLATTERIE.

Mak roume, sirs, hoaw! that I may rin! Room!
Lo, se quhair I am new cum, Look at my
Begaryit all with sindrie hewis! bravery, and
Let be 3our din, till I begin, hear my news.
And I sall schaw 3ow of my newis. A traveller, I
Throuchout all Christindome I haue past, come, sea-tossed
And am cum heir now, at the last, since last
Tostit on sea ay sen 3uill day, Christmas.
That wee war faine to hew our Mast, No more of sea
Nocht half ane myle be3ond the May. for me, nor its
Bot now amang 3ow I will remaine: risks and
I purpois never to sail againe, storms!
To put my lyfe in chance of watter.
Was never sene sic wind and raine,

There was such a gale, and din of voices, rattling of ropes,

Nor of Schipmen sic clitter clatter.
Sum bade haill! and sum bade standby!
On steirburd! hoaw! aluiff! fy! fy!
Quhill all the raipis beguith to rattil.
Was never Roy sa fleyd as I,
Quhen all the sails playd brittill brattill.
To se the waws, it was ane wonder,
And wind, that raif the sails in sunder.

flapping and rending of sails;

and I was in a sad plight therefrom.

Bot I lay braikand like ane Brok,
And shot sa fast, aboue and vnder,
The Deuill durst not cum neir my dok.
Now am I scapit fra that effray:

Escaped, I am gay.

Quhat say ȝe, sirs? am I nocht gay?

I am the same that was with you at Christmas.

Se ȝe not Flatterie, ȝour awin fuill,
That ȝeid to mak this new array?
Was I not heir with ȝow at ȝuill?
ȝes, be my faith, I think on weill.

Where are my mates? Falsehood!

Quhair ar my fallows that wald nocht fail?
We suld haue cum heir for ane cast.
Hoaw! Falset, hoaw!

FALSET.

Who calls me?

Wa fair the Deuill?
Quha is that that cryis for me sa fast?

FLATTERIE.

Don't you know me, brother?

Quhy, Falset, brother, knawis thou not me?
Am I nocht thy brother Flattrie?

FALSET.

Welcome!

Now welcome, be the Trinitie!
This meitting cums for gude.

Let us embrace, as we love.

Now let me breste the in my armis:
Quhen freinds meits, harts warmis,
Quod Iok, that frelie fude.

How here?

How happinit ȝow into this place?

FLATTERIE.

Now, be my saul! evin on a cace : Quite by way of
I come in sleipand at the port, chance.
Or ever I wist, amang this sort.
Quhair is Dissait, that limmer loun? Where is Deceit?

FALSET.

I left him drinkand in the toun : Drinking.
He will be heir incontinent. He will be here soon.

FLATTERIE.

Now, be the haly Sacrament! I am glad of it.
Thay tydingis comforts all my hart.
I wait, Dissait will tak my part : He is a shrewd
He is richt craftie, as ȝe ken, one, you know.
And counsallour to the Merchand-men.
Let vs ly doun heir, baith, and spy Let us watch for
Gif wee persaue him cummand by. him.

DISSAIT.

Stand by the gait, that I may steir. Help me steer.
Aisay! Koks bons! how cam I heir? How came I
I can not mis to tak sum feir, here? I am
Into sa greit ane thrang. frightened.
Marie! heir ane cumlie congregatioun! Are you all of
Quhat! ar ȝe, sirs, all of ane natioun? one nation?
Maisters, I speik be protestatioun,
In dreid ȝe tak me wrang. Excuse me.
Ken ȝe not, sirs, quhat is my name? I do not dare to
Gude faith! I dar not schaw it, for schame. tell my name,
Sen I was clekit of my Dame,
ȝit was I never leill : from shame.
For Katie Vnsell was my mother, Kitty Bad-un was
And common theif my father-brother : my mother; a thief, my father.
Of sic freindship I had ane fither; Yet I cannot
Howbeit, I can not steill : steal.

But I am ready to borrow and lend, and to fight.

Bot 3it I will borrow and len,
As, be my cleathing, 3e may ken
That I am cum of nobill men;
And, als, I will debait
That querrell with my feit and hands.

I live among merchants.

And I dwell amang the merchands:

My name?

My name gif onie man demands,
Thay call me Dissait.

I am Deceit.

Bon-iour! brother, with all my hart.

I am with you any way.

Heir am I cum to tak 3our part,
Baith into gude and euill.

I met Good Counsel,—

I met Gude Counsall be the way,
Quha pat me in ane felloun fray:

Devil take him!

I gif him to the Deuill.

FALSET.

How did you get away?

How chaipit 3e, I pray 3ow tell.

DISSAIT.

I slipped into a brothel, and there hid myself and had adventures.

I slipit into ane bordell,
And hid me in ane bawburds bed:
Bot suddenlie hir schankis I sched,
With hoch hurland amang hir howis:
God wait gif wee maid monie mowis.

Why came you here?

How came 3e heir, I pray 3ow tell me.

FALSET.

To seek King Humanity.

Marie! to seik King Humanitie.

DISSAIT.

And so I, too.

Now, be the gude Ladie that me bair!
That samin hors is my awin Mair.

Let us devise some cunning scheme.

Now with our purpois let vs mell:
Quhat is 3our counsall, I pray 3ow tell.
Sen we thrie seiks 3on nobill King,
Let vs deuyse sum subtill thing.

And, als, I pray ȝow, as my brother, — Let us be
That we, ilk ane, be trew to vther. — mutually true.
I mak ane vow, with all my hart, — I will aid you,
In gude and euill to tak ȝour part. — and will not play
I pray to God, nor I be hangit, — you false.
Bot I sall die, or ȝe be wrangit.

FALSET.

Quhat is thy counsall that wee do? — My advice is,
Marie! sirs, this is my counsall, lo! — that we set to
Till tak our tyme, quhill wee may get it; — work at once.
For now thair is na man to let it. — We must keep
Fra tyme the King begin to steir him, — Good Counsel
Marie! Gude Counsall I dreid cum neir him; — away.
And, be wee knawin with Correctioun, — What deceit shall
It will be our confusioun. — we use?
Thairfoir, my deir brother, deuyse
To find sum toy of the new gyse.

FLATTERIE.

Marie! I sall finde ane thousand wyles: — Let us disguise
Wee man turne our claithis, & change our stiles, — ourselves as
And disagyse vs, that na man ken vs. — clerks, just come
Hes na man Clarkis cleathing to len vs? — from France.
And let vs keip graue countenance,
As wee war new cum out of France.

DISSAIT.

Now, be my saull! that is weill deuysit. — Well thought! I will soon disguise myself.
ȝe sall se me sone disagysit.

FALSET.

And sa sall I, man, be the Rude! — And I, too.
Now, sum gude fallow len me ane hude. — Lend me a hood.

DISSAIT.

Now am I buskit, and quha can spy— — Who could say

this was myself?
I really am not sure it is.

The Deuill stik me!—gif this be I?
If this be I, or not, I can not weill say.
Or hes the Feind or Farie-folk borne me away?

FALSET.

With the addition of a coif, I should be quite disguised.

And, gif my hair war vp in ane how,
The feind ane man wald ken me, I trow.
Quhat sayis thou of my gay garmoun?

DISSAIT.

What do you mean to make yourself, Flattery?

I say thou luiks euin like ane loun.
Now, brother Flatterie, quhat do ȝe?
Quhat kynde of man schaip ȝe to be?

FLATTERIE.

A friar.

Now, be my faith! my brother deir,
I will gang counterfit the Freir.

DISSAIT.

You cannot preach.

A Freir! quhairto? ȝe can not preiche.

FLATTERIE.

I can flatter.
I may become King's confessor.
Friars are favoured.
Bishops depute them to preach;
and yet they differ from Bishops.
They never starve;
and goodwives side with them,

Quhat rak, man! I can richt weill fleich.
Perchance Ile cum [till] that honour
To be the Kings confessour.
Pure Freirs are free at any feast,
And marchellit, ay, amang the best.
Als, God to them hes lent sic graces,
That Bischops puts them in thair places,
Out-throw thair Dioceis to preiche:
Bot ferlie nocht, howbeit thay fleich;
For, schaw thay all the veritie,
Thaill want the Bischops charitie.
And, thocht the corne war never sa skant,
The gudewyfis will not let Freirs want;
For quhy thay ar thair confessours,
Thair heauinlie prudent counsalours:

Thairfoir the wyfis plainlie taks thair parts, and are more
And shawis the secreits of thair harts open to them
To Freirs, with better will, I trow, than to their own
Nor thay do to thair bed-fallow. husbands.

DISSAIT.

And I reft, anis, ane Freirs coull, I will fetch a
Betuix Sanct Iohnestoun and Kinnoull. friar's cowl I once
I sall gang fetch it, gif ȝe will tarie. came by.

FLATTERIE.

Now play me that of companarie: I never saw a
ȝe saw him nocht, this hundreth ȝeir, friar
That better can counterfeit the Freir. counterfeited better.

DISSAIT.

Heir is thy gaining, all and sum: Here is the cowl.
This is ane koull of Tullilum.

FLATTERIE.

Quha hes ane portouns for to len me? Who has a breviary to lend me?
The feind ane saull, I trow, will ken me.

FALSET.

Now gang thy way, quhair euer thow will; Now you
Thow may be fallow to freir Gill: will do.
Bot with Correctioun gif wee be kend, Woe to us, if
I dreid wee mak ane schamefull end. found out!

FLATTERIE.

For that mater, I dreid na thing: Have no fear.
Freiris ar exemptit fra the King; Friars are
And Freiris will reddie entries get, always
Quhen Lords ar haldin at the ȝet. admitted.

FALSET.

Wee man do mair ȝit, be Sanct Iames! Now let us

change our names.

For wee mon, all thrie, change our names.
Hayif me, and I sall baptize thee.

DISSAIT.

What will you call me?

Be God! and thair-about may it be.
How will thou call me, I pray the tell.

FALSET.

Or myself?

I wait not how to call my sell.

DISSAIT.

Name him.

Bot ȝit anis name the bairns name.

FALSET.

Discretion, then.

Discretioun, Discretioun, in Gods name.

DISSAIT.

My compaternal present?

I neid nocht now to cair for thrift:
Bot quhat salbe my Godbairne gift?

FALSET.

All the devils in hell.

I gif ȝow all the Deuilis of hell.

DISSAIT.

Keep them.

Na, brother; hauld that to thy sell.

I baptize you.

Now sit doun; let me baptize the:

Your name?

I wait not quhat thy name sould be.

FALSET.

Name him.

Bot ȝit anis name the bairns name.

DISSAIT.

Sapience.

Sapience, in ane warlds-schame.

FLATTERIE.

Baptize me.

Brother Dissait, cum baptize me.

DISSAIT.

Then kneel.

Then sit doun lawlie on thy kne.

FLATTERIE.

Now, brother, name the bairns name. — Name him.

DISSAIT.

Devotioun, the Deuillis name. — Devotion.

FLATTERIE.

The deuill resaue the lurdoun loun ! — You have wetted
Thow hes wet all my new schawin croun. — all my tonsure.

DISSAIT.

Devotioun, Sapience, and Discretioun, — Now we can
Wee thre may rewll this Regioun. — control this
Wee sall find monie craftie things — realm,
For to begyll ane hundreth Kingis : — what between
For thow can richt weil crak and clatter ; — vapouring,
And I sall feinze ; and thow sall flatter. — feigning, and flattering.

FLATTERIE.

Bot I wald haue, or wee depairtit, — Let us take a
Ane drink, to mak vs better hartit. — drink.

(*Now the King sall cum fra his chamber.*)

DISSAIT.

Weill said, be him that herryit hell ! — So I was
I was euin thinkand that, my sell. — thinking.
Now, till wee get the Kings presence, — Now let us keep
Wee will sit doun and keip silence. — quiet.
I se ane zeoman : quhat ever be, — I see the King
Ile wod my lyfe, zon same is he. — coming.
Feir nocht, brother ; bot hauld zow still, — Let us learn his
Till wee haue hard quhat is his will. — will.

REX HVMANITAS.

Now, quhair is Placebo and Solace ? — Where are my
Quhair is my minzeoun, Wantonnes ? — three friends !
Wantonnes ! hoaw ! cum to me sone ! — Wantonness !

WANTONNES.

I had not done. Quhy cryit ȝe, sir, till I had done?

REX HVMANITAS.

What were you doing? Quhat was ȝe doand? tell me that.

WANTONNES.

Learning a lesson, with amazement. Mary! leirand how my father me gat.
I wait nocht how it stands, but doubt:
Me think the warld rinnis round about.

REX HVMANITAS.

I was in the same way. And sa think I, man: be my thrift!
I se fyfteine Mones in the lift.

HAMELINES.

You are content? And tired. Gat ȝe nocht that quhilk ȝe desyrit?
Sir, I beleif that ȝe ar tyrit.

DANGER.

I kept Placebo and Solace merry. Bot, as for Placebo and Solace,
I held them baith in mirrines.

SOLACE.

Sir, are you pleased? Did you like it? Now schaw me, sir, I ȝow exhort,
How ar ȝe of ȝour luif content.
Think ȝe not this ane mirrie sport?

REX HVMANITAS.

Very well. Who are they yonder? ȝea, that I do, in verament.
Quhat bairnis ar ȝon vpon the bent?
I did nocht se them all this day.

WANTONNES.

When they come up, listen to them. Thay will be heir incontinent.
Stand still, and heir quhat thay will say.

(Now the vycis cums, and maks salutatioun, saying:)

DISSAIT.

Laud, honor, gloir, triumph, & victory — We salute the
Be to ȝour maist excellent Maiestie! — King.

REX HVMANITAS.

ȝe ar welcum, gude freinds, be the Rude! — You are welcome.
Appeirandlie, ȝe seime sum men of gude. — What are your
Quhat ar ȝour names, tell me without delay. — names?

DISSAIT.

Discretioun, Sir, is my name, perfay. — Discretion.

REX HVMANITAS.

Quhat is ȝour name, sir, with the clipit croun? — Yours?

FLATTRIE.

But dout, my name is callit Devotioun. — Devotion.

REX HVMANITAS.

Welcum, Devotioun, be Sanct Iame! — Welcome.
Now, sirray, tell quhat is ȝour name. — And yours?

FALSET.

Marie! sir, thay call me:—quhat call thay me? — My name?

REX HVMANITAS.

Can ye nocht tell quhat is ȝour name? — Don't you know it?

FALSET.

I kend it quhen I cam fra hame. — I knew it just now.

REX HVMANITAS.

Quhat gars ȝe can nocht schaw it now? — Why cannot you tell it?

FALSET.

Marie! thay call me thin drink, I trow! — Thin drink.

REX HVMANITAS.

Thin drink! quhat kynde of name is that? — What a name!

DISSAIT.

Sapiens, you are stupid.

Sapiens, thou seruis to beir ane plat.
Me think thow schawis the not weill-wittit.

FALSET.

Yes: Sypiens.

Sypeins, sir, sypeins: marie! now ȝe hit it.

FLATTRIE.

His name is Sapientia.

Sir, gif ȝe pleis to let him say,
His name is Sapientia.

FALSET.

So it is.

That same is it, be Sanct Michell.

REX HVMANITAS.

Why could not you say so, yourself?

Quhy could thou not tell it thy sell?

FALSET.

Pardon me. From plethora of sapience sometimes I am entranced.

I was up above Trinity.

I pray ȝour grace appardoun me,
And I sall schaw the veritie.
I am sa full of Sapience,
That, sumtyme, I will tak ane trance:
My spreit wes reft fra my bodie,
Now heich abone the Trinitie.

REX HVMANITAS.

Sapience should be a likely person.

Sapience suld be ane man of gude.

FALSET.

You may believe so.

Sir, ȝe may ken that, be my hude!

REX HVMANITAS.

With Sapience, Discretion, and Devotion, I can now rule aright, and have them for my secretary,

Now haue I Sapience and Discretioun,
How can I faill to rewll this Regioun?
And Devotioun, to be my confessour:
Thir thrie came in ane happie hour.
Heir I mak the my secretar;

And thou salbe my thesaurar; — treasurer, and
And thow salbe my counsallour — counsellor and
In sprituall things, and confessour. — confessor.

FLATTRIE.

I sweir to ȝow, sir, be sanct Ann! — You have, in me,
ȝe met never with ane wyser man; — one of the wisest
For monie a craft, sir, do I can, — and most learned
War thay weill knawin. — of men.
Sir, I haue na feill of flattrie, — No flatterer, I am
Bot fosterit with Philsophie; — an adept in
Ane strange man in Astronomie, — philosophy and
Quhilk salbe schawin. — astronomy.

FALSET.

And I haue greit intelligence — As for me, I
In quelling of the quintessence. — know all about
Bot, to preif my experience, — the quintessence.
Sir, len me fourtie crownes, — Lend me forty
To mak multiplicatioun; — crowns; and, if
And tak my obligatioun: — we deceive you,
Gif wee mak fals narratioun, — count us villains.
Hauld vs for verie lownes.

DISSAIT.

Sir, I ken, be ȝour Physnomie, — I know, by your
ȝe sall conqueis, or els I lie, — physiognomy,
Danskin, Denmark, and Almane, — that you are
Spittelfeild, and the Realme of Spane: — destined to
ȝe sall haue at ȝour governance — conquer many
Ranfrow and all the Realme of France; — realms and
ȝea, Rugland, and the toun of Rome, — regions,—all
Castorphine, and al christindome: — Christendom.
Quhairto, sir, be the Trinitie! — You are a very
ȝe ar ane verie Apersie. — A per se.

FLATTRIE.

I have learned palmistry.
Show me your hand, to tell your fortune, bad or good.
You will have 15 queens and 300 concubines.
What a white face,—and arms, hands, legs!
You could knock down 1500.

Sir, quhen I dwelt in Italie,
I leirit the craft of Palmistrie.
Schaw me the lufe, Sir, of 3our hand,
And I sall gar 3ow vnderstand
Gif 3our grace be infortunat,
Or gif 3e be predestinat.
I see 3e will haue fyfteine Queenes
And fyfteine scoir of Concubeines.
The Virgin Marie saife 3our grace!
Saw ever man sa quhyte ane face,
Sa greit ane arme, sa fair ane hand!
Thairs nocht sic ane leg in al this land.
War 3e in armis, I think na wonder,
Howbeit 3e dang doune fyfteine hunder.

DISSAIT.

And how he fits his clothes!
No man is fitter for a king.

Now, be my saull! thats trew thow sayis:
Wes never man set sa weill his clais.
Thair is na man in Christintie,
Sa meit to be ane King as 3e.

FALSET.

You should thank the Trinity, sir, for sending us three to you.

Sir, thank the haly Trinitie,
That send vs to 3our cumpanie.
For God! nor I gaip in ane gallows,
Gif ever 3e fand thrie better fallows.

REX HVMANITAS.

Welcome!

3e ar richt welcum, be the Rude!
3e seime to be thrie men of gude.

(*Heir sall Gude Counsall schaw himself in the feild.*)

Who is that yonder? Bring him, if he wishes to come to me.

Bot quha is 3on that stands sa still?
Ga spy, and speir quhat is his will;
And, gif he 3earnis my presence,
Bring him to mee with Diligence.

DISSAIT.

That sall wee do, be Gods breid! We 's bring him eather quick or deid.

We will do as you bid.

REX HVMANITAS.

I will sit still heir and repois. Speid ȝow agane to me, my Iois.

Go, while I sit here

FALSET.

ȝe, hartlie, Sir: keip ȝow in clois And quyet, till wee cum againe. Brother, I trow, be coks toes! ȝon bairdit bogill cums fra ane traine.

Meantime, keep quiet. But I fear mischief.

DISSAIT.

Gif he dois sa, he salbe slaine. I doubt him nocht, nor ȝit ane vther. Trowit I that he come for ane traine, Of my freindis I sould rais ane futher.

I will prevent that, fearlessly. I would raise my friends.

FLATTRIE.

I doubt full sair, be God him sell! That ȝon auld churle be Gude Counsell. Get he anis to the Kings presence, We thrie will get na audience.

I fear it is Good Counsel. He must not get near the King.

DISSAIT.

That matter I sall tak on hand, And say, it is the Kings command, That he anone devoyd this place, And cum nocht neir the Kings grace,— And that, vnder the paine of tressoun.

I will undertake to say he must be off at once, under pain of treason.

FLATTRIE.

Brother, I hauld ȝour counsell ressoun. Now let vs heir quhat he will say. Auld lyart beard, gude day! gude day!

Well thought! What says he? Good morrow!

GVDE COVNSALL.

Good morrow! The Lord better you!

Gude day, againe! sirs, be the rude!
The Lord mot mak 3ow men of gude!

DISSAIT.

We need no prayers, being good already.

Pray nocht for vs to Lord nor Ladie;
For we ar men of gude alreadie.

Your name?

Sir, schaw to vs quhat is 3our name.

GVDE COVNSALL.

Good Counsel.

Gude Counsell thay call me at hame.

FALSET.

Is it so?

Quhat says thow, carle? ar thow Gude Counsell?

Away, then!

Swyith! pak the sone, vnhappie vnsell!

And stay away, or we will slay you.

Gif ever thou cum this gait againe,
I vow to God, thou sall be slaine.

GVDE COVNSALL.

Only let me speak two words to the King.

I pray 3ow, sirs, gif me licence
To cum anis to the Kings presence,
To speik bot twa words to his grace.

FLATTRIE.

Away!

Swyith! hursone carle: devoyd this place!

GVDE COVNSALL.

I know you well enough. You are Flattery, Deceit, and False Report, keeping me from the King.

Brother, I ken 3ow weill aneuch,
Howbeit 3e mak it never sa teuch:—
Flattrie, Dissait, and Fals Report,
That will not suffer to resort
Gude Counsall to the Kings presence.

DISSAIT.

Be off!

Suyith! hursun carle: gang, pak the hence

Come again, and be killed.

Gif ever thou cum this gait agane,
I vow to God, thou sall be slane.

(*Heir sall thay hurle away Gude Counsall.*) Good Counsel is turned away.

[GVDE COVNSALL.]

Sen, at this tyme, I can get na presence, I have no remedy
Is na remeid bot tak in patience. but patience.
Howbeit Gude Counsall haistelie be nocht hard Though Good
With ȝoung Princes, ȝit sould thay noch be skard; Counsel is not at first heard by
Bot, quhen ȝouthheid hes blawin his wanton young Princes,
blast, he rules them,
Then sall Gude Counsall rewll him, at the last. finally, when youth is past.

(*Now the Vycis gangs to ane counsall.*)

FLATTRIE.

Now, quhill Gude Counsall is absent, Now that Good
Brother, wee mon be diligent, Counsel is not here, we must
And mak, betwix vs, sikker bands, agree to help each
Quhen vacands fallis in onie Lands, other, when good
That everie man help weill his fallow. luck falls.

DISSAIT.

I had, deir brother, be Alhallow! Only do not
Sa ȝe fische nocht within our bounds. poach.

FLATTRIE.

That sall I nocht, be Gods wounds! You may depend
Bot I sall plainlie tak ȝour partis. on me.

FALSET.

Sa sall wee thyne, with all our hartis. Let us lose
Bot haist vs, quhill the King is ȝoung; no time;
Let everie man keip weill ane toung, observing
And, in ilk quarter, haue ane spy, secrecy, and
Vs till adverteis haistelly, employing spies
Quhen ony casualities to warn us of
Sall happin into our countries: casualties,
And let vs mak provisioun, while he is
Or he cum to discretioun. still heedless.
Na mair he waits, now, nor ane sant, At present, he

takes no thought. Quhat thing it is to haif or want.
All must be done 1004 Or he cum till his perfyte age,
before he comes We sall be sikker of our wage:
of age. And then let everie carle craif vther.

DISSAIT.

You are a *That* mouth speik mair, my awin deir brother.
cunning 1008 For God! nor I rax in ane raip,
counsellor. Thow may gif counsall to the Paip.

(*Now thay returne to the King.*)

REX HVMANITAS.

Why were you Quhat gart 3ou bid sa lang fra my presence?
so long away? I think it lang since 3e depairtit thence.
Who was he 1012 Quhat man was 3on, with an greit bostous beird?
of the beard? Me thocht he maid 3ow, all thrie, very feard.

DISSAIT.

A burglar, It was ane laidlie lurdan loun,
Cumde to break buithis into this toun.
whom we have 1016 Wee haue gart bind him with ane poill,
disposed of. And send him to the theifis hoill.

REX HVMANITAS.

Take we our Let him sit thair, with ane mischance;
pleasure. And let vs go to our pastance.

WANTONNES.

Let us play some 1020 Better go reuell at the rackat,
Or ellis go to the hurlie hackat,
game, or have Or, then, to schaw our curtlie corsses,
a horse-race. Ga se quha best can rin thair horsses.

SOLACE.

Let Sensuality 1024 Na, soveraine, or wee farther gang,
sing a song. Gar Sensualitie sing ane sang.

(*Heir sall the Ladies sing ane sang, the King sall ly doun amang the Ladies, and then Veritie sall enter.*)

VERITIE.

Diligite Iustitiam qui iudicatis terram. Love justice, ye
Luif Iustice, 3e quha hes ane Iudges cure judges, holding
In earth, and dreid the awfull Iudgement in dread the
Of him that sall cum iudge baith rich and pure, Judgment.
Rycht terribilly, with bludy wounds rent. As you have
That dreidfull day into 3our harts imprent; judged others,
Beleuand weill, how and quhat maner 3e so shall you be
Vse Iustice heir, til vthers, thair, at lenth, judged,
That day, but doubt, sa sall 3e iudgit be. yourselves.
Wa, than, and duill be to 3ow Princes, all, Woe to
Sufferand the pure anes for till be opprest! oppressors,
In everlasting burnand fyre 3e sall reserved for
With Lucifer richt dulfullie be drest. burning!
Thairfoir, in tyme for till eschaip that nest, Then fear God,
Feir God, do law and Iustice equally do justice, and prevent the cry
Till everie man; se that na puir opprest to Heaven for
Vp to the hevin on 3ow ane vengence cry. vengeance on you.
Be iust iudges, without fauour or fead; Eschew
And hauld the Ballance euin till everie wicht. partiality.
Let not the fault be left into the head, Set an example of
Then sall the members reulit be at richt; virtue, and your
For quhy subiects do follow, day and nicht, subjects will
Thair governours, in vertew and in vyce. imitate it.
3e ar the lamps that sould schaw them the licht Ye are to light
To leid them on this sliddrie rone of yce. their way.
Mobile mutatur semper cum principe vulgus. According to
And, gif 3e wald 3our subiectis war weill geuin, your guidance
Then verteouslie begin the dance, 3our sell; the people will
Going befoir, then they anone, I wein, follow, either to
Sall follow 3ow, eyther till heuin or hell. Heaven or to Hell.
Kings sould of gude exempils be the well; Beware that,
Bot, gif that 3our strands be intoxicate, instead of wine,
In steid of wyne, thay drink the poyson fell: you give them not
Thus pepill follows, ay, thair principate. drink of poison.

And do you, Prelates, look to it that your lights so shine as to advantage the lay folk.

Sic luceat lux vestra coram hominibus, vt videant opera vestra bona.

And, specially, ȝe Princes of the Preists,
That of peopill hes spiritual cuir,
Dayly ȝe sould revolue into ȝour breistis,
How that thir haly words ar still maist sure.

Lead godly lives, and the people will copy you alike in your works and words.

In verteous lyfe gif that ȝe do indure,
The pepill wil tak mair tent to ȝour deids
Then to ȝour words, and, als, baith rich and puir
Will follow ȝow baith in ȝour warks and words.

(*Heir sal Flattrie spy Veritie with ane dum countenance.*)

My name is Truth.

Gif men of me wald haue intelligence,
Or knaw my name, thay call me Veritie.

I have had much experience.

Of Christis law I haue experience,
And hes over-saillit many stormie sey.

I am in quest of King Humanity, whom I hope to benefit, when once he knows me.

Now am I seikand King Humanitie ;
For of his grace I haue gude esperance,
Fra tyme that he acquaintit be with mee,
His honour and heich gloir I sall avance.

(*Heir sall Veritie pas to hir sait.*)

DISSAIT.

Good morrow! What news?

Gude day, father : quhair haue ȝe bene?
Declair till vs of ȝour nouels.

FLATTRIE.

There is Lady Truth.

Thair is now lichtit on the grene,
Dame Veritie, be Buiks and bels!

If she gets at the King, there is no peace for us. Let us be off.

Bot cum scho to the Kings presence,
Thair is na buit for vs to byde :
Thairfoir, I red vs all go hence.

FALSET.

Not so. Rather, let us

That will we nocht ȝit, be Sanct Bryde!
Bot wee sall ather gang or ryde

To Lords of Spritualitie, go and lay a
And gar them trow, 3on bag of pryde charge of heresy
Hes spokin manifest heresie. against her.

(*Heir thay cum to the Spritualitie.*)

FLATTRIE.

O reverent fatheris of the Sprituall stait, We come to report of Lady Truth, who has appeared, bearing the New Testament.
Wee counsall 3ow, be wyse and vigilant.
Dame Veritie hes lychtit, now of lait,
And in hir hand beirand the Newtestament.
Be scho ressauit, but doubt wee ar bot schent : She must not be received, but must be expelled from the land, and that while the King still sleeps.
Let hir nocht ludge, thairfoir, into this Land.
And this wee reid 3ow do incontinent,
Now quhill the King is with his luif sleipand.

SPRITVALITIE.

Wee thank 3ow, freinds, of 3our benevolence : It shall be even so;
It sall be done, evin as 3e haue devysit.
Wee think 3e serue ane gudlie recompence, and you deserve well of us.
Defendand vs, that wee be nocht supprysit.
In this mater wee man be weill aduysit, We must be cautious.
Now quhill the King misknawis the veritie.
Be scho ressauit, then wee will be deprysit. Her success would be our ruin.
Quhat is 3our counsell, brother, now let se.

ABBOT.

I hauld it best, that wee, incontinent, Let her be cast into bonds,
Gar hauld hir fast into Captivitie,
Vnto the thrid day of the Parlament, and accused of heresy,
And then accuse hir of hir herisie,
Or than banische hir out of this cuntrie ; or banished.
For, with the King gif Veritie be knawin, If the King comes to know her, we shall be degraded and exposed.
Of our greit gloir wee will degradit be,
And all our secreits to the commouns schawin.

PERSONE.

3e se the King is 3it effeminate, The King

is as yet immersed in the pleasures of youth; and I advise that you destroy the Lutherans, and Lady Truth, in particular.

And gydit be Dame Sensualitie,
Rycht sa with 3oung counsall intoxicate:
Swa at this tyme 3e haif 3our libertie.
To tak 3our tyme, I hauld it best, for me,
And go distroy all thir Lutherians,
In speciall, 3on ladie Veritie.

SPRITVALITIE.

Parson, contrive this.

and do you,

Friar, assist.

Schir Persone, 3e sall be my commissair,
To put this mater till executioun;
And 3e, sir Freir, becaus 3e can declair
The haill processe, pas with him in commissioun:

Bless you, both!

If free of speech, imprison her, not to approach the King.

Pas, all togidder, with my braid bennisoun;
And, gif scho speiks against our libertie,
Then put hir in perpetuall presoun,
That scho cum nocht to King Humanitie.

(*Heir sall thay pas to Verity.*)

PERSONE.

What is your business here?

Who authorized your mission?

Lustie Ladie, we wald faine vnderstand
Quhat earand 3e haif in this Regioun.
To preich, or teich, quha gaif to 3ow command?
To counsall Kingis how gat 3e commissioun?

Unless you receive pardon, and renounce your errors, I fear you will be burnt alive.

I dreid, without 3e get ane remissioun,
And, syne, renunce 3our new opiniones,
The sprituall stait sall put 3ow to perditioun,
And in the fyre will burne 3ow, flesche and bones.

VERITIE.

I recant nothing I have spoken.

If the King gets to know me, you will rue my coming.

Let him learn the truth, and your credit is at an end

I will recant nathing that I haue schawin:
I haue said nathing bot the veritie.
Bot, with the King fra tyme that I be knawin,
I dreid 3e spaiks of Spritualitie
Sall rew that ever I came in this cuntrie:
For, gif the Veritie plainlie war proclamit,
And, speciallie, to the Kings Maiestie,
For 3our traditions 3e wilbe all defamit.

FLATTRIE.

Quhat buik is that, harlot, into thy hand ?
Out ! walloway ! this is the New Test'ment,
In Englisch toung, and printit in England !
Herisie ! herisie ! fire ! fire ! incontinent.

This is the New Testament, in English, and printed ! Heresy ! Fire !

VERITY.

Forsuith, my freind, ȝe haue ane wrang iudgement ;
For in this Buik thair is na heresie,
Bot our Christs word, baith dulce and redolent,—
Ane springing well of sinceir veritie.

There is no heresy in this book, but Christ's Word, a flowing well of truth.

DISSAIT.

Cum on ȝour way : for all ȝour ȝealow locks,
ȝour vantoun words, but doubt, ȝe sall repent :
This nicht ȝe sall forfair ane pair of stocks,
And, syne, the morne, be brocht to thoill Iudgment.

You shall repent your speeches in the stocks to-night, and be tried to-morrow.

VERITIE.

For our Christs saik I am richt weill content
To suffer all thing that sall pleis his grace.
Howbeit ȝe put ane thousand to torment,
Ten hundreth thowsand sall rise into thair place.

I am ready to suffer for Christ. Persecution spreads faith.

(Veritie sits doun on hir knies, and sayis :)

Get vp !—thow sleipis all too lang, O Lord,—
And mak sum ressonabill reformatioun
On them that dois tramp doun thy gracious word,
And hes ane deidlie indignatioun
At them quha maks maist trew narratioun.
Suffer me not, Lord, mair to be molest !
Gude Lord, I mak the supplicatioun,
With thy vnfreinds let me nocht be supprest.
Now, Lords, do as ȝe list.
I haue na mair to say.

Arise, O Lord ! Convert those that trample on Thy Word and set themselves against true teaching. Let me not be grieved and crushed by Thy enemies. Do your will, Lords. I have spoken.

FLATTRIE.

Rest here till day.

Sit doun, and tak 3ow rest,
All nicht, till it be day. –

Truth is put in the stocks.

(*Thay put Veritie in the stocks, and returne to Spritualite.*)

DISSAIT.

We have made fast the babbler.

My Lord, wee haue, with diligence,
Bucklit vp weill 3on bledrand baird.

SPRITVALITIE.

You deserve these ten crowns as reward.

I think 3e serue gude recompence.
Tak thir ten crowns for 3our rewaird.

VERITY.

In me is fulfilled, this day, the prophecy, that the truth must suffer violence; to be read in Isaiah, chapter lv.

The Prophesie of the Propheit Esay
Is practickit, alace! on mee, this day,
Quha said: the veritie sould be trampit doun
Amid the streit, and put in strang presoun.
His fyue and fiftie chapter quha list luik,
Sall find thir words writtin in his Buik.

See, too, what S. Paul says to Timothy.

Richt sa, Sanct Paull wrytis to Timothie,
That men sall turne thair earis from veritie.

But I trust in God to deliver me.

Bot in my Lord God I haue esperance:
He will provide for my deliverance.

I fear, however, that the Spiritual Princes will be visited by the plagues of the Apocalypse.

Bot 3e, Princes of Spritvalitie,
Quha sould defend the sinceir veritie,
I dreid the plagues of Iohnes Revelatioun
Sall fal vpon thair generatioun.

Amend, and so escape.

I counsall 3ow this misse t'amend,
Sa that 3e may eschaip that fatall end.

CHASTITIE.

I have long been banished.

How lang sall this inconstant warld indure,
That I sould baneist be sa lang, alace!

I am unheeded and unfriended.

Few creatures or nane takis on me cure,
Quhilk gars me monie nicht ly harbrieles.

Thocht I haue past all 3eir, fra place to place,
Amang the Temporal and Spirituall staits,
Nor amang Princes, I can get na grace,
Bot boustuouslie am halden at the 3etis.

I wander from place to place, and neither the Temporal Estate, nor the Spiritual, nor Princes show me favour.

DILIGENCE.

Ladie, I pray 3ow schaw me 3our name.
It dois me noy, 3our lamentatioun.

What is your name? Your lament touches me.

CHASTITIE.

My freind, thairof I neid not to think shame;
Dame Chastitie, baneist from town to town.

My name—of which I am not ashamed,—is Chastity.

DILIGENCE.

Then pas to ladies of Religioun,
Quhilk maks thair vow to obserue Chastitie.
Lo! quhair thair sits ane Priores of renown
Amangs the rest of Spritualitie.

Go and try the nuns, especially a famous prioress.

CHASTITIE.

I grant, 3on Ladie hes vowit Chastitie
For hir professioun; thairto sould accord.
Scho maid that vow for ane Abesie,
Bot nocht for Christ Iesus our Lord.
Fra tyme that thay get thair vows, I stand for'd,
Thay banische hir out of thair cumpanie:
With Chastitie thay can mak na concord,
Bot leids thair lyfis in Sensualitie.
I sall obserue 3our counsall, gif I may.
Cum on, and heir quhat 3on Ladie will say.

She should be as good as her profession. Only she took not her vows for Christ. The nuns have banished Chastity, according better with Sensuality. Still, I will act on your advice.

(*Chastitie passis to the Ladie Priores, and sayis:*)

My prudent, lustie, Lastie Priores,
Remember how 3e did vow Chastitie.
Madame, I pray 3ow, of 3our gentilnes,
That 3e wald pleis to haif of me pitie,
And this ane nicht to gif me harberie:

As you have bound yourself to chastity, take pity on me, Madam, and give me shelter for this single night,

I pray you.
For this I mak 3ow supplicatioun.
Otherwise, so much the worse.
Do 3e nocht sa, Madame, I dreid, perdie!
It will be caus of depravatioun.

PRIORES.

Off at once!
Pas hynd, Madame: be Christ! 3e cum nocht heir:
You don't suit.
3e are contrair to my cumplexioun.
Some old monk or friar may take you in.
Gang seik ludging at sum auld Monk or Freir:
Perchance thay will be 3our protectioun.
Or apply to the prelates.
Or to Prelats mak 3our progressioun,
Quhilks ar obleist to 3ow, als weill as I.
Lady Sensuality says I am not to consort with you.
Dame Sensuall hes geuin directioun
3ow till exclude out of my cumpany.

CHASTITIE.

If you wish to learn more of the truth, the Spiritual Lords, too, have excluded me from their presence.
Gif ye wald wit mair of the veritie,
I sall schaw 3ow, be sure experience,
How that the Lords of Sprituality
Hes baneist me, alace! fra thair presence.

(*Chastitie passes to the Lords of Spritualitie.*)

My Lords, hail to you!
My Lords, laud, gloir, triumph, and reverence
Mot be vnto 3our halie Sprituall stait!
Of your benevolence, harbour me.
I 3ow beseik, of 3our benevolence,
To harbry mee that am sa desolait.
Far-travelled, I can get no lodging.
Lords, I haue past throw mony vncouth schyre;
Bot in this Land I can get na ludgeing.
As to my name, it is Chastity.
Of my name gif 3e wald haif knawledging,
Forsuith, my Lords, thay call me Chastitie.
Take me in to-night, for charity.
I 3ow beseik, of 3our graces bening,
Gif me ludging, this nicht, for charitie.

SPRITVALITIE.

Pass on, stranger. Your staying here any longer will be paid dear for.
Pas on, Madame,—we knaw 3ow nocht;—
Or, be him that the warld wrocht!
3our cumming sall be richt deir coft,
Gif 3e mak langer tarie.

ABBOT.

But doubt, wee will baith leif and die
With our luif, Sensualitie.
Wee will haif na mair deall with the
Then with the Queene of Farie.

We prefer Sensuality, and will have no dealings with you.

PERSONE.

Pas hame amang the Nunnis, and dwell,
Quhilks ar of Chastitie the well.
I traist thay will, with Buik and bell,
Ressaue 3ow in thair Closter.

Go and stay with the nuns. They will give you a reception.

CHASTITIE.

Sir, quhen I was the Nunnis amang,
Out of thair dortour thay mee dang,
And wald nocht let me bide sa lang
To say my Pater noster:
I se na grace, thairfoir, to get.
I hauld it best, or it be lait,
For till go proue the Temporall stait,
Gif thay will mee resaif.
Gud day, my Lord Temporalitie,
And 3ow, merchant of gravitie!
Ful faine wald I haue harberie,
To ludge amang the laif.

The nuns drove me from their dormitory, before I could say a Pater Noster.

I had better try, then, whether the Temporal Estate will take me in.

My Lord Temporality, I would fain lodge with you.

TEMPORALITIE.

Forsuith, wee wald be weil content
To harbrie 3ow with gude intent,
War nocht we haif impediment;
For quhy we twa ar maryit.
Bot, wist our wyfis that 3e war heir,
Thay wald mak all this town on steir.
Thairfoir, we reid 3ow rin areir,
In dreid 3e be miscaryit.

Gladly, but for the hindrance that we are married.

Considering our wives, you had better take yourself out of harm's reach.

CHASTITIE.

Ye men of craft, house and feed me, for Christ's passion.

3e men of craft, of greit ingyne,
Gif me harbrie, for Christis pyne,
And win Gods bennesone and myne,
And help my hungrie hart.

SOWTAR.

You are welcome; and we will do for you the best in our way.

Welcum, be him that maid the Mone!
Till dwell with vs till it be Iune.
We sall mend baith 3our hois and schone,
And plainlie tak 3our part.

TAYLOVR.

Is this Lady Chastity? You must not stay out there.

Is this fair Ladie Chastitie?
Now, welcum, be the Trinitie!
I think it war ane great pitie
That thou sould ly thair out.

You have my pity; and I propose that we carouse together.

3our great displeasour I forthink.
Sit doun, Madame, and tak ane drink;
And let na sorrow in 3ow sink,
Bot let vs play cap'out.

SOWTAR.

I will join you. And never mind others.

Fill in, and play cap'out;
For I am wonder dry.
The Deuill snyp aff thair snout,
That haits this company.

IENNIE.

Mother!

Hoaw! mynnie, mynnie, mynnie!

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

Where is your father?

Quhat wald thow, my deir dochter Iennie?
Iennie, my Ioy, quhair is thy dadie?

IENNY.

Drinking,

Mary! drinkand with ane lustie Ladie,

Ane fair 3oung mayden, cled in quhyte, — and happy, with
Of quhom my dadie taks delyte. — a young maiden,
Scho hes the fairest forme of face, — a rare beauty
Furnischit with all kynd of grace.
I traist, gif I can reckon richt, — who, I rather think, means to
Scho schaips to ludge with him all nicht. — stay all night.

SOWTARS WYFE.

Quhat dois the Sowtar, my gudman? — What is the cobbler doing?

IENNIE.

Mary! fillis the cap and turnes the can. — Toping; and he will be as drunk
Or he cum hame, be God! I trow — as a swine, before
He will be drunkin lyke ane sow. — he comes home.

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

This is ane greit dispyte, I think, — What a shame to take in a harlot!
For to resaue sic ane kow-clink. — What shall
Quhat is 3our counsell that wee do? — we do

SOWTARS WYFE.

Cummer, this is my counsall, lo! — Let us give them
Ding 3e the tane, and I the vther. — a beating.

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

I am content, be Gods mother! — So be it. This
I think, for mee, thay huirsone smaiks — is what they
Thay serue richt weill to get thair paiks. — deserve.
Quhat, maister feind, neids all this haist? — It is six months
For it is half ane 3eir, almaist, — since that scamp
Sen ever that loun laborde my ledder. — did me justice.

SOWTERS WYFE.

God! nor my trewker mence ane ledder! — And it is more than forty days
For it is mair nor fourtie dayis — since the cobbler
Sen ever he cleikit vp my clayis; — showed me due benevolence; and
And, last quhen I gat chalmer glew, — then he was
That foull Sowter began till spew. — sick over it.

If they are really drinking with a harlot, let us give them a good dressing.

And now thay will sit doun and drink
In company with ane kow-clink.
Gif thay haif done vs this dispyte,
Let vs go ding them till thay dryte.

(*Heir the wifis sall chase away Chastitie.*)

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

Here without our leave? You shall feel my distaff. What is your name?

Go hence, harlot! how durst thow be sa bauld
To ludge with our gudemen, but our licence?
I mak ane vow to him that Iudas sauld,
This rock of myne sall be thy recompence.
Schaw me thy name, dudron, with diligence.

CHASTITIE.

Chastity.

Marie! Chastitie is my name, be Sanct Blais!

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

That is what I never loved.

I pray God, nor he work on the vengence;
For I luifit, never, Chastitie, all my dayes.

SOWTARS WYFE.

My husband makes me keep chaste. I am not to be trifled with; and I may show my spirit again.

Bot my gudeman—the treuth I sall the tell,—
Gars mee keip Chastitie, sair agains my will.
Becaus that Monstour hes maid sic ane mint,
With my bedstaf, that dastard beirs ane dint.
And, als, I vow, cum thow this gait againe,
Thy buttoks salbe beltit, be Sanct Blaine!

(*Heir sall thay speik to thair gudemen, and ding them.*)

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

You shall repent what you have done.

Fals hurson carle, but dout thou sall forthink
That evar thow eat or drink with 3on kow-clink.

SOWTARS WYFE.

As an earnest of my revenge, there is a blow.

I mak ane vow to Sanct Crispine,
Ise be revengit on that graceles grume:
And, to begin the play, tak, thair, ane flap.

SOWTAR.

The feind ressaue the hands that gaif mee that! Damn you!

SOWTARS WYFE.

Quhat now, huirsun? begins thow for til ban? Do you curse?
Tak, thair, ane vther vpon thy peild harne-pan. Take another blow.
Quhat, now, cummer? will thow nocht tak my part? Will you help me, gossip?

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

That sal I do, cummer, with all my hart. Heartily.

(*Heir sall thay ding thair gudemen with silence.*)

TAYLOVR.

Alace! gossop, alace! how stands with 3ow? She has broken
3on cankart carling, alace! hes brokin my brow. my head.
Now weils 3ow Preists, now weils 3ow, all 3our lifes, Well is it with the priests, not to have such
That ar nocht weddit with sic wickit wyfes. wicked wives.

SOWTAR.

Bischops ar blist, howbeit that thay be waryit, And blessed
For thay may fuck thair fill, and be vnmaryit. are bishops.
Gossop, alace! that blak band we may wary, Alas, that we
That ordanit sic puir men as vs to mary. must marry!
Quhat may be done bot tak in patience? Malediction
And on all wyfis we'ill cry ane loud vengence. on wives!

(*Heir sall the wyfis stand be the watter syde, and say:*)

SOWTARS WYFE.

Sen of our cairls we have the victorie, Come off best, what shall we do?
Quhat is 3our counsell, cummer, that be done?

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

Send for gude wine, & hald our selfis merie: Send for wine,
I hauld this, ay, best, cummer, be Sanct Clone! and be merry.

SOWTARS WYFE.

I will go fill the quart.

Cumer, will 3e draw aff my hois & schone,
To fill the Quart I sall rin to the toun.

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

Truss up your clothes, and make haste back.

That sal I do, be him that maid the Mone,
With all my hart: thairfoir, cummer, sit doun.
Kilt vp 3our claithis abone 3our waist,
And speid 3ow hame againe in haist;

I will get a meal ready.

And I sall provyde for ane paist,
Our corsses to comfort.

SOWTARS WYFE.

I am afraid of the frogs, and of drowning, unless some one supports me.

Then help me for to kilt my clais.
Quhat gif the padoks nip my tais?
I dreid to droun heir, be Sanct Blais,
Without I get support.

(*Sho lifts vp hir clais aboue hir waist, & enters in* the *water.*)

But I shall not drown, if I go another way.

Cummer, I will nocht droun my sell,
Go east about the nether mill.

TAYLOVRS WYFE.

I will go with you by any road.

I am content, be Bryds bell!
To gang with 3ow, quhair ever 3e will.

(*Heir sall thay depairt, and pas to the Palzeoun.*)

DILIGENCE TO CHASTITIE.

Why out so late? Which was kinder to you, the Temporal Estate, or the Spiritual?

Madame, quhat gars 3ow gang sa lait?
Tell me how 3e haue done debait
With the Temporall and Spirituall stait.
Quha did 3ow maist kyndnes?

CHASTITIE.

They both treated me like a beggar, and drove me away.

In faith, I fand bot ill, and war.
Thay gart mee stand fra thame askar,
Evin lyk ane begger at the bar,
And fleimit mair and lesse.

DILIGENCE.

I counsall 3ow, but tarying,
Gang tell Humanitie, the King.
Perchance hee, of his grace bening,
Will mak to 3ow support.

Go tell King Humanity. Perhaps he will aid you.

CHASTITIE.

Of 3our counsell, I am content
To pas to him incontinent,
And my service till him present,
In hope of sum comfort.

I accept your advice, hoping that good may come of it.

(*Heir sall thay pas to the King.*)

DILIGENCE.

Hoaw! Solace, gentil Solace, declair vnto the king
How thair is heir ane Ladie, fair of face,
That in this cuntrie can get na ludging,
Bot pitifullie flemit from place to place,
Without the king, of his speciall grace,
As ane servand hir in his court resaif.
Brother Solace, tell the king all the cace,
That scho may be resavit amang the laif.

Solace, carry word to the King that there is a fair lady here, praying to be received at his Court, as a servant. Tell the news persuasively.

SOLACE.

Soverane, get vp, and se ane hevinlie sicht,—
Ane fair Ladie, in quhyt abuil3ement.
Scho may be peir vnto ane king, or knicht,—
Most lyk ane Angell, be my iudgment.

Sire, look at this fine creature,— very like an angel, methinks.

REX HVMANITAS.

I sall gang se that sicht, incontinent.
Madame, behauld gif 3e haue knawledging
Of 3on Ladie, or quhat is hir intent.
Thairefter wee sall turne, but tarying.

I am coming. See whether you know her, or her business. I shall not neglect her.

SENSVALITIE.

It may be that I know her. It is Chastity. As she and I cannot stay in one place, if you prefer my company, Sire, send her, at once, out of the country.

Sir, let me se quhat 3on mater may meine:
Perchance that I may knaw hir be hir face.
But doubt, this is Dame Chastitie, I weine.
Sir, I and scho cannot byde in ane place;
But, gif it be the pleasour of 3our grace
That I remaine into 3our company,
This woman richt haistelie gar chase,
That scho na mair be sene in this cuntry.

REX HVMANITAS.

Be it just as you please. I submit the matter to your decision.

As ever 3e pleis, sweit hart, sa sall it be.
Dispone hir as 3e think expedient,
Evin as 3e list, to let hir liue or die.
I will refer that thing to 3our Iudgement.

SENSVALITIE.

Then let her be expelled the country, to die, if she returns.

I will that scho be flemit incontinent,
And never to cum againe in this cuntrie;
And, gif scho dois, but doubt scho sall repent,
As, als, perchance, a duilfull deid sall die.

Sapience and Discretion, do your duty.

Pas on, sir Sapience, and Discretioun,
And banische hir out of the kings presence.

DISCRETIOVN.

Madam, we obey you, obligingly.

That sall we do, Madame, be Gods passioun!
Wee sall do 3our command with diligence,
And at 3our hand serue gudely recompence.

Lady Chastity, come and be set in the stocks.

Dame Chastitie, cum on: be not agast:
Wee sall, rycht sone, vpon 3our awin expence,
Into the stocks 3our bony fute mak fast.

(*Heir sall they harl Chastitie to the stocks; and scho sall say:*)

Patience, sirs. I yield to your commands.

I pray 3ow, sirs, be patient;
For I sall be obedient
Till do quhat 3e command.

Sen I se thair is na remeid,
Howbeit it war to suffer deid,
Or flemit furth of the land.
I wyte the Empreour Constantine,
That I am put to sic ruine,
And baneist from the Kirk;
For, sen he maid the Paip ane King,
In Rome I could get na ludging;
Bot heidlangs in the mirk.
Bot Ladie Sensualitie
Sen syne hes gydit this cuntrie,
And monie of the rest;
And now scho reulis all this land,
And hes decryit, at hir command,
That I suld be supprest.
Bot all comes for the best
Til him that louis the Lord:
Thocht I be now molest,
I traist to be restorde.

having no choice but death or banishment. The Emperor Constantine is to blame for my disfavour,—the fruit of his having made the Pope a king. Lady Sensuality, since then, has borne sway, and has ordered that I be put down. But good comes to the good; and I hope for better fortune.

(*Heir sall they put hir in the stocks.*)

Sister, alace! this is ane cairful cace,
That we with Princes sould be sa abhorde:

It is sad that we should be so abhorred by kings.

VERITY.

Be blyth, sister. I trust, within schort space,
That we sall be richt honorablie restorde,
And with the King we sall be at concorde;
For I heir tell, divyne Correctioun
Is new landit, thankit be Christ our Lord!
I wait hee will be our protectioun.

We shall soon be well with the king; for Correction has arrived, and will protect us.

(*Hir sall enter Corrections Varlet.*)

VARLET.

Sirs, stand abak, and hauld 3ow coy.
I am the King Correctiouns boy,
Cum heir to dres his place.

I am Correction's servant, come to prepare a place for him.

Yield obedience to him, at sight.

Se that ȝe mak obedience
Vntill his nobill excellence,
Fra tyme ȝe se his face;

He is reforming the nations of Christendom, and will do here as elsewhere.

For he maks reformatiouns
Out-throw all Christin Natiouns,
Quhair he finds great debaits:
And, sa far as I vnderstand,
He sall reforme, into this Land,
Evin all the thrie estaits.

God has sent him, to punish offenders with wars, plagues, death, and poverty.

God furth of heavin hes him send,
To punische all that dois offend
Against his Maiestie;
As lyks him best, to tak vengence,
Sumtyme with Sword and Pestilence,
With derth and povertie.

To the penitent he will show grace; but the obstinate he will cast down.

Bot, quhen the peopill dois repent,
And beis to God obedient,
Then will he gif them grace:
Bot thay that will nocht be correctit
Rycht sudanlie will be deiectit,
And fleimit from his face.

Our words are intended for all; and you must take them in good part.

Sirs, thocht wee speik in generall,
Let na man into speciall
Tak our words at the warst.
Quhat ever wee do, quhat ever wee say,
I pray ȝow tak it all in play,
And iudg, ay, to the best.

I will make haste now, and give notice that all is made ready.

For silence I protest
Baith of Lord, Laird, and Ladie.
Now I will rin, but rest,
And tell that all is ready.

DISSAIT.

This news of reformation stuns me.

Brother, heir ȝe ȝon proclamatioun?
I dreid full sair of reformatioun:
ȝon message maks me mangit.

Quhat is 3our counsell, to me tell.
Remaine wee heir, be God him sell!
Wee will be, all thre, hangit.

What do you advise? For, if we stay here, we shall be hanged.

FLATTRIE.

Ile gang to Spiritualitie,
And preich out-throw his dyosie,
Quhair I will be vnknawin;
Or keip me closse into sum closter,
With mony piteous Pater noster,
Till all thir blasts be blawin.

I will go and preach where I am unknown, or will keep close, in some cloister, till more quiet times.

DISSAIT.

Ile be weill treitit, as 3e ken,
With my maisters, the merchand men,
Quhilk can mak small debait.
3e ken richt few of them that thryfes,
Or can begyll the landwart wyfes,
But me, thair man, Dissait.
Now, Falset, quhat sall be thy schift?

My masters, the merchants, will look after me; for few of them can thrive without Deceit. And you, Falsehood?

FALSET.

Na, cuir thow nocht, man, for my thrift.
Trows thou that I be daft?
Na, I will leif ane lustie lyfe
Withoutin ony sturt and stryfe,
Amang the men of craft.

I for myself. Am I mad? I shall do bravely among the craftsmen.

FLATTRIE.

I na mair will remaine besyd 3ow,
Bot counsell 3ow, rycht weill to gyde 3ow,
Byd nocht on Correctioun.
Fair-weil! I will na langer tarie.
I pray the alrich Queene of Farie
To be 3our protectioun.

My counsel is, not to stay for Correction. Good bye! May the Queen of the Fays defend you!

DISSAIT.

Falset, I wald wee maid ane band.

Let us conspire,

and, while the king sleeps, steal his box.

Now, quhill the King is ȝit sleipand,
Quhat rack to steill his Box?

FALSET.

Well said!
I will steal it forthwith.

Now, weill said, be the Sacrament!
I sall it steill incontinent,
Thocht it had twentie lox.

(*Heir sall Falset steill the Kings box with silence.*)

Here it is.
It will repay us.

Lo! heir the Box: now let vs ga:
This may suffice for our rewairds.

DISSAIT.

Even so. And let us throw away our clothes, to baffle pursuers.

ȝea, that it may, man, be this day:
It may weill mak of landwart lairds.
Now let vs cast away our clais,
In dreid sum follow on the chase.

FALSET.

I wish we were safe away.

Rycht weill deuysit, man, be Sanct Blais!
Wald God wee war out of this place!

DISSAIT.

Now we are secure, let us part our booty, and then be off.

Now, sen thair is na man to wrang vs,
I pray ȝow, brother, with my hart,
Let vs ga part this pelf amang vs;
Syne, haistely we sall depart.

FALSET.

I must have most; as I stole the box, while you only looked on.

Trows thou to get als mekill as I?
That sall thow nocht: I staw the Box.
Thou did nathing bot luikit by,
Ay lurkeand lyke ane wylie Fox.

DISSAIT.

Withhold my share at your peril.
Break the locks,

Thy heid sall beir ane cuppill of knox,
Pellour, without I get my part.
Swyith! huirsun smaik, ryfe vp the lox,

Or I sall stick the throuch the hart. — or I stab you.

(*Heir sall thay fecht with silence.*)

FALSET.

Alace! for ever my eye is out. — My eye is out.
Walloway! will na man red the men? — Will no one separate them?

DISSAIT.

Vpon thy craig tak thair ane clout. — There is a clout
To be courtesse I sall the ken. — for your civility.
Fair-weill! for I am at the flicht: — I am going, with
I will nocht byde on ma demands. — what I have;
And wee twa meit againe this nicht, — and you will not see me
Thy feit salbe with fourtie hands. — again soon.

(*Heir sal Dissait rin away with the Box, throuch the water.*)

DIVYNE CORRECTIOVN.

Beati qui esuriunt & sitiunt Iustitiam. — Blessed are they who rightly consider justice.
Thir ar the words of the redoutit Roy,
The Prince of peace, aboue all Kings King, — So says He who has sent me to repress
Quhilk hes me sent all cuntries to convoye,
And all misdoars dourlie to doun thring. — transgressors.
I will do nocht without the conveining — Supported by the three Estates, I purpose to put an end to iniquity.
Ane Parleament of the estaits all:
In thair presence I sall, but feinzeing,
Iniquitie vnder my Sword doun thrall.
Thair may no Prince do acts honorabill, — Like council,
Bot gif his counsall thairto will assist. — like king.
How may he knaw the thing maist profitabil, — A king, to do aright, requires guidance.
To follow vertew, and vycis to resist,
Without he be instructit and solist?
And, quhen the King stands at his counsell sound, — If he is heedful, great is the reward.
Then welth sall wax, and plentie, as he list;
And policie sall in his Realme abound.
Gif ony list my name for till inquyre, — My name is Correction.
I am callit Divine Correctioun.

I profit all nations;

I fled throch mony vncouth land & schyre,
To the greit profit of ilk Natioun.

and I have come here to right all manner of wrongs.

Now am I cum into this Regioun,
To teill the ground that hes bene lang vnsawin,
To punische tyrants for thair transgressioun,
And to caus leill men liue vpon thair awin.

I am all to kings.

Na Realme nor Land but my support may stand;
For I gar Kings liue into Royaltie.

Rich and poor are alike to me.

To rich and puir I beir ane equall hand,
That thay may liue into thair awin degrie:

I bring tranquillity; and I put down and punish traitors and tyrants.

Quhair I am nocht is no tranquillitie.
Be me tratours and tyrants ar put doun,—
Quha thinks na schame of thair iniquitie,
Till thay be punisched be mee, Correctioun.

What is a king but an officer busied in securing equity and in admonishing trespassers?

Quhat is ane King? nocht bot ane officiar
To caus his Leiges liue in equitie,
And, vnder God, to be ane punischer
Of trespassours against his Maiestie.

If the king is a tyrant, then follow war, poverty, and shameful slaughter.

Bot, quhen the King dois liue in tyrannie,
Breakand Iustice, for feare, or affectioun,
Then is his Realme in weir and povertie,
With schamefull slauchter, but correctioun.

I am a judge, come from afar, unwavering, unseducible.

I am ane Iudge richt potent and seveir,
Cum, to do Iustice, monie thowsand myle:
I am sa constant, baith in peice and weir,
Na bud nor fauour may my sicht oversyle.

Many grieve at my advent; but the virtuous rejoice thereat.

Thair is, thairfoir, richt monie, in this Ile,
Of my repair, but doubt, that dois repent.
Bot verteous men, I traist, sall on me smyle,
And of my cumming sall be richt weill content.

GVDE COVNSELL.

The faithful welcome you, come to correct faults and crimes.

Welcum, my Lord, welcum, ten thousand tyms,
Till all faithfull men of this Regioun!
Welcum, for till correct all falts and cryms
Amang this cankerd congregatioun!

Louse Chastitie, I mak supplicatioun : Release Chastity
Put till fredome fair Ladie Veritie, and Lady Truth,
Quha be vnfaithfull folk of this Natioun now lying in
Lyis bund full fast into Captivitie. captivity.

CORRECTIOVN.

I mervel, Gude-counsell, how that may be. Are not you friends with the king?
Ar 3e nocht with the King familiar?

GVDE COVNSELL.

That I am nocht, my Lord, full wa is me! On the
Bot, lyke ane begger, am halden at the bar : contrary,
Thay play bo-keik, evin as I war ane skar. I am held aloof.
Thair came thrie knaues, in cleithing counterfeit, Three knaves
And fra the King thay gart me stand affar,— kept me from
Quhais names war Flattrie, Falset, and Dissait ; the king.
Bot, quhen thay knaues hard tell of 3our cumming, Hearing of your coming, they
Thay staw away, ilk ane, ane sindrie gait, stole off, each in a separate
And cuist fra them thair counterfit cleithing. direction,
For thair leuing full weill thay can debait. self-helpful;
The merchandmen thay haif resauit Dissait ; Deceit to the
As for Falset, my Lord, full weill I ken, merchants,
He will be richt weill treitit, air and lait, Falsehood to the
Amang the maist part of the crafts men ; craftsmen,
Flattrie hes taine the habite of ane Freir, and Flattery to
Thinkand to begyll Spiritualitie. the Spirituality.

CORRECTIOVN.

But dout, my freind and I liue half ane 3eir, We shall find out
I sall search out that great iniquitie. all shortly.
Quhair lyis 3on Ladyes in Captiuitie? Where are the ladies?
How, now, Sisters? quha hes 3ow sa disgysit? How disguised!

VERITIE.

Vnfaithfull members of iniquitie, The wicked have
Dispytfullie, my Lord, hes vs supprysit. oppressed us.

CORRECTIOVN.

Release the ladies, and break the stocks.
Gang put 3on Ladyis to thair libertie,
Incontinent, and break doun all the stocks.
And be in good earnest.
But doubt, thay ar full deir welcum to mee.
Mak diligence: me think 3e do bot mocks.
Break the locks, and take them by the hand.
Speid hand, and spair nocht for to break the locks;
And tenderlie tak them vp be the hand.
I would fain assault their persecutors.
Had I them heir, thay knaues suld ken my knocks,
That them opprest, and baneist aff the land.

(*Thay tak the Ladyis furth of the stocks; and Veritie sall say:*)

VERITIE.

And now, Sire, I beg you to go to King Humanity, and to dismiss from his service Lady Sensuality, in favour of Good Counsel.
Wee thank 3ou, sir, of 3our benignitie.
Bot I beseik 3our maiestie Royall,
That 3e wald pas to King Humanitie,
And fleime from him 3on Ladie Sensuall,
And enter in his service Gude-counsell;
For ye will find him verie counsalabill.

CORRECTIOVN.

It shall be so; and he will stand by you three.
Cum on, Sisters: as 3e haif said, I sall,
And gar him stand with 3ow thrie, firme and stabill.

(*Correctioun passis towards the King, with Veritie, Chastitie, and Gude-counsell.*)

WANTONNES.

Who is it that I see, ready to flee away?
Solace, knawis thou not quhat I se?
Ane knicht, or ellis ane king, thinks me,
With wantoun wings, as he wald fle.
What means this?
Brother, quhat may this meine?
Is he friend, or foe?
I vnderstand nocht, be this day,
Quhidder that he be freind or fay.
What says he?
Stand still, and heare quhat he will say.
I know him not.
Sic ane I haif nocht seine.

SOLACE.

3on is ane stranger, I stand forde : — If this stranger
He semes to be ane lustie Lord. — proves to be well-
Be his heir-cumming for concorde, — disposed to the
And be kinde till our King, — King, he shall
He sall be welcome to this place, — be welcome
And treatit with the Kingis grace : — and favoured.
Be it nocht sa, we sall him chace, — Otherwise, we
And to the diuell him ding ! — will drive him off.

PLACEBO.

I reid vs put vpon the King, — Let us wake
And walkin him of his sleiping. — the King.
Sir, rise, and se ane vncouth thing ! — Up, Sire, and see
Get vp ! 3e ly too lang. — a strange thing!

SENSVALITIE.

Put on 3our hude, Iohne-Fule. 3e raif. — How dare you
How dar 3e be so pert, sir knaif, — touch the King ?
To tuich the King ? Sa Christ me saif, — You shall
Fals huirsone, thow sall hang. — be hanged.

CORRECTIOVN.

Get vp, sir King ! 3e haif sleipit aneuch — You have had
Into the armis of Ladie Sensual. — sleep enough.
Be suir that mair belangis to the pleuch ; — More mis-
As efterward, perchance, rehears I sall. — becomes you.
Remember how the King Sardanapall — King Sarda-
Amang fair Ladyes tuke his lust sa lang, — napalus, lustful,
Sa that the maist pairt of his Leiges al
Rebeld, and syne him duilfully doun thrang. — was dethroned.
Remember how, into the tyme of Noy, — Under Noah,
For the foull stinck and sin of lechery, — for lechery
God, be my wande, did al the warld destroy. — the world was destroyed.
Sodome and Gomore, richt sa, full rigorously, — Therefor, too, Sodom and
For that vyld sin, war brunt maist cruelly. — Gomorrah were burnt.
Thairfoir, I the command, incontinent — Accordingly,

banish Sensuality, if you would not repent.

Banische from the that huir Sensualitie;
Or els, but doubt, rudlie thow sall repent.

REX HVMANITAS.

Who authorized you to correct a King?

I am King Humanity, a royal sovereign.

Be quhom haue ȝe sa greit authoritie,
Quha dois presume for til correct ane King?
Knaw ȝe nocht me, greit King Humanitie,
That in my Regioun Royally dois ring?

CORRECTIOVN.

I have power to ruin princes that, unrepentantly, live amiss.

First, I reform you; then, your subjects.

Out, harlot!

I haue power greit Princes to doun thring,
That liues contrair the Maiestie Divyne,
Against the treuth quhilk plainlie dois maling:
Repent they nocht, I put them to ruyne.
I will begin at thee, quhilk is the head,
And mak on the, first, reformatioun:
Thy Leiges, than, will follow the, but pleid.
Swyith! harlot. Hence, without dilatioun.

SENSVALITIE.

Let me return to Rome.

Among its princes I shall thrive.

Adieu! It does not matter.

My curse on you, following my foes!

Pitiful King!

Bishops and Cardinals would pamper me. There is no earthly joy without me.

My Lord, I mak ȝow supplicatioun,
Gif me licence to pas againe to Rome.
Amang the Princes of that Natioun,
I lat ȝow wit, my fresche beautie will blume.
Adeu, Sir King! I may na langer tary.
I cair nocht that: als gude luife cums as gais.
I recommend ȝow to the Queene of Farie.
I se ȝe will be gydit with my fais.
As for this king, I cure him nocht twa strais.
War I amang Bischops and Cardinals,
I wald get gould, silver, and precious clais.
Na earthlie ioy, but my presence, avails.

(*Heir sall scho pas to Spiritualitie.*)

Venus preserve you, Lord Spiritual.

I cannot resist.

My Lords of the Spirituall stait,
Venus preserue ȝow, air and lait;
For I can mak na mair debait.

I am partit with 3our king,
And am baneischt this Regioun,
Be counsell of Correctioun.
Be 3e nocht my protectioun,
I may seik my ludgeing.

I have left your King, being banished by counsel of Correction. You are my sole resort.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Welcum, our dayis darling!
Welcum, with all our hart!
Wee, all, but fein3eing,
Sall plainly tak 3our part.

Welcome, darling, heartily. We will, all, be on your side.

(*Heir sal the Bishops, Abbots, and Persons kis the Ladies.*)

CORRECTIOVN.

Sen 3e ar quyte of Sensualitie,
Resaue into 3our service Gude-counsall,
And, richt sa, this fair Ladie Chastitie,
Till 3e mary sum Queene of blude-royall:
Observe, then, Chastitie matrimoniall.
Richt sa, resaue Veritie be the hand.
Vse thair counsell, 3our fame sall never fall:
With thame, thairfoir, mak ane perpetuall band.

Quit of Sensuality, entertain Good Counsel; also Chastity, till you marry, and after; and Truth. Advise with them, and agree with them.

(*Heir sall the King resaue Counsell, Veritie, & Chastitie.*)

Now, sir, tak tent quhat I will say;
Observe thir same, baith nicht and day,
And let them never part 3ow fray;
Or els, withoutin doubt,
Turne 3e to Sensualitie,
To vicious lyfe, and rebaldrie,
Out of 3our Realme, richt schamefullie,
3e sall be ruttit out;
As was Tarquine, the Romane King
Quha was, for his vicious living,
And for the schamefull ravisching
Of the fair chaist Lucres,
He was digraidit of his croun,

Listen to them, Sire, night and day, at your side; else, if you turn to Sensuality, you will be expelled from your realm; as was Tarquin, who, for ravishing chaste Lucretia, was deprived of his crown,

and banished. And baneist aff his Regioun.
History tells what I did by him. I maid on him correctioun,
As stories dois expres.

REX HVMANITAS.

I trust you, worthy of trust. I am content to 3our counsall t'inclyne,
3e beand of gude conditioun.
Submissive, I permit you to punish and to forgive. At 3our command sall be all that is myne;
And heir I gif 3ow full commissioun
To punische faults and gif remissioun.
I will make a league with you, and will abide by your counsel. To all vertew I salbe consociabill:
With 3ow I sall confirme ane vnioun,
And at 3our counsall stand, ay, firme and stabill.

(*The King imbraces Correction, with a humbil countenance.*)

CORRECTIOVN.

Convene, at once, a Parliament of the three Estates; and then address yourself to complaints. I counsall 3ow, incontinent
To gar proclame ane Parliament
Of all the thrie estaits,
That thay be heir, with diligence,
To mak to 3ow obedience,
And, syne, dres all debaits.

REX HVMANITAS.

Even so. That salbe done but mair demand.
Diligence, learn your message. Hoaw! Diligence, cum heir, fra hand,
And tak 3our informatioun.
Go warn the Spirituality and the Temporalty to give their speedy attendance, to advise us. Gang warne the Spiritualitie,
Rycht sa, the Temporalitie,
Be oppin proclamatioun,
In gudlie haist for to compeir,
In thair maist honorabill maneir,
To gif vs thair counsals.
Negligence to comply will be punished. Quha that beis absent, to them schaw,
That thay sall vnderly the law,
And punischt be, that fails.

DILIGENCE.

Sir, I sall, baith in bruch and land,
With diligence do 3our command,
Vpon my awin expens.
Sir, I haue servit 3ow all this 3eir;
Bot I gat never ane dinneir,
3it, for my recompence.

I will serve you,
and at my
own charges.
For all this year's
services I have
got no
recompence.

REX HVMANITAS.

Pas on, and thou salbe regairdit,
And, for thy service, weill rewairdit;
For quhy, with my consent,
Thou sall haue, 3eirly, for thy hyre,
The teind mussellis of the ferrie myre,
Confirmit in Parliament.

You shall
be well
rewarded;
and the reward
shall be confirmed
in Parliament.

DILIGENCE.

I will get riches throw that rent,
Efter the day of Dume;
Quhen, in the colpots of Tranent,
Butter will grow on brume.
All nicht I had sa meikill drouth,
I micht nocht sleip ane wink.
Or I proclame ocht with my mouth,
But doubt I man haif drink.

And no
doubt I
shall be very
rich by it.
All night I slept
not for thirst.
Before I cry, I
must have
a drink.

CORRECTIOVN.

Cum heir, Placebo and Solace,
With 3our compan3eoun, Wantonnes.
I knaw weill 3our conditioun:
For tysting King Humanitie
To resaue Sensualitie,
3e man suffer punitioun.

Placebo, Solace,
and Wantonness,
you, for enticing
King Humanity
to receive
Sensuality, must
be punished.

WANTONNES.

We grant, my lord, we haue done ill;

We have
done wrong;

so we yield.

Thairfoir, wee put vs in ȝour will.
Bot wee haife bene abusit;

Yet, deceived, we really thought there was no harm in lechery, it being so common.

For, in gude faith, Sir, wee beleifit
That lecherie had na man greifit,
Becaus it is sa vsit.

PLACEBO.

Sensuality is countenanced, everywhere, by the great, and even by our own prelates.

ȝe se how Sensualitie
With Principals of ilk cuntrie
Bene glaidlie lettin in,
And with our Prelatis, mair and les.

Ask my Lady Prioress if lechery be sin.

Speir at my Ladie Priores
Gif lechery be sin.

SOLACE.

We will amend, if pardoned.

Sir, wee sall mend our conditioun,
Sa ȝe giue vs remissioun.

But let us sing, dance, &c., &c., for the King's pleasure.

Bot giue vs liue to sing,
To dance, to play at Chesse and Tabils,
To reid Stories and mirrie fabils,
For pleasure of our King.

CORRECTIOVN.

Take your pardon, conditionally.

Sa that ȝe do na vther cryme,
ȝe sall be pardonit at this tyme;

Of course Princes may divert themselves harmlessly, as with hawking and hunting, in time of peace,

For quhy, as I suppois,
Princes may sumtyme seik solace
With mirth and lawful mirrines,
Thair spirits to reioyis.
And, richt sa, Halking and Hunting
Ar honest pastimes for ane King,
Into the tyme of peace;

and with throwing the spear, against using it in war.

And leirne to rin ane heavie spear,
That he, into the tyme of wear,
May follow at the cheace.

REX HVMANITAS.

Quhair is Sapience and Discretioun?
And quhy cums nocht Devotioun nar?

Where are Sapience, Discretion, and Devotion?

VERITIE.

Sapience, sir, was ane verie loun;
And Discretioun was nathing war.
The suith, Sir, gif I wald report,
Thay did begyle 3our Excellence,
And wald not suffer to resort
Ane of vs thrie to 3our presence.

Sapience and Discretion were sad fellows. To say truth, they deceived you, and prevented our getting access to you.

CHASTITIE.

Thay thrie war Flattrie, and Dissait,
And Falset,—that vnhappie loun,—
Against vs thrie quhilk maid debait,
And baneischt vs from town to town.
Thay gart vs twa fall into sowne,
Quhen thay vs lockit in the stocks.
That dastart knaue, Discretioun,
Full thrifteouslie did steill 3our Box.

They were, really, Flattery, Deceit, and Falsehood; and they drove us from town to town, and put us in the stocks.

Discretion stole your box.

REX HVMANITAS.

The Deuill tak them, sen thay ar gane!
Me thocht them, ay, thrie verie smaiks.
I mak ane vow to Sanct Mavane,
Quhen I them finde, thays bear thair paiks:
I se they haue playit me the glaiks.
Gude-counsall, now schaw me the best,
Quhen I fix on 3ow thrie my staiks,
How I sall keip my Realme in rest.
Initium sapientiæ est timor Domini.

The Devil take the rascals!

If I find them, they shall be paid for fooling me.

Good Counsel, now show me how, relying on you three, I can keep my realm in quiet.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Sir, gif 3our hienes 3earnis lang to ring,
First, dread 3our God, abuif all vther thing;

If you would reign long, fear God;

for you are but an instrument in His hands, appointed to rule His people.

For ȝe ar bot ane mortall instrument
To that great God and King Omnipotent,
Preordinat, be his divine Maiestie,
To reull his peopill intill vnitie.

First, let a king be just; next, merciful, without severity or partiality.

The principall point, Sir, of ane kings office
Is for to do to euerilk man iustice,
And for to mix his iustice with mercie,
But rigour, fauour, or parcialitie.

To govern is a grave thing.

Forsuith, it is na littill obseruance,
Great Regions to haue in gouernance.

A king has his choice between great labour and perpetual infamy.

Quha euer taks on him that kinglie cuir,
To get ane of thir twa, he suld be suir,—
Great paine and labour, and that continuall,
Or ellis to haue defame perpetuall.

Of some the fame, of others the shame, will be rehearsed a thousand years after they are dead.

Quha guydis weill they win immortall fame;
Quha the contrair, they get perpetuall schame;
Efter quhais death, but dout, ane thousand ȝeir
Thair life at lenth rehearst sall be, perqueir.

Study the chronicles; for there you will learn that the deeds of a prince never die.

The Chroniklis to knaw I ȝow exhort:
Thair sall ȝe finde baith gude and euill report;
For euerie Prince, efter his qualitie,
Thocht he be deid, his deids sall neuer die.

Obey me, and be glorious.

Sir, gif ȝe please for to vse my counsall,
Ȝour fame and name sall be perpetuall.

(*Heir sall the messinger Diligence returne and cry a Hoyzes, a Hoyzes, a Hoyzes, and say:*)

King Humanity charges all members of Parliament to repair to the Court forthwith, in due form.

At the command of King Humanitie,
I wairne and charge all members of Parliament,
Baith sprituall stait and Temporalitie,
That till his Grace thay be obedient,
And speid them to the Court, incontinent,
In gude ordour arrayit royally.

Let none be absent or contumacious.

Quha beis absent, or inobedient,
The Kings displeasure thay sall vnderly.

Also, as you have heard the first half of our play,

And, als, I mak ȝow exhortatioun,
Sen ȝe haif heard the first pairt of our play,

Go tak ane drink, and mak Collatioun: refresh yourselves, and pledge each other.
Ilk man drink till his marrow, I 3ow pray.
Tarie nocht lang: it is lait in the day. Be quick.
Let sum drink Ayle, and sum drink Claret wine: Let some drink ale; others, claret,
Be great Doctors of Physick I heare say, comforting.
That michtie drink comforts the dull ingine.
And 3e, Ladies, that list to pisch, Let the ladies,
Lift vp 3our taill plat in ane disch; too, avail themselves of this
And, gif that 3our mawkine cryis quhisch, intermission.
Stop in ane wusp of stray.
Let nocht 3our bladder burst, I pray 3ow; Do not be prevented from returning; for the best part of the play is still behind.
For that war euin aneuch to slay 3ow:
For 3it thair is to cum, I say 3ow,
The best pairt of our Play.

The End of the first part of the Satyre.

(*Now sall the pepill mak Collatioun: then beginnis the Interlude; the Kings, Bischops, and principall players being out of their seats.*)

PAVPER, THE PVRE MAN.

Of 3our almis, gude folks, for Gods luife of heavin! Give me alms, good people, for my motherless little ones; or, at least, direct me to S. Andrews.
For I haue motherles bairns, either sax or seavin.
Gif 3e'ill gif me na gude, for the luife of Iesus,
Wische me the richt way till Sanct-Androes.

DILIGENCE.

Quhair haue wee gottin this gudly compan3eoun? Be off, wretch!
Swyith! Out of the feild, fals raggit loun!
God wait gif heir be ane weill keipit place, How came he here?
Quhen sic ane vilde begger Carle may get entres.

How negligent, both provost and bailies!

Fy on 3ow officiars, that mends nocht thir failȝies!
I gif 3ow all till the deuill, baith Provost and Bailȝies.

Off with this clown; or no more play.

Without 3e cum and chase this Carle away,
The Deuill a word 3e'is get mair of our play.

Why such violence?

Fals huirsun, raggit Carle, quhat Deuil is that thou rugs?

PAVPER.

Shall I cut your ears off?

Quha Devil maid the ane gentill man, that wald not cut thy lugs?

DILIGENCE.

Take yourself away; or I will break your back.

Quhat, now! Me thinks the carle begins to crack.
Swyith, carle! Away! Or be this day Ise break thy back.

(*Heir sall the Carle clim vp and sit in the Kings tchyre.*)

Come down; or I will murder you.

Cum doun; or, be Gods croun! fals loun, I sall slay the.

PAVPER.

These dastardly courtiers, as soon as they get whole clothes, learn to swear and to trip daintily.

Now, sweir be thy brunt schinis. The Deuill ding them fra the!
Quhat say 3e till thir court dastards? Be thay get hail clais,
Sa sune do thay leir to sweir, and trip on thair tais.

DILIGENCE.

He called me knave, to the face.

Me thocht the carle callit me knaue, evin in my face.

Ask pardon; or be slain.

Be Sanct Fillane! thou salbe slane, bot gif thou ask grace.

Come down; or you shall lose your head.

Loup doun; or, be the gude Lord! thow sall los thy heid.

PAVPER.

I sal anis drink, or I ga, thocht thou had sworne my deid. — I will drink before I go, any way.

(*Heir Diligence castis away the ledder.*)

DILIGENCE.

Loup now, gif thou list; for thou hes lost the ledder. — Now you may jump down.

PAVPER.

It is, full weil, thy kind to loup and licht in a ledder. — Jumping into a halter is

Thou sal be faine to fetch agane ȝe ledder, or I loup. — like you.

I sall sit heir, into this tcheir, till I haue tumde the stoup. — I will sit here till I have emptied the pitcher.

(*Heir sall the Carle loup aff the scaffald.*)

Swyith! begger! bogill! haist the away! — Go! Don't spoil

Thow art over pert to spill our play. — our play.

PAVPER.

I wil not gif, for al ȝour play, worth an sowis fart; — Bother your play!

For thair is richt lytill play at my hungrie hart. — I am hungry.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat Devill ails this cruckit carle? — What ails the fellow?

PAVPER.

Marie! Meikill sorrow. — I am in great grief. I can

I can not get, thocht I gasp, to beg, nor to borrow. — neither beg nor borrow.

DILIGENCE.

Quhair deuill is this thou dwels? Or quhats thy intent? — Where do you live? And what do you want?

PAVPER.

I dwell into Lawthiane, ane myle fra Tranent. — I live in Lothian, near Tranent.

DILIGENCE.

Where would you go, really ?

Quhair wald thou be, carle? The suth to me schaw.

PAVPER.

To S. Andrews, for justice.

Sir, evin to Sanct-Androes, for to seik law.

DILIGENCE.

Edinburgh is the place for that.

For to seik law, in Edinburgh was the neirest way.

PAVPER.

I could get none there, Devil take the crew!

Sir, I socht law thair this monie deir day;
Bot I culd get nane at Sessioun nor Seinze:
Thairfoir, the mekill din Deuill droun all the meinze!

DILIGENCE.

Explain to me, in full, how you have come to this condition.

Shaw me thy mater, man, with al the circumstances,
How that thou hes happinit on thir vnhappie chances.

PAVPER.

I will declare the black truth.

Gude-man, will ze gif me zour Charitie,
And I sall declair zow the black veritie.

My father was eighty and more; my mother, ninety-five.

My father was ane auld man, and ane hoir,
And was of age fourscoir of zeirs and moir;
And Mald, my mother, was fourscoir and fyfteine;

I supported them.

And with my labour I did thame baith susteine.

We had a mare that foaled yearly; and three cows, of the best.

Wee had ane Meir, that caryit salt and ccill;
And everie ilk zeir scho brocht vs hame ane foill.
Wee had thrie ky, that was baith fat and fair,—
Nane tydier into the toun of Air.

My father died; and my mother mourned bitterly.

My father was sa waik of blude and bane,
That he deit; quhairfoir my mother maid great maine.

Then scho deit, within ane day or two ; Then she died,
And thair began my povertie and wo. to my misery.
Our gude gray Meir was baittand on the feild ; The mare went
And our Lands laird tuik hir for his hyreild. for heriot.
The Vickar tuik the best Cow be the head, The vicar took
Incontinent, quhen my father was deid ; one cow, on my
And, quhen the Vickar hard tel how that my father's death,
mother and another, on
Was dead, fra-hand he tuke to him ane vther. my mother's.
Then Meg, my wife, did murne, both evin & Next, Meg, my
morow, wife, grieved
Till, at the last, scho deit for verie sorow. to death ;
And, quhen the Vickar hard tell my wyfe was and then the
dead, vicar took the
The thrid Cow he cleikit be the head. third cow.
Thair vmest clayis, that was of rapploch gray, The vicar's clerk,
The Vickar gart his Clark bear them away. too, got spoil.
Quhen all was gaine, I micht mak na debeat, At this I was
Bot, with my bairns, past for till beg my meat. driven to beg.
Now haue I tald 3ow the blak veritie, Thus, in truth,
How I am brocht into this miserie. was I brought to this.

DILIGENCE.

How did 3e person ? Was he not thy gude freind ? But the parson was your friend ?

PAVPER.

The devil stick him ! He curst me for my teind, He excommuni-
And halds me 3it vnder that same proces, cated me for not
That gart me want the Sacrament at Pasche. paying my tithes.
In gude faith, sir, thocht he wald cut my throt, I have only a
I haue na geir except ane Inglis grot, groat left, with
Quhilk I purpois to gif ane man of law. which I mean to fee a lawyer.

DILIGENCE.

Thou art the daftest fuill that ever I saw. You are a great
Trows thou, man, be the law to get remeid fool, if you hope
Of men of kirk ? Na, nocht till thou be deid. to get anything from priests by law.

PAVPER.

By what law may a vicar take three cows from me?

Sir, be quhat law, tell me, quhairfoir, or quhy,
That ane Vickar sould tak fra me thrie ky.

DILIGENCE.

Use in law enough for such.

Thay haue na law exceptand consuetude,
Quhilk law, to them, is sufficient and gude.

PAVPER.

Such use should not be law.

Ane consuetude against the common weill
Sould be na law, I think, be sweit Sanct Geill!

And where is a law to be found, to rob me of three cows?

Quhair will ȝe find that law, tell, gif ȝe can,
To tak thrie ky fra ane pure husband man;
Ane for my father, and for my wyfe ane vther,
And the thrid Cow he tuke fra Mald, my mother.

DILIGENCE.

This is priests' law.

It is thair law, all that thay haue in vse,
Thocht it be Cow, Sow, Ganer, Gryse, or Guse.

PAVPER.

Certain prelates of these parts are in use to make free with womankind.

Sir, I wald speir at ȝow ane questioun.
Behauld sum Prelats of this Regioun:
Manifestlie, during thair lustie lyfis,
Thay swyfe Ladies, Madinis, and vther mens wyfis;
And sa thair cunts thay haue in consuetude.

Is this law bad, or good?

Quhidder say ȝe that law is evill, or gude?

DILIGENCE.

Be quiet! You must be mad.

Hald thy toung, man! It seims that thou war mangit.

There is peril in speaking thus of priests.

Speik thou of Preists, but doubt thou will be hangit.

PAVPER.

Perils I heed nothing.

Be him that buir the cruell Croun of thorne!
I cair nocht to be hangit evin the morne.

DILIGENCE.

Be sure, of Preistis thou will get na support. — Priests will not help you.

PAVPER.

Gif that be trew, the feind resaue the sort ! — The Fiend take them, then ! And
Sa, sen I se I get na vther grace, — I will lie down
I will ly doun, and rest mee in this place. — and rest me.

(Pauper lyis doun in the feild. Pardoner enters.)

PARDONER.

Bona dies ! Bona dies ! — Good day !
Devoit peopill, gude day I say 3ow. — Devout people,
Now tarie ane lytill quhyll, I pray 3ow, — stay and learn
Till I be with 3ow knawin. — who I am.
Wait 3e weill how I am namit ? — I am very respectable, if the truth were known.
Ane nobill man, and vndefamit,
Gif all the suith war schawin.
I am sir Robert Rome-raker, — I am a pardoner,
Ane perfite publike pardoner, — highly re-
Admittit be the Paip. — commended.
Sirs, I sall schaw 3ow, for my wage, — You shall have
My pardons and my pilgramage, — proof of my wares
Quhilk 3e sall se and graip. — and merit.
I giue to the deuill, with gude intent, — The Devil take the New Testament and its translators !
This vnsell wickit New-testament,
With them that it translaitit.
Sen layik men knew the veritie, — Among laymen pardoners now meet with no success,
Pardoners gets no charitie,
Without that thay debait it
Amang the wiues, with wrinks and wyles, — and have to confine themselves to female clients.
As all my marrowis men begyles
With our fair fals flattrie.
3ea, all the crafts I ken perqueir, — I am an adept,
As I was teichit be ane Freir — taught by
Callit Hypocrisie. — Friar Hypocrisy.
Bot now, allace ! our greit abusioun — But now, alas !

it is hard times with us.

Is cleirlie knawin, till our confusioun,
That we may sair repent.

My credit is spoilt by knowledge of the New Testament.

Of all credence now I am quyte;
For ilk man halds me at dispyte,
That reids the New-test'ment.

Renewed cursing.

Duill fell the braine that hes it wrocht!
Sa fall them that the Buik hame brocht!

Would that Luther and the rest had been smothered by their chrisom-cloths!

Als, I pray to the Rude,
That Martin Luther, that fals loun,
Black Bullinger, and Melancthoun
Had bene smorde in their cude.

As to S. Paul, I wish he had never been born; and I wish his books were kept out of sight, or else torn up.

Be him that buir the crowne of thorne!
I wald Sanct Paull had neuer bene borne;
And, als, I wald his buiks
War never red into the kirk,
Bot amangs freirs, into the mirk,
Or riuen amang ruiks.

(*Heir sall he lay doun his geir vpon ane buird, and say:*)

Come and see my patent pardons.

My patent pardouns ȝe may se,
Cum fra the Caue of Tartarie,
Weill seald with oster-schellis.

Even without repentance you shall have full pardon.

Thocht ȝe haue na contritioun,
ȝe sall haue full remissioun,
With help of Buiks and bellis.

Here is a prime relic of a man; and here is one of a peccant beast.

Heir is ane relict, lang and braid,
Of Fine Macoull the richt chaft blaid,
With teith and al togidder.
Of Collings cow heir is ane horne;
For eating of Makconnals corne,
Was slaine into Baquhidder.

Here, too, is the cord that throttled John Armstrong: whoso is hanged with it need never be drowned.

Heir is ane coird, baith great and lang,—
Quhilk hangit Johne the Armistrang,—
Of gude hemp, soft and sound.
Gude, halie peopill, I stand for'd,
Quha ever beis hangit with this cord
Neids never to be dround.

The culum of Sanct Bryds kow;
The gruntill of Sanct Antonis sow,
Quhilk buir his haly bell.
Quhaever he be heiris this bell clinck,—
Gif me ane ducat for till drink,—
He sall never gang to hell,
Without he be of Baliell borne.
Maisters, trow ȝe that this be scorne?
Cum, win this pardoun: cum.
Quha luifis thair wyfis nocht with thair hart,
I haue power them for till part.
Me think ȝow deif and dum.
Hes naine of ȝow curst wickit wyfis,
That halds ȝow into sturt and stryfis?
Cum, tak my dispensatioun.
Of that cummer I sall mak ȝow quyte,
Howbeit ȝour selfis be in the wyte,
And mak ane fals narratioun.
Cum, win the pardoun,—now let se,—
For meill, for malt, or for monie,
For cok, hen, guse, or gryse.
Of relicts heir I haue ane hunder.
Quhy cum ȝe nocht? This is ane wonder.
I trow ȝe be nocht wyse.

See S. Bride's cow's tail, and S. Antony's sow's snout.
He who hears this bell—I wager a ducat,—will never go to hell, unless born of Belial.
Have a pardon.
I can part ill-assorted couples.
If any of you has a troublesome wife, I can relieve him of her, though he may be in the wrong and may lie.
I take anything in payment.
My relics
you are fools to despise.

SOWTAR.

Welcum hame, Robert Rome-raker,
Our halie, patent pardoner!
Gif ȝe haue dispensatioun
To pairt me and my wickit wyfe,
And me deliver from sturt and stryfe,
I mak ȝow supplicatioun.

Welcome home, pardoner!
If you can separate me and my wicked wife, I pray you to help me.

PARDONER.

I sall ȝow pairt but mair demand,
Sa I get mony in my hand.
Thairfoir, let se sum cunȝe.

I will do it for money.
Show your coin.

SOWTAR.

I have only five shillings; but they shall be yours.

I haue na silver,—be my lyfe!—
Bot fyue schillings, and my schaipping knyfe.
That sall ȝe haue, but sunȝe.

PARDONER.

What is your wife like?

Quhat kynd of woman is thy wyfe?

SOWTAR.

Quarrelsome, filthy, violent, altogether disagreeable.

Ane quick Devill, Sir; ane storme of stryfe;
Ane Frog that fyles the winde;
Ane fistand flag; a flagartie fuffe:
At ilk ane pant scho lets ane puffe,
And hes na ho behind.

She vexes me all day, and scolds my sleep away.

All the lang day scho me dispyts;
And all the nicht scho flings and flyts,
Thus sleip I never ane wink.

The Devil himself could not abide the horror.

That Cockatrice, that commoun huir,
The mekill Devill may nocht induir
Hir stuburnnes and stink.

SOWTARS WIFE.

I hear you, thief; and you shall smart, when I lay hold of you.

Theif! carle! thy words I hard rycht weill.
In faith, my freindschip ȝe sall feill,
And I the fang.

SOWTAR.

If I did not praise you, may I swing for it!

Gif I said ocht, Dame,—be the Rude!—
Except ȝe war baith fair and gude,
God! nor I hang!

PARDONER.

Dame, I can part you and him. Do you consent?

Fair dame, gif ȝe wald be ane wower,
To part ȝow twa I haue ane power.
Tell on. Ar ȝe content?

SOWTARS WYFE.

3e, that I am, with all my hart, — Most heartily,
Fra that fals huirsone till depart, — if this thief
Gif this theif will consent. — will.
Causses to part I haue anew ; — I have a
Becaus I gat na chamber-glew. — wife's good
I tell 3ow, verely, — reasons ;
I meruell nocht sa mot I lyfe ; — for this drone
Howbeit that swingeour can not swyfe, — is no husband
He is baith cauld and dry. — to poor me.

PARDONER.

Quhat wil 3e gif me, for 3our part? — What will you give?

SOWTARS WYFE.

Ane cuppill of sarks, with all my hart, — Two shifts, of the
The best claith in the land. — best of stuff.

PARDONER.

To part sen 3e ar baith content, — I will separate
I sall 3ow part incontinent : — you, if you do
Bot 3e mon do command. — my bidding.
My will and finall sentence is, — My sentence
Ilk ane of 3ow vthers arsse kis. — is, that you
Slip doun 3our hois. Me thinkis the carle is glaikit. — kiss each other. Dame, do you
Set thou not by, howbeit scho kisse and slaik it. — kiss first.

(*Heir sall scho kis his arsse with silence.*)

Lift vp hir clais : kis hir hoill with 3our hart. — And now kiss her.

SOWTAR.

I pray 3ow, sir, forbid hir for to fart. — But make terms with her.

(*Heir sall the Carle kis hir arsse with silence.*)

PARDONER.

Dame, pas 3e to the east end of the toun ; — Now one will go east, and the
And pas 3e west, evin lyke ane cuckald loun. — other will go west.

Away, both! How glad they are!

Go hence, ȝe baith, with Baliels braid blissing
Schirs, saw ȝe ever mair sorrowles pairting?

(*Heir sall the boy cry aff the hill.*)

WILKIN.

Where are you?

Hoaw! maister, hoaw! quhair ar ȝe now?

PARDONER.

Here, rascal.

I am heir, Wilkin, widdiefow.

WILKIN.

I have obeyed you, and have found a horse-bean on Dame Flesher's dung-hill.

Sir, I haue done ȝour bidding;
For I haue fund ane great hors-bane—
Ane fairer saw ȝe never nane,—
Vpon Dame Fleschers midding.

You may persuade the women it is good against fever.

Sir, ȝe may gar the wyfis trow
It is ane bane of Sanct Bryds cow,
Gude for the feuer quartane.

Be wary, now, and you will have them at your will, far and near.

Sir, will ȝe reull this relict weill,
All the wyfis will baith kis and kneill,
Betuixt this and Dumbartane.

PARDONER.

What is said of me?

Quhat say thay of me in the toun?

WILKIN.

Your reputation is very good with a few, but exceedingly bad with the majority.

Sum sayis ȝe ar ane verie loun;
Sum sayis Legatus natus;
Sum sayis ȝ'ar ane fals Saracene;
And sum sayis ȝe ar, for certaine,
Diabolus incarnatus.

Keep out of the power of King Correction, however; or, being what you are, you will assuredly be hanged.

Bot keip ȝow fra subiectioun
Of the curst King Correctioun;
For, be ȝe with him fangit,
Becaus ȝe ar ane Rome-raker,
Ane commoun, publick cawsay-paker,
But doubt ȝe will be hangit.

PARDONER.

Quhair sall I ludge into the toun ? — Where shall I lodge ?

WILKIN.

With gude, kynde Christiane Anderson, — Christiane Anderson will treat
Quhair ȝe will be weill treatit. — you well,
Gif ony limmer ȝow demands, — and will defend
Scho will defend ȝow with hir hands, — you as a
And womanlie debait it. — woman can.
Bawburdie says, be the Trinitie ! — Bawburdie says
That scho sall beir ȝow cumpanie, — she will bear you company, though
Howbeit ȝe byde ane ȝeir. — you stay a year.

PARDONER.

Thou hes done weill, be Gods mother ! — Well done !
Tak ȝe the taine, and I the t'other ; — Each taking one, we shall
Sa sall we mak greit cheir. — fare bravely.

WILKIN.

I reid ȝow, speid ȝow heir, — Don't delay
And mak na langer tarie. — any longer ;
Byde ȝe lang thair, but weir — or it will not
I dreid ȝour weird ȝow warie. — be good for you.

(*Heir sall Pauper rise and rax him.*)

PAVPER.

Quhat thing was ȝon that I hard crak & cry ? — I have been dreaming of
I haue bene dreamand and dreueland of my ky. — my cow.
With my richt hand my haill bodie I saine : — Send her to
Sanct Bryd, Sanct Bryd, send me my ky againe ! — me, S. Bride !
I se standand ȝonder ane halie man : — Can yonder holy
To mak me help let me se gif he can. — man help me ?
Halie maister, God speid ȝow ! and gude morne ! — Good morrow ! sir.

PARDONER.

Welcum to me, thocht thou war at the horne. — Welcome !
Cum, win the pardoun ; and syne I sall the saine. — Have a pardon.

PAVPER.

Will it restore my cow?

Wil that pardoun get me my ky againe?

PARDONER.

I ask if you will have a pardon.

Carle, of thy ky I haue nathing ado.
Cum, win my pardon; and kis my relicts, to.

(*Heir sall he saine him with his relictis.*)

Untie your purse, and have a pardon.

Now lows thy pursse, & lay doun thy offrand,
And thou sall haue my pardon, euin fra hand.

I can bless away all your ailments.

With raipis and relicts I sall the saine againe;
Of Gut or grauell thou sall neuer haue paine.

Have a pardon.

Now win the pardon, limmer; or thou art lost.

PAVPER.

What will it cost?

My haly father, quhat wil that pardon cost?

PARDONER.

What money have you?

Let se quhat mony thou bearest in thy bag.

PAVPER.

A groat.

I haue ane grot heir, bund into ane rag.

PARDONER.

No more silver?

Hes thou na vther siluer bot ane groat?

PAVPER.

Search me.

Gif I haue mair, sir, cum and rype my coat.

PARDONER.

Give me that, then.

Gif me that grot, man, gif thou hest na mair.

PAVPER.

I will. And now for the pardon.

With all my heart, maister. Lo! tak it thair.
Now let me se 3our pardon, with 3our leif.

PARDONER.

I pardon you for a thousand years.

Ane thousand 3eir of pardons I the geif.

PAVPER.

Ane thousand ȝeir? I will not liue sa lang. I shan't live so long. Give me the pardon.
Delyuer me it, maister, and let me gang.

PARDONER.

Ane thousand ȝeir I lay vpon thy head, For a
With totiens quotiens. Now mak me na mair thousand
plead. years. And
Thou hast resaifit thy pardon now already. now enough!

PAVPER.

Bot I can se na thing, sir, be our Lady! I see nothing;
Forsuith, maister, I trow I be not wyse, money gone,
To pay ere I haue sene my marchandryse. and no wares,
That ȝe haue gottin my groat full sair I rew. to my grief!
Sir, quhidder is ȝour pardon black, or blew? Show me what
Maister, sen ȝe haue taine fra me my cunȝie, you give me
My marchandryse schaw me, withouttin sunȝie; for my coin;
Or to the Bischop I sall pas, and pleinȝie or I will com-
In Sanct-Androis, & summond ȝow to the Seinȝie. plain of you.

PARDONER.

Quhat craifis the carle? Me thinks thou art not The fellow must
wise. be silly.

PAVPER.

I craif my groat, or ellis my marchandrise. My groat, or something for it.

PARDONER.

I gaif the pardon for ane thowsand ȝeir. I pardoned you for a thousand years.

PAVPER.

How sall I get that pardon, let me heir. How shall I get the pardon?

PARDONER.

Stand still, and I sall tell the haill storie. When you die,
Quhen thow art deid, and gais to Purgatorie, and go to Purgatory,

to be tormented a thousand years, the pardon will relieve you.

Being condempit to paine a thowsand 3eir,
Then sall thy pardoun the releif, but weir.
Now be content. 3e ar ane mervelous man.

PAVPER.

Shall I get nothing the while?

Sall I get nathing for my grot quhill than?

PARDONER.

No, to be plain.

That sall thou not, I mak it to 3ow plaine.

PAVPER.

Then give me back my groat; for you don't bargain fairly.

Na? Than, gossop, gif me my grot againe.
Quhat say 3e, maisters? Call 3e this gude resoun,
That he sould promeis me ane gay pardoun,
And he resaue my money in his stead,
Syne mak me na payment till I be dead?

When I die, I must go to Purgatory.

Quhen I am deid, I wait full sikkerlie,
My sillie saull will pas to Purgatorie.
Declair me this:—Now God nor Baliell bind the!—

But tell me where I shall find you.

Quhen I am thair, curst carle, quhair sall I find the?

In hell, where you can't help yourself.

Not into heavin, bot, rather, into hell.

Before you helped me, I should get scorched.

Quhen *th*ou are thair, thou can not help thy sel.
Quhen will thou cum my dolours till abait,
Or I the find, my hippis will get ane hait.

Do you think I will buy blind lambs? Give me back my groat.

Trowis thou, butchour, that I will by blind lambis?
Gif me my grot. The devill dryte in thy gambis!

PARDONER.

He must be mad.

Suyith! stand abak! I trow this man be mangit.

You don't get your groat agair..

Thou gets not this, carle, thocht *th*ou suld be hangit.

PAVPER.

Gif me my grot, weill bund into ane clout;
Or, be Gods breid! Robin sall beir ane rout.

Give me my groat; or you shall be thrashed.

(*Heir sal thay fecht with silence; and Pauper sal cast doun the buird, and cast the relicts in the water.*)

DILIGENCE.

Quhat kind of daffing is this al day?
Suyith! smaiks, out of the feild! away!
Into ane presoun put them sone;
Syne hang them, quhen the play is done.

What fooling is this? Away!
Shut them up; and hang them, when the play is over.

(*Heir sall Diligence mak his proclamatioun.*)

Famous peopill, tak tent, and ȝe sall se
The thrie estaits of this natioun
Cum to the Court, with ane strange gravitie.
Thairfoir, I mak ȝow supplicatioun,
Till ȝe haue heard our haill narratioun,
To keip silence and be patient, I pray ȝow.
Howbeit we speik be adulatioun,
Wee sall say nathing bot the suith, I say ȝow.
Gude, verteous men, that luifis the veritie,
I wait thay will excuse our negligence.
Bot vicious men, denude of charitie,
As feinȝeit, fals, flattrand Saracens,
Howbeit thay cry on vs ane loud vengence,
And of our pastyme mak ane fals report,
Quhat may wee do bot tak in patience,
And vs refer vnto the faithfull sort?
Our Lord Jesus, Peter, nor Paull
Culd nocht compleis the peopill all;
Bot sum war miscontent.
Howbeit thay schew the veritie,
Sum said that it war heresie,
Be thair maist fals iudgement.

The three Estates are coming to Court, with strange gravity.
Be silent, then, I pray you, till I have told all.
I shall speak the truth only.
The virtuous will make allowance.
As to the vicious, uncharitable, they will cry vengeance on us: but we must have patience, and refer ourselves to the faithful.
Even Christ and the Saints could not please all.
Though they showed the truth, some denounced it.

(*Heir sall the thrie estaits cum fra the palzeoun, gangand backwart, led be thair vyces.*)

WANTONNES.

What is that I see? Look, Solace!

Now, braid benedicite!
Quhat thing is ȝon that I se?
Luke, Solace, my hart!

SOLACE.

What think you?

Brother Wantonnes, quhat thinks thow?

The three Estates, marching backwards.

ȝon ar the thrie estaits, I trow,
Gangand backwart.

WANTONNES.

Backwards?

Backwart, backwart? Out! Wallaway!

It is a shame they should march so.

It is greit schame for them, I say,
Backwart to gang.

Correction must soon effect a reform.

I trow the King Correctioun
Man mak ane reformatioun,
Or it be lang.

Let us tell the King.

Now let vs go and tell the King.

(*Pausa.*)

Sire, we have seen a strange thing,—

Sir, wee haue sene ane mervelous thing,
Be our iudgement:

the three Estates proceeding to Parliament backwards.

The thrie estaits of this Regioun
Ar cummand backwart, throw this toun,
To the Parlament.

REX HVMANITAS.

Indeed?

Backwart, backwart? How may that be?

Send them to me, lest they go wrong.

Gar speid them haistelie to me,
In dreid that thay ga wrang.

PLACEBO.

They will get here as fast as their speed will let them.

Sir, I se them ȝonder cummand.
Thay will be heir evin fra hand,
Als fast as thay may gang.

GVDE-COUNSELL.

Sir, hald 3ou stil, & skar them nocht,
Till 3e persaue quhat be thair thocht,
And se quhat men them leids;
And let the King Correctioun
Mak ane scharp inquisitioun,
And mark them be the heids.
Quhen 3e ken the occasioun
That maks them sic persuasioun,
3e may expell the caus;
Syne, them reforme, as 3e think best,
Sua that the Realme may liue in rest,
According to Gods lawis.

Don't alarm them, till we learn their intent and their leaders; and let King Correction observe them narrowly. First, we must find out the cause of this procedure; and then they may be reformed, and the realm may live in peace.

(*Heir sall the thrie estaits cum, and turne thair faces to the King.*)

SPIRITVALITIE.

Gloir, honour, laud, triumph, and victorie
Be to 3our michtie prudent excellence!
Heir ar we cum, all the estaits thrie,
Readie to mak our dew obedience,
At 3our command, with humbill observance,
As may pertene to Spiritualitie,
With counsell of the Temporalitie.

All hail to your Excellency! We come to make our obedience, at your command, with advice of the Temporalty.

TEMPORALITIE.

Sir, we, with michtie curage, at command
Of 3our superexcellent Maiestie,
Sall mak seruice baith with our hart and hand,
And sall not dreid in thy defence to die.
Wee ar content, but doubt, that wee may se
That nobill, heavinlie King Correctioun,
Sa he with mercie mak punitioun.

Sire, at your command, we will make service, even with our lives. King Correction is welcome, so he punish with mercy.

MERCHAND.

Sir, we ar heir, 3our Burgessis and Merchands.
Thanks be to God that we may se 3our face,

We, burgesses and merchants, welcome you,

hoping for your support, and for quiet.

Traistand wee may, now, into divers lands
Convoy our geir, with support of 3our grace;
For now, I traist, wee sall get rest and peace.

Misdoers removed, merchants may live.

Quhen misdoars ar with 3our sword overthrawin,
Then may leil merchands liue vpon thair awin.

REX HVMANITAS.

We welcome our Estates.

Welcum to me, my prudent Lords, all!
3e ar my members, suppois I be 3our head.

We will take steps against offenders; and, with all equity, we will use the sword in punishment.

Sit doun, that we may, with 3our iust counsall,
Aganis misdoars find soveraine remeid.
Wee sall nocht spair, for fauour nor for feid,
With 3our avice, to mak punitioun,
And put my sword to executioun.

CORRECTIOVN.

My friends, I would ask one thing. I wish to know the real cause of your marching backwards.

My tender freinds, I pray 3ow, with my hart,
Declair to me the thing that I wald speir.
Quhat is the caus that 3e gang, all, backwart?
The veritie thairof faine wald I heir.

SPIRITVALITIE.

We have gone so for many a year; and, whatever you think, we find it most agreeable.

Soveraine, we haue gaine sa this mony a 3eir.
Howbeit 3e think we go vndecently,
Wee think wee gang richt wonder pleasantly.

DILIGENCE.

Sit down, my Lords, and let the King consider.

Sit doun, my Lords, into 3our proper places;
Syne, let the King consider all sic caces.

The rest, too, may be seated; and the Court will be opened.

Sit doun, sir scribe, and sit doun, dampster, to;
And fence the Court, as 3e war wont to do.

(*Thay ar set doun; & Gud-Counsell sal pas to his seat.*)

REX HVMANITAS.

My Lords, we specially wish

My prudent Lords of the thrie estaits,
It is our will, abuife all vther thing,

For to reforme all them that maks debaits — to take order for
Contrair the richt, quhilk daylie dois maling, — the better ruling
And thay that dois the Common-weil doun thring. — of the commonwealth.
With help and counsell of King Correctioun, — King Correction
It is our will for to mak punisching, — aiding us, we will do away
And plaine oppressours put to subiectioun. — with oppression.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Quhat thing is this, sir, that ȝe haue devysit? — You must
Schirs, ȝe haue neid for till be weill advysit. — be cautious.
Be nocht haistie into ȝour execution; — Avoid haste
And be nocht ouir extreime in ȝour punitioun: — and severity.
And, gif ȝe please to do, sir, as wee say, — We counsel
Postpone this Parlament till ane vther day. — adjournment;
For quhy the peopill of this Regioun — for the people cannot endure extreme correction.
May nocht indure extreme correctioun.

CORRECTIOVN.

Is this the part, my Lords, that ȝe will tak — Do you thus further our reform?
To mak vs supportatioun to correct?
It dois appeir that ȝe ar culpabill, — You must, indeed,
That ar nocht to Correctioun applyabill. — be in fault.
Suyith! Diligence. Ga schaw it is our will — Diligence, let all complain that would.
That everilk man opprest geif in his Bill.

DILIGENCE.

All maneir of men I wairne, that be opprest, — All shall have justice, if they apply for it;
Cum and complaine, and thay salbe redrest;
For quhy it is the nobill Princes will, — and such is the
That ilk compleiner sall gif in his Bill. — will of the Prince.

IOHNE THE COMMON-WEILL.

Out of my gait! For Gods saik, let me ga! — Stand aside!
Tell me againe, gude maister, quhat ȝe say. — Repeat that.

DILIGENCE.

All that suffer wrong shall get their due.

I warne al that be wrangouslie offendit,
Cum and complaine, and thay sall be amendit.

IOHNE.

I am rejoiced to hear this.

Thankit be Christ, *th*at buir the croun of thorne!
For I was never sa blyth sen I was borne.

DILIGENCE.

Your name?

Quhat is thy name, fallow? That wald I feil.

IOHNE.

John the Commonwealth. And where is this new-come king?

Forsuith, thay call me Iohne the co*m*mon-weil.
Gude maister, I wald speir at 3ou ane thing:
Quhair traist 3e I sall find 3on new-cumde King?

DILIGENCE.

I will present you.

Cum over, and I sall schaw the to his grace.

IOHNE.

God bless his face! Let me see if I can run.

Gods bennesone licht on that luckie face!
Stand by the gait: let se gif I can loup.
I man rin fast, in cace I get ane coup.
(*Heir sall Iohne loup the stank, or els fall in it.*)

DILIGENCE.

You are too slow.

Speid the away. Thou taryis all to lang.

IOHNE.

I can go no faster.

Now be this day I may na faster gang.

IOHNE TO THE KING.

God save both Your Graces! Bless their fine faces!

Gude day, gud day! Grit God saif baith 3our graces!
Wallie, wallie fall thay twa weill-fairde faces!

REX HVMANITAS.

Your name, good man?

Shaw me thy name, gude man, I the command.

IOHNE.

Marie! Iohne, the common-weil of fair Scotland. — John the Commonwealth.

REX HVMANITAS.

The commoun-weill hes bene amang his fais. — The Commonwealth was among his enemies.

IOHNE.

3e, sir. That gars the commoun-weil want clais. — So he had no clothes.

REX HVMANITAS.

Quhat is the caus the common-weil is crukit? — Why is the Commonwealth lame?

IOHNE.

Becaus the common-weill hes bene overlukit. — From being neglected.

REX HVMANITAS.

Quhat gars the luke sa with ane dreirie hart? — Why look you so sad?

IOHNE.

Becaus the thrie estaits gangs, all, backwart. — Because the three Estates go backwards.

REX HVMANITAS.

Sir common-weill, knaw 3e the limmers that them leids? — Do you know the rogues that lead them?

IOHNE.

Thair canker cullours, I ken them be the heads. — I know them,—
As for our reverent fathers of Spiritualitie, — the leaders of the
Thay ar led be Couetice and cairles Sensualitie; — Spirituality,
And, as 3e se, Temporalitie hes neid of correctioun, — and also the
Quhilk hes, lang tyme, bene led be publick oppressioun. — leader of the Temporalty.
Loe, quhair the loun lyis lurkand at his back! — For him a
Get vp! I think to se thy craig gar ane raip crack. — rope were fit.
Loe! heir is Falset and Dissait, weill I ken, — And I know
Leiders of the merchants and sillie crafts-men. — others' leaders.
Quhat mervell thocht the thrie estaits backwart gang, — What wonder, if the three Estates march

backwards, and that I, for my part, want warm clothes!

Quhen sic an vyle cumpanie dwels them amang,
Quhilk hes reulit this rout monie deir dayis,
Quhilk gars Iohn the common-weil want his warme clais!

Reform them; or else I must beg.

Sir, call them befoir 3ow, and put them in ordour;
Or els Iohn the common-weil man beg on the bordour.

As to Flattery,—who defrauded us,—and Falsehood and Deceit, I curse them.

Thou fein3eit Flattrie, the feind fart in thy face!
Quhen 3e was guyder of the Court, we gat litill grace.
Ryse vp, Falset and Dissait, without ony sun3e.
I pray God, nor the devils dame dryte on thy grun3e!

Much harm has been wrought.

Behauld as the loun lukis evin lyke a thief.
Monie wicht warkman thou brocht to mischief.

Lord Correction, I pray you to excommunicate all three.

My soveraine, Lord Correctioun, I mak 3ow supplication,
Put thir tryit truikers from Christis congregation.

CORRECTIOUN.

Be it so.

As 3e haue devysit, but doubt it salbe done.

Serjeants, imprison these thieves. Hanging would be none too much for them.

Cum heir, my Sergeants, and do 3our debt sone.
Put thir thrie pellours into pressoun strang.
Howbeit 3e sould hang them, 3e do them na wrang.

FIRST SERGEANT.

We obey.

Soverane Lords, wee sall obey 3our commands.

Help, brother! Get up, you vile-looking miscreant!

Brother, vpon thir limmers lay on thy hands.
Ryse vp sone, loun! Thou luiks evin lyke ane lurden.
3our mouth war meit to drink an wesche iurden.

SECVND SERGEANT.

You shall repent your past life.

Cum heir, gossop; cum heir, cum heir.
3our rackles lyfe 3e sall repent.

Quhen was ȝe wont to be sa sweir? Lazy now?
Stand still, and be obedient. Obey me.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Thair is nocht, in all this toun,— Confidentially,
Bot I wald nocht this taill war tald,— I would hang
Bot I wald hang him for his goun, any one here, high or low,
Quhidder that it war Laird or laid. for his gown.
I trow this pellour be spur-gaid. Mind what I say,
Put in thy hand into this cord. you spur-galled,
Howbeit I se thy skap skyre skaid,
Thou art ane stewat, I stand foird. scabby stinkard.

(*Heir sall the vycis be led to the stocks.*)

SECVND SERGEANT.

Put in ȝour leggis into the stocks; The stocks
For ȝe had never ane meiter hois. fit you well.
Thir stewats stinks as thay war Broks. What nosegays.
Now ar ȝe sikker, I suppois. Now you are safe.

(*Pausa.*)

My Lords, wee haue done ȝour commands. Shall we shut up
Sall wee put Covetice in captivitie? Covetousness?

CORRECTIOVN.

ȝe: hardlie lay on them ȝour hands; Just so; and
Rycht sa, vpon Sensualitie. Sensuality.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Thir is my Grainter and my Chalmerlaine, These are my
And hes my gould and geir vnder thair cuiris. general wardens.
I mak ane vow to God, I sall complaine I will complain
Vnto the Paip how ȝe do me iniuris. to the Pope.

COVETICE.

My reverent fathers, tak in patience. Fathers, I will
I sall nocht lang remaine from ȝour presence. soon return.

Meanwhile my spirit remains with you;

Thocht for ane quhyll I man from 30w depairt,
I wait my spreit sall remaine in 30ur hart;

and, Correction gone, we shall both come back.

And, quhen this King Correctioun beis absent,
Then sall we twa returne incontinent.

Adieu!

Thairfoir, adew!

SPIRITVALITIE.

Adieu! We assort naturally.

Adew! be Sanct Mavene!
Pas quhair 3e will, we ar twa naturall men.

SENSVALITIE.

Adieu!

Adew! my Lord.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Adieu! Alas that we must part!

Adew! my awin sweit hart.
Now duill fell me, that wee twa man depart.

SENSVALITIE.

I trust we shall soon come together again.

My Lord, howbeit this parting dois me paine,
I traist in God we sal meit sone agane.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Hasten back. You are indispensable.

To cum againe, I pray 30w, do 30ur cure.
Want I 30w twa, I may nocht lang indure.

(*Heir sal the Sergeants chase them away; and they sal gang to the seat of Sensualitie.*)

TEMPORALITIE.

The Estates should strive for Commonwealth.

My Lords, 3e knaw the thrie estaits
For Common-weill suld mak debaits.

So let us concert to this end, conforming to the common law,

Let, now, amang vs, be devysit
Sic actis that with gude men be praysit,
Conforming to the common law;
For of na man we sould stand aw.

and using the aid of Good Counsel versed in the canon law and the civil.

And, for till saif vs fra murmell,
Schone, Diligence, fetch vs Gude-counsell;
For quhy he is ane man that knawis
Baith the Cannon and Civill lawis.

DILIGENCE.

Father, ȝe man, incontinent,
Passe to the Lords of Parliament;
For quhy thay ar determinat, all,
To do na thing by ȝour counsall.

You must at once pass to the Lords of Parliament, who will do nothing without you.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

That sal I do within schort space;
Praying the Lord to send vs grace
For till conclude, or wee depart,
That thay may profeit efterwart.
Baith to the Kirk and to the King
I sall desyre na vther thing.

Softly! May we arrange all, before we separate! Heartily I desire this.

(*Pausa.*)

My Lords, God glaid the cumpanie!
Quhat is the caus ȝe send for me?

Why do you send for me?

MERCHAND.

Sit doun, and gif vs ȝour counsell,
How we sall slaik the greit murmell
Of pure peopill, that is weill knawin,
And as the Common-weill hes schawin.
And, als, wee knaw it is the Kings will,
That gude remeid be put thairtill.
Sir Common-weill, keip ȝe the bar:
Let nane except ȝour self cum nar.

Sit down, and tell us how the murmurs of the poor are to be stilled. The King is concerned about this. Commonwealth, keep out intruders.

IOHNE.

That sall I do as I best can:
I sall hauld out baith wyfe and man.
ȝe man let this puir creature
Support me for till keip the dure.
I knaw his name full sickerly:
He will complaine, als weill as I.

As well as I am able. But this poor creature must help. I know him; and he has complaints to make.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

While busied with reform,—
My worthy Lords, sen 3e haue taine on hand
Sum reformatioun to mak into this land,—
seconded by the King,—
And als 3e knaw it is the Kings mynd,
Quha till the Common-weil hes, ay, bene kynd,—
you must not only punish robbery.
Thocht reif and thift wer stanchit weill aneuch,
3it sumthing mair belangis to the pleuch.
In peace you should provide against war,
Now, into peace, 3e sould provyde for weirs,
And be sure of how mony thowsand speirs
The King may be, quhen he hes ocht ado;
and not as before, but regular men-at-arms.
For quhy, my Lords, this is my ressoun, to:
The husband-men and commons thay war wont
Go, in the battell, formest in the front.
You must be more alert.
Bot I haue tint all my experience,
Without 3e mak sum better diligence.
The Common-wealth must be more honoured.
The Common-weill mon vther wayis be styllit;
Or, be my faith! the King wilbe begyllit.
The Commons daily grow poorer.
Thir pure commouns, daylie, as 3e may se,
Declynis doun till extreme povertie;
Their rents keep them starved.
For sum ar hichtit sa into thair maill,
Thair winning will nocht find them water-kaill.
Tithes to the Prelates grieve the husbandmen.
How Prelats heichts thair teinds, it is well knawin,
That husband-men may not weill hald thair awin.
Gentle folk, too, increase their grievance.
And now begins ane plague amang them, new,
That gentill men thair steadings taks in few:
Thus man thay pay great ferme, or lay thair steid.
They will be ruined, but for God's pity.
And sum ar plainlie harlit out be the heid,
And ar distroyit, without God on them rew.

PAVPER.

This is true.
Sir, be Gods breid! that taill is verie trew.
I had cattle and norses; now, my clothes only.
It is weill kend, I had baith nolt and hors;
Now, all my geir 3e se vpon my cors.

CORRECTIOVN.

I will mend matters, before I go.
Or I depairt, I think to mak ane ordour.

IOHNE.

I pray 3ow, sir, begin, first, at the bordour,
For how can we fend vs aganis Ingland,
Quhen we can nocht, within our natiue Land,
Destroy our awin Scots common trator theifis,
Quha to leill laborers daylie dois mischeifis?
War I ane King, my Lord, be Gods wounds!
Quhaever held common theifis within thair bounds,—
Quhairthrow that, dayly, leil men micht be wrangit,—
Without remeid thair chiftanis suld be hangit.
Quhidder he war ane knicht, ane Lord, or Laird,
The Devill draw me to hell, and he war spaird.

Begin at the border; for how can we defend ourselves against England, if we cannot root out our own thieves? Were I a king, all chieftains that harboured common thieves should be hanged. I would not spare the noblest.

TEMPORALITIE.

Quhat vther enemies hes thou, let vs ken.

What other enemies have you?

IOHNE.

Sir, I compleine vpon the idill men;
For quhy, sir, it is Gods awin bidding,
All Christian men to wirk for thair living.
Sanct Paull, that pillar of the Kirk,
Sayis to the wretchis that will not wirk,
And bene to vertews laith,
Qui non laborat non manducet,
This is, in Inglische toung or leit:
Quha labouris nocht he sall not eit.
This bene against the strang beggers,
Fidlers, pypers, and pardoners.
Thir Iugglars, Iestars, and idill cuitchours,
Thir carriers, and thir quintacensours,
Thir babil-beirers, and thir bairds,
Thir sweir swyngeours with Lords and Lairds,
Ma then thair rents may susteine,
Or to thair profeit neidfull bene,

The idle; for all Christians should earn their living. S. Paul says, with reference to such as will not work, and are averse from virtue: 'No labour, no meat.' This, of beggars and the like. Jugglers, jesters, idle gamblers, and people of this sort are a useless expense, and of no sort of profit,

contentious, make-baits, retained for violence.

Quhilk bene, ay, blythest of discords,
And deidly feid amang thar Lords:
For then they sleutchers man be treatit,
Or els thair querrels vndebaitit.

This is against all that wear cowls, who work not, but are well fed, though every way idle, like dogs, or swine.

This bene against thir great fat Freiris,
Augustenes, Carmleits, and Cordeleirs,
And all vthers that in cowls bene cled,
Quhilk labours nocht, and bene weill fed:
I mein, nocht laborand Spirituallie,
Nor, for thair living, corporallie.
Lyand in dennis, lyke idill doggis,
I them compair to weil fed hoggis.

They should act up to their profession.

I think they do them selfis abuse,
Seing that thay the warld refuse;
Haifing profest sic povertie,
Syne, fleis fast fra necessitie.

What if they imitated Diogenes? Disgusted with the world, he shut himself up in a tub, and lived on herbs and water.

Quhat gif thay povertie wald professe,
And do as did Diogenes,
That great famous Philosophour?
Seing, in earth, bot vaine labour,
Alutterlie the warld refusit,
And in ane tumbe him self inclusit,
And leifit on herbs and water cauld;

He did not beg about, but freed the world of himself.

Of corporall fude na mair he wald.
He trottit nocht from toun to toun,
Beggand to feid his carioun:
Fra tyme that lyfe he did profes,
The wald of him was cummerles.

I might instance other cases of real poverty, in hundreds, if I chose.

Rycht sa, of Marie Magdalene,
And of Mary th' Egyptiane,
And of auld Paull, the first Hermeit,
All thir had povertie compleit.
Ane hundreth ma I micht declair;

In short, slothful idleness is injurious to the State.

Bot to my purpois I will fair;
Concluding sleuthfull idilnes
Against the Common-weill expresse.

CORRECTIOVN.

Quhom vpon ma will ȝe compleine ? — Do you complain of any one else ?

IOHNE.

Marie ! on ma, and ma againe. — Of many.
For the pure peopill cryis, with cairis, — The Eyres
The infetching of Iustice airis, — satisfy covet-
Exercit mair for couetice — ousness rather
Then for the punisching of vyce. — than justice.
Ane peggrell theif that steillis ane kow — A petty thief
Is hangit ; bot he that steillis ane bow, — is hanged ;
With als meikill geir as he may turs, — a wholesale
That theif is hangit be the purs. — robber, fined.
Sic pykand peggrall theifis ar hangit ; — A heinous
Bot he that all the warld hes wrangit,— — transgressor, if
Ane cruell tyrane, ane strang transgressour, — of substance,
Ane common, publick, plaine oppressour,— — will give bribes,
By buds may he obteine fauours — buy favours,
Of Tresurers and compositours : — and, though he
Thocht he serue greit punitioun, — deserves severe punishment, will
Gets easie compositioun. — get off easily.
And, throch laws consistoriall, — It is no wonder,
Prolixt, corrupt, and perpetuall, — owing to the consistorial laws,
The common peopill ar put sa vnder, — that the common
Thocht thay be puir it is na wonder. — people are poor

CORRECTIOVN.

Gude Iohne, I grant all that is trew : — It is even so ;
ȝour infortoun full sair I rew. — and I pity you.
Or I pairt aff this Natioun, — But I will reform
I sall mak reformatioun. — all, before I go.
And, als, my Lord Temporalitie, — Lord Tempor-
I ȝow command, in tyme that ȝe — ality, put down oppression
Expell oppressioun aff ȝour lands. — betimes.
And, als, I say to ȝow, merchands, — Merchants,

if ever I find you keeping company with Deceit, I will use my sword, and do strict justice on you.

Gif ever I find, be land or sie,
Dissait be in 3our cumpanie,
Quhilk ar to Common-weill contrair,
I vow to God I sall not spair
To put my sword to executioun,
And mak on 3ow extreme punitioun.

Lord Spiritualty, you are to let your lands to real husbandmen, and not to gentlemen, that neither will work nor can.

Mairover, my Lord Spiritualitie,
In gudlie haist I will that 3e
Set into few 3our temporall lands
To men that labours with thair hands,
Bot nocht to ane gearking gentill man,
That nether will he wirk, nor can,—
Quhairthroch the policy may incresse.

TEMPORALITIE.

I am willing to do so, if Spiritualty does likewise.

I am content, sir,—be the messe!—
Swa that the Spiritualitie
Sets thairs in few, als weill as wee.

CORRECTIOVN.

Spiritual Lords, are you willing?

My Spirituall Lords, ar 3e content?

SPIRITVALITIE.

We must consider; for it is not good to resolve hastily in such matters.

Na! na! Wee man tak advysement.
In sic maters for to conclude
Ouir haistelie wee think nocht gude.

CORRECTIOVN.

You shall be punished, if you do not consent.

Conclude 3e nocht with the Common-weil,
3e salbe punischit, be Sanct Geill!

(*Heir sall the Bischops cum, with the Freir.*)

SPIRITVALITIE.

We demur to your title to punish us.

Schir, we can schaw exemptioun
Fra 3our temporall punitioun,
The quhilk wee purpois till debait.

CORRECTIOVN.

Wa! Than ȝe think to stryue for stait! — So you are
My Lords, quhat say ȝe to this play? — ambitious!

TEMPORALITIE.

My soverane Lords, we will obay, — We will do
And tak ȝour part with hart and hand, — whatever
Quhatever ȝe pleis vs to command. — you command.

(*Heir sal the Temporal stait sit doun on thair knies, & say:*)

Bot wee beseik ȝow, Soveraine, — For past crimes
Of all our cryms that ar bygaine — we crave
To gif vs ane remissioun. — forgiveness.
And heir wee mak to ȝow conditioun — The Common-
The Common-weill for till defend — wealth we will
From henceforth till our liues end. — ever defend.

CORRECTIOVN.

On that conditioun I am content — Then I
Till pardon ȝow, sen ȝe repent. — pardon you.
The Common-weill tak be the hand, — Make a league with the Com-
And mak with him perpetuall band. — monwealth.

(*Heir sall the temporal staits, to wit, the Lords and merchands, imbreasse Iohne the Common-weill.*)

Iohne, haue ȝe ony ma debaits — Do you charge anything further against the Spiritual Estate?
Against the Lords of Spirituall staits?

IOHNE.

Na, sir. I dar nocht speik ane word. — I do not dare to complain
To plaint on Preistis, it is na bourd. — of priests.

CORRECTIOVN.

Flyt on thy fow fill, I desyre the, — Blame your fill, so you
Swa that thou schaw bot the veritie. — speak truth.

IOHNE.

Grandmerces! Then I sall nocht spair — Then, there
First to compleine on the Vickair. — is the vicar.

A poor cotter, who has children, dies. Of his two cows the vicar takes one, and the coverlet.

The pure Cottar being lyke to die,
Haifand 3oung infants, twa or thrie,
And hes twa ky, but ony ma;
The Vickar most haif ane of thay,
With the gray frugge that covers the bed,
Howbeit the wyfe be purelie cled.

If the wife dies, he takes the other cow, with a coat.

And, gif the wyfe die on the morne,
Thocht all the bairns sould be forlorne,
The vther kow he cleiks away,
With the pure cot of raploch gray.

Let there be an end of this.

Wald God this custome war put doun,
Quhilk never was foundit be ressoun!

TEMPORALITIE.

Do you tell the truth?

Ar all thay tails trew that thou telles?

PAVPER.

I recount my own experience.

Trew, sir! The Divill stick me, elles!
For—be the halie Trinitie!—
That same was practeisit on me.

Our vicar robbed me of three cows, for my father, wife, and mother.

For our Vickar—God giue him pyne!—
Hes 3it thrie tydie kye of myne;
Ane for my father, and, for my wyfe, ane vther,
And the thrid cow he tuke for Mald, my mother.

IOHNE.

Our parson takes his tithes, and spends them, but does not preach.

Our Persone, heir, he takis na vther pyne
Bot to ressaue his teinds, and spend them, syne;
Howbeit he be obleist, be gude ressoun,
To preich the Evangell to his parochoun.

He does not forego his comforts.

Howbeit thay suld want preiching sevintin 3eir,
Our Persoun will not want ane scheif of beir.

PAVPER.

Our bishops have great wealth, live in palaces, and

Our bishops, with thair lustie rokats quhyte,
Thay flow in riches, royallie, and delyte.
Lyke Paradice bene thair palices and places,

And wants na pleasour of the fairest faces.
Als, thir Prelates hes great prerogatyues ;
For quhy thay may depairt, ay, with thair wyues,
Without ony correctioun or damnage,
Syne, tak ane vther wantoner, but mariage.
But doubt, I wald think it ane pleasant lyfe,
Ay on, quhen I list, to part with my wyfe,
Syne, tak ane vther, of far greiter bewtie.
Bot ever, alace ! my Lords, that may not be ;
For I am bund, alace ! in mariage.
Bot thay, lyke rams, rudlie in thair rage,
Vnpysalt, rinnis amang the sillie 3owis,
Sa lang as kynde of nature in them growis.

have pretty women.
Moreover, they
change their wives, and with impunity,
scorning wedlock.
I should think this very pleasant.
But I am married.
They indulge their lust as long as it lasts.

PERSON.

Thou lies, fals huirsun, raggit loun.
Thair is na Preists, in all this toun,
That ever vsit sic vicious crafts.

Liar, not a priest in town has ever done thus.

IOHNE.

The feind ressaue thay flattrand chafts !
Sir Domine, I trowit 3e had be dum.
Quhair Devil gat we this ill-fairde blaitie bum ?

What a simpleton, to say this !

PERSON.

To speik of Preists, be sure it is na bourds.
Thay will burne men, now, for rakles words ;
And all thay words ar herisie, in deid.

Such heresy is deserving of the stake.

IOHNE.

The mekil feind resaue the saul that leid !
All that I say is trew, thocht thou be greifit ;
And that I offer on thy pallet to preif it.

I say what is true ; and I can prove it.

SPIRITVALITIE.

My lords, quhy do 3e thoil that lurdun loun
Of Kirk-men to speik sic detractioun ?

Why is this varlet allowed to slander the clergy ?

This is past joking.

I let ȝow wit, my Lords, it is na bourds
Of Prelats for till speik sic wantoun words.

(*Heir Spritualitie fames and rages.*)

The villain puts me out of charity.

ȝon villaine puttis me out of Charitie.

TEMPORALITIE.

If he has lied, you have your remedy.

Quhy, my Lord? Sayis he ocht bot verity?
ȝe can nocht stop ane pure man for till pleinȝe.
Gif he hes faltit, summond him to ȝour Seinȝe.

SPIRITVALITIE.

The wretch shall rue his speaking of the cow.

ȝea, that I sall. I mak greit God a vow,
He sall repent that he spak of the kow.
I will not suffer sic words of ȝon villaine.

PAVPER.

Then give my three cows back.

Than gar gif me my thrie fat ky againe.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Don't you fear to speak of me?

Fals carle, to speik to me stands thou not aw?

PAVPER.

An hour after my father was dead, the vicar seized my cow.

The feind resaue them that first devysit that law!
Within an houre efter my dade was deid,
The Vickar had my kow hard be the heid.

PERSON.

That law is good, being of old use.

Fals huirsun carle, I say that law is gude,
Becaus it hes bene lang our consuetude.

PAVPER.

When Pope, I will repeal it.

Quhen I am Paip, that law I sal put doun.
It is ane sair law for the pure commoun.

SPIRITVALITIE.

You shall repent these words.

I mak an vow, thay words thou sal repent.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

I 3ow requyre, my Lords, be patient.
Wee came nocht heir for disputatiouns;
Wee came to make gude reformatiouns.
Heirfoir, of this 3our propositioun
Conclude, and put to executioun.

We came, not to dispute, but to reform. Do you take action, then.

MERCHAND.

My Lords, conclud that al the temporal lands
Be set in few to laboreris with thair hands,
With sic restrictiouns as sall be devysit,
That thay may liue, and nocht to be supprysit,
With ane ressonabill augmentatioun;
And, quhen thay heir ane proclamatioun,
That the Kings grace dois mak him for the weir,
That thay be reddie with harneis, bow, and speir.
As for myself, my Lord, this I conclude.

Let the temporal lands be leased to husbandmen, on terms which they can bear. And let them hold themselves in readiness against being required for war.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Sa say we all. 3our ressoun be sa gude,
To mak ane Act on this we ar content.

You have only to make an Act on this.

IOHNE.

On that, sir Scribe, I tak ane instrument.
Quhat do 3e of the cors-present and kow?

What of the mortuary and cow?

GVDE-COVNSALL.

I wil conclude nathing of that, as now,
Without my Lord of Spiritualitie
Thairto consent, with all this haill cleargie.
My Lord Bischop, will 3e thairto consent?

What say the clergy and the Lord Bishop to this matter?

SPIRITVALITIE.

Na, na! Never till the day of Iudgement
Wee will want nathing that wee haue in vse,—
Kirtil, nor kow, teind lambe, teind gryse, nor guse.

We will never give up anything we have been used to enjoy.

TEMPORALITIE.

The King had better apply to the Pope for a decree against mortuaries, which we object to.

Forsuith, my Lord, I think we suld conclude,
Seing this kow ȝe haue in consuetude,
Wee will decerne, heir, that the Kings grace
Sall wryte vnto the Paipis holines.
With his consent, be proclamatioun
Baith cors-present and cow wee sall cry doun.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Record my dissent, notary.

To that, my Lords, wee plainlie disassent.
Noter, thairof I tak ane instrument.

TEMPORALITIE.

It signifies nothing that you object. We two Estates can carry it against you one.

My lord, be him that al the warld hes wrocht!
Wee set nocht by quhider ȝe consent or nocht.
ȝe ar bot ane estait, and we ar twa;
Et vbi maior pars ibi tota.

IOHNE.

Consider, now, the money that goes to Rome in bribes.

If I were a King, never a penny more should find its way there.

There must be a stop put to this.

My lords, ȝe haif richt prudentlie concludit.
Tak tent, now, how the land is clein denudit
Of gould and silver, quhilk daylie gais to Rome,
For buds, mair then the rest of Christindome.
War I ane King, sir, be coks passioun!
I sould gar mak ane proclamatioun,
That never ane penny sould go to Rome at all,
Na mair then did to Peter nor to Paull.
Do ȝe nocht sa, heir, for conclusioun,
I gif ȝow, all, my braid black malesoun.

MERCHAND.

The complaint is very just. We merchants alone have sent enormous wealth thither.

It is of treuth, sirs, be my christindome!
That mekil of our money gais to Rome;
For we merchants, I wait, within our bounds,
Hes furneist Preists ten hundreth thowsand punds,

For thair finnance : nane knawis sa weill as wee. Let this be
Thairfoir, my Lords, devyse sum remedie ; remedied.
For, throw thir playis, and thir promotioun, So much gold—
Mair for denners nor for devotioun, and not for
Sir Symonie hes maid with them ane band, spiritual purposes,—has gone
The gould of weicht thay leid out of the land ; out of the country, that the
The Common-weil thairthroch being sair opprest. Commonwealth
Thairfoir, devyse remeid, as ȝe think best. suffers sorely in consequence.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

It is schort tyme sen ony benefice People now visit
Was sped in Rome, except greit Bischopries ; Rome, not for
Bot, now, for ane vnworthie Vickarage bishoprics only,
Ane Preist will rin to Rome, in Pilgramage. but even for vicarships.
Ane cavell quhilk was never at the scule A poor illiterate
Will rin to Rome, and keip ane Bischops mule, creature will go
And, syne, cum hame, with mony colorit crack, to Rome, tend a
With ane buirdin of benefices on his back ; Bishop's mule, and return laden
Quhilk bene against the law, ane man alane with benefices, in the teeth
For till posses ma benefices nor ane. of the law.
Thir greit commends, I say, withoutin faill, Such abuses, and
Sould nocht be giuen bot to the blude Royall. that of pluralities,
Sa I conclude, my Lords, and sayis, for me, should be
ȝe sould annull all this pluralitie. abolished.

SPIRITVALITIE.

The Paip hes giuen vs dispensatiouns. The Pope has given us dispensations.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

ȝea, that is, be ȝour fals narratiouns. You deceiving him.
Thocht the Paip, for ȝour pleasour, will dispence, But, even then,
I trow that can nocht cleir ȝour conscience. you cannot clear your consciences.
Advyse, my Lords, quhat ȝe think to conclude. What shall be done ?

TEMPORALITIE.

Sir, be my faith ! I think it verie gude, To my mind,

priests should keep away from Rome; as they impoverish the realm for their own benefit.

That, fra hencefurth, na Preistis sall pas to Rome;
Becaus our substance thay do still consume.
For pleyis, and for thair profeit singulair,
Thay haif of money maid this realme bair.

And I think a priest should have but one benefice, or none.

And, als, I think it best, be my advyse,
That ilk Preist sall haif bot ane benefice;
And, gif thay keip nocht that fundatioun,
It sall be caus of deprivatioun.

MERCHAND.

We concur in this.

As ȝe haif said, my Lord, we wil consent.
Scribe, mak ane act on this, incontinent.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Now, what is the duty of prelates and priests?

My Lords, thair is ane thing ȝit vnproponit,—
How Prelats and Preistis aucht to be disponit:
This beand done, we haue the les ado.

We should decide this point, before we break up.

Quhat say ȝe, sirs? This is my counsall, lo!
That, or wee end this present Parliament,
Of this mater to tak rype advysement.

Benefices are given for good.

Mark weill, my Lords, thair is na benefice
Giuen to ane man, bot for ane gude office.

An office should be duly served.

Quha taks office, and syne thay can nocht vs it,
Giuer and taker, I say, ar baith abusit.

A bishop should preach; and a parson should teach the Gospel.

Ane Bischops office is for to be ane preichour,
And of the law of God ane publick teachour;
Rycht sa, the Persone vnto his parochoun
Of the Evangell sould leir them ane lessoun.

The clergy ought to be qualified.

Thair sould na man desyre sic dignities,
Without he be abill for that office;

Tithes are to reward services.

And, for that caus, I say, without leising,
They haue thair teinds, and for na vther thing.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Where do you learn that we ought to be preachers?

Freind, quhair find ȝe that we suld prechours be?

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Luik quhat Sanct Paul wryts vnto Timothie. Read what S. Paul writes to Timothy.
Tak, thair, the Buik : let se gif ȝe can spell.

SPIRITVALITIE.

I never red that. Thairfoir, reid it, ȝour sel. Read it yourself.

(*Gude-Counsall sall read thir wordis on ane Buik.*)

Fidelis sermo : Si quis Episcopatum desiderat, bonum opus desiderat. Oportet [ergo,] eum irreprehensibilem esse, vnius vxoris virum, sobrium, prudentem, ornatum, pudicum, hospitalem, doctorem, non vinolentum, non percussorem, sed modestum. That is : The duty of a

This is a true saying : If any man desire the office of a Bishop, he desireth a worthie worke. A Bishop, therefore, must be vnreproueable, the husband of one wife, &c. Bishop.

SPIRITVALITIE.

ȝe temporall men, be him that heryit hell ! You laymen have no business with such things.
ȝe ar ovir peart with sik maters to mell.

TEMPORALITIE.

Sit still, my Lord. ȝe neid not for til braull. S. Paul himself says this.
Thir ar the verie words of th' Apostill Paull.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Sum sayis, be him that woare the croun of thorne ! Some say it had been well, if Paul had never been born.
It had bene gude that Paull had neir bene borne.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Bot ȝe may knaw, my Lord, Sanct Pauls intent. Did you never read the New Testament?
Schir, red ȝe never the New testament?

SPIRITVALITIE.

Na, sir. Be him that our Lord Jesus sauld ! Never New or Old; nor do I mean to read them.
I red never the New testament, nor auld ;
Nor ever thinks to do, sir, be the Rude !
I heir freiris say that reiding dois na gude. To read is bad.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Reading would be no wrong to you, it being your duty.

Till 3ow to reid them I think it is na lack ;
For, anis I saw them, baith, bund on 3our back,—
That samin day that 3e was consecrat.

What do you say to this?

Sir, quhat meinis that?

SPIRITVALITIE.

Don't pester me.

The feind stick them that wat!

MERCHAND.

You are unfit for your office.

Then befoir God how can 3e be excusit,
To haif ane office, and waits not how to vs it?

Your tithes were never given you to reward what you now do.

Quhairfoir war gifin 3ow all the temporal lands,
And all thir teinds 3e haif amang 3our hands?
Thay war giuin 3ow for vther causses, I weine,
Nor mummil matins and hald 3our clayis cleine.

How very apostolic!

3e say to the Appostils that 3e succeid ;
Bot 3e schaw nocht that into word nor deid.

For tithes give teachers.

The law is plaine, our teinds suld furnisch teichours.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Or preachers.

3ea, that it sould, or susteine prudent preichours.

PAVPER.

Our parson never preached.

Sir, God! nor I be stickit with ane knyfe,
Gif ever our Persoun preichit, in all his lyfe.

PERSONE.

What does our preaching concern you?

Quhat devil raks the of our preiching, vndocht?

PAVPER.

Should you get tithes gratis?

Think 3e that 3e suld haue the teinds for nocht?

PERSONE.

Do you look for a cure of this?

Trowis thou to get remeid, carle, of that thing?

PAVPER.

3ea, be Gods breid ! richt sone, war I ane King. — There would be a cure, if I were king.

PERSONE.

Wald thou of Prelats mak deprivatioun ? — Would you deprive prelates ?

PAVPER.

Na ; I suld gar them keip thair fundatioun. — Not so.
Quhat devill is this ? Quhom of sould Kings stand aw — Why should kings fear to
To do the thing that thay sould be the law ? — obey the law ?
War I ane King, be coks deir passioun ! — If there be not
I sould richt sone mak reformatioun. — a reformation,
Fail3eand thairof, 3our grace sould richt sone finde — the priests will soon have it all
That Preists sall leid 3ow lyke ane bellie blinde. — their own way.

IOHNE.

Quhat gif King David war leiuand in thir dayis, — If King David, who founded so
The quhilk did found sa mony gay Abayis ! — many abbeys,
Or, out of heavin quhat gif he luikit doun, — were now living, or were he to look down from
And saw the great abominatioun — Heaven and see
Amang thir Abesses and thir Nunries,— — the corruption of
Thair publick huirdomes and thair harlotries ! — the religious houses,
He wald repent he narrowit sa his bounds — he would wish
Of 3eirlie rent thriescoir of thowsand pounds. — he had been more liberal.
His successours maks litill ruisse, I ges, — His successors
Of his devotioun, or of his holines. — little value his virtues.

ABBASSE.

How dar thou, carle, presume for to declair, — What impertinence in you !
Or for to mell the with sa heich a mater ?
For, in Scotland thair did 3it never ring,— — Never had we
I let the wit,—ane mair excellent King. — a better King ;
Of holines he was the verie plant, — and he is, now,
And now, in heavin, he is ane michtfull Sanct ; — a mighty saint.

He founded fifteen abbeys,—greatly enriching the church,—unlike present kings.

Becaus that fyftein Abbasies he did found,
Quhairthrow great riches hes ay done abound
Into our Kirk, and daylie ȝit abunds:
Bot kings, now, I trow, few Abbasies founds.

Perdition reward your presumption, in judging so holy a man!

I dar weill say, thou art condempnit in hell,
That dois presume with sic maters to mell.
Fals, huirsun carle, thou art ovir arrogant,
To iudge the deids of sic ane halie Sanct.

IOHNE.

What said James I. of him? He was too profuse; and his successors suffered from his holiness.

King Iames the first, Roy of this Regioun,
Said that he was ane sair Sanct to the croun.
I heir men say that he was sumthing blind,
That gaue away mair nor he left behind.
His successours that halines did repent,
Quhilk gart them do great inconvenient.

ABBASSE.

This wretch prates heresy, and deserves to be burnt, for speaking against our law and liberty.

My Lord Bishop, I mervel how that ȝe
Suffer this carle for to speik heresie;
For, be my faith! my Lord, will ȝe tak tent,
He servis for to be brunt incontinent.
ȝe can nocht say bot it is heresie,
To speik against our law and libertie.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Let him be charged, and taken to the stake, if he merits death.

Sancte pater, I mak ȝow supplicatioun,
Exame ȝon carle; syne, mak his dilatioun.
I mak ane vow to God omnipotent,
That bystour salbe brunt incontinent.
Venerabill father, I sall do ȝour command:
Gif he seruis deid, I sall sune vnderstand.

(*Pausa.*)

Declare your faith.

Fals, huirsun carle, schaw furth thy faith.

IOHNE.

Me think ȝe speik as ȝe war wraith. — You are angry.
To ȝow I will nathing declair ; — It is not to you that I will
For ȝe ar nocht my ordinair. — declare anything.

FLATTRIE.

Quhom in trowis thou, fals monster mangit ? — Whom do you trust in ?

IOHNE.

I trow to God to se the hangit. — I trust to see you hanged.
War I ane King, be coks passioun ! — If I were a king,
I sould gar mak ane congregatioun — I would send
Of all the freirs of the four ordouris, — friars of all
And mak ȝow vagers on the bordours. — sorts packing.
Schir, will ȝe giue me audience, — To Your Ex-
And I sall schaw ȝour excellence— — cellency I
Sa that ȝour grace will giue me leife,— — am willing to
How into God that I beleife. — state my belief.

CORRECTIOVN.

Schaw furth ȝour faith, and feinȝe nocht. — State it, and honestly.

IOHNE.

I beleife in God, that all hes wrocht, — I believe in
And creat everie thing of nocht : — God the Creator;
And in his Son, our Lord Iesu, — and in Christ,
Incarnat of the Virgin trew ; — Virgin-born,
Quha vnder Pilat tholit passioun, — crucified,
And deit for our Salvatioun ; — dead, and
And, on the thrid day, rais againe, — risen again on
As halie scriptour schawis plane. — the third day ;
And, als, my Lord, it is weill kend, — ascended into
How he did to the heavin ascend, — Heaven;
And set him doun at the richt hand — seated at God's
Of God the father, I vnderstand, — right hand ;
And sall cum iudge on Dumisday. — who will come to judge at
Quhat will ȝe mair, sir, that I say ? — Doomsday.

CORRECTIOVN.

Say the rest.

Schaw furth the rest. This is na game.

IOHNE.

I believe in Holy Church, but not in bishops or friars,— a graceless crew, altogether.

I trow Sanctam Ecclesiam,
Bot nocht in thir Bischops, nor thir Freirs,
Quhilk will, for purging of thir neirs,
Sard vp the ta raw and doun the vther.
The mekill Devill resaue the fidder!

CORRECTIOVN.

John seems a good Christian.

Say quhat ȝe will, sirs, be Sanct Tan!
Me think Iohne ane gude Christian man.

TEMPORALITIE.

Determine, my Lords, what shall be done as to Prelates.

My Lords, let be ȝour disputatioun.
Conclude, with firm deliberatioun,
How Prelats, fra thyne, sall be disponit.

MERCHAND.

Benefices should be given to preachers only; and no sheep to wolves.

I think, for me, evin as ȝe first proponit,
That the Kings grace sall gif na benefice
Bot till ane peichour that can vse that office.
The sillie sauls that bene Christis scheip
Sould nocht be givin to gormand wolfis to keip.

Heresy is bred by bad bishops, independent of the prince.

Quhat bene the caus of all the heresies,
Bot the abusioun of the prelacies?
Thay will correct, and will nocht be correctit;
Thinkand to na prince thay wil be subiectit:

Hence, kings should give bishoprics to such only as preach throughout their sees.

Quhairfoir, I can find na better remeid
Bot that thir kings man take it in thair heid,
That thair be giuen to na man bischopries,
Except thay preich outthroch thair diosies,

And every parson should preach in his parish.

And ilk persone preich in his parochon:
And this I say, for finall conclusion.

TEMPORALITIE.

Wee think 3our counsall is verie gude : We all approve
As 3e haue said, wee all conclude. your counsel
Of this conclusioun, Noter, wee mak ane act. as very good.

SCRYBE.

I wryte all day, bot gets never ane plack. But my fees ?

PAVPER.

Och ! my Lords, for the halie Trinitie, Remember the
Remember to reforme the consistorie. consistory, my
It hes mair neid of reformatioun Lords, which
Nor Ploutois court, sir, be coks passioun ! sorely needs amending.

PERSONE.

Quhat caus hes thou, fals pellour, for to pleinȝe ? Why complain
Quhair was 3e ever summond to thair seinȝe ? of the consistory ?

PAVPER.

Marie ! I lent my gossop my mear, to fetch hame I lent my
coills ; mare ; and she
And he hir drounit into the querrell hollis. was drowned.
And I ran to the Consistorie, for to pleinȝe ; I hastened to the
And thair I happinit amang ane greidie meinȝe. consistory, to
Thay gaue me, first, ane thing thay call citandum ; lodge a com-
Within aucht dayis, I gat bot lybellandum ; plaint ; and there
Within ane moneth, I gat ad opponendum ; I fell among
In half ane 3eir, I gat interloquendum ; cunning and
And, syne, I gat—how call 3e it ?—ad replican- extortionate
dum : lawyers, who
Bot I could never ane word 3it vnderstand him. had my case
And than thay gart me cast out many plackis, adjourned and
And gart me pay for four and twentie actis ; adjourned, and
Bot, or thay came half gait to concludendum, drained me of all
The feind ane plack was left for to defend him. my money, in
Thus thay postponit me twa 3eir, with thair traine, payment of
Syne, hodie ad octo, bad me cum againe ; their fees ;

and they cried for silver, to the last; but I never got my good mare, after all.

And than thir ruiks thay roupit wonder fast
For sentence silver: thay cryit, at the last.
Of pronunciandum thay maid me wonder faine;
Bot I gat never my gude gray meir againe.

TEMPORALITIE.

Herein, again, we will reform.

My Lords, we mon reforme thir consistory lawis,
Quhais great defame aboue the heavins blawis.

The law-charges are excessive.

I wist ane man, in persewing ane kow,
Or he had done, he spendit half ane bow.

We will have it here as it is in France. The Spiritualty shall look after spiritual matters; the Temporalty, after temporal.

Sa that the kings honour wee may avance,
Wee will conclude as thay haue done in France.
Let Sprituall maters pas to Spritualitie,
And Temporall maters to Temporalitie:
Quha failȝeis of this sall cost them of thair gude.
Scribe, mak ane act; for sa wee will conclude.

SPIRITVALITIE.

This goes against our interest, which we will not forego.

That act, my Lords,—plainlie I will declair,—
It is againis our profeit singulair.
Wee will nocht want our profeit, be Sanct Geill!

TEMPORALITIE.

Your interest is selfish; and your consent does not signify.

ȝour profeit is against the Common-weil.
It salbe done, my Lords, as ȝe haue wrocht:
We cure nocht quhidder ȝe consent, or nocht.

Temporal Judges, not spiritual, should have cognizance of matters temporal.

Quhairfoir servis, then, all thir Temporall Iudges,
Gif temporall maters sould seik at ȝow refuges?
My Lord, ȝe say that ȝe ar Sprituall:
Quhairfoir mell ȝe, than, with things temporall?

We have given our decision.

As we haue done conclude, sa sall it stand.
Scribe, put our Acts in ordour, evin fra hand.

SPIRITVALITIE.

To all your Acts we take exception.

Till all ȝour acts plainlie I disassent.
Notar, thairof I tak ane instrument.

(Heir sall Veritie and Chastitie mak thair plaint at the bar.)

VERITIE.

My Soverane, I beseik 3our excellence,
Vse Iustice on Spiritualitie,
The quhilk to vs hes done great violence,
Becaus we did rehers the veritie.
Thay put vs close into Captivitie;
And sa remanit into subiectioun,
Into great langour and calamitie,
Till we war fred be King Correctioun.

I beseech that Spiritualty may get his due for his violence to us. He cast us into bonds, where we lay until released by King Correction.

CHASTITIE.

My lord, I haif great caus for to complaine.
I could get na ludging intill this land,
The Spirituall stait had me sa at disdane.
With Dame Sensuall thay haue maid sic ane band,
Amang them all na freindschip, sirs, I fand;
And, quhen I came the nobill innis amang,
My lustie Ladie Priores, fra hand,
Out of hir dortour durlie scho me dang.

For my part, I could get no lodging in all the land, owing to the influence of Sensuality. Even the Lady Prioress drove me out of her dormitory.

VERITIE.

With the advyse, sir, of the Parliament,
Hairtlie we mak 3ow supplicatioun,
Cause King Correctioun tak, incontinent,
Of all this sort examinatioun.
Gif thay be digne of deprivatioun,—
3e haue power for to correct sic cases,—
Chease the maist cunning Clerks of this natioun,
And put mair prudent pastours in thair places.
My prudent Lords, I say that pure craftsmen
Abufe sum Prelats ar mair for to commend.
Gar exame them, and sa 3e sall sune ken
How thay in vertew Bischops dois transcend.

Let King Correction examine all persons of this sort. Let fit clergy be substituted for unfit. Even poor craftsmen know their business better than some bishops.

SCRIBE.

What is your craft?

Thy life and craft mak to thir Kings kend.
Quhat craft hes thow declair that to me plaine.

TAILȝEOVR.

That of tailor, to make and to mend.

Ane tailȝeour, sir, that can baith mak and mend:
I wait, nane better into Dumbartane.

SCRIBE.

Why called tailor?

Quhairfoir of tailȝeours beirs thou the styl?

TAILȝEOUR.

Because I can make doublets, coats, and hose.

Becaus, I wait, is nane, within ane myll,
Can better vse that craft, as I suppois;
For I can mak baith doublit, coat, and hois.

SCRIBE.

And what are you called?

How cal thay ȝou, sir, with the schaiping knife?

SOWTAR.

A shoemaker.

Ane sowtar, sir; nane better into Fyfe.

SCRIBE.

Why so called?

Tel me quhairfoir ane sowtar ȝe ar namit?

SOWTAR.

Because I make foot-gear.

I should like to show a sample of my skill.

Of that surname I neid nocht be aschamit;
For I can mak schone, brotekins, and buittis.
Gif me the coppie of the Kings cuittis,
And ȝe sall se, richt sune, quhat I can do.
Heir is my lasts, and weill wrocht ledder, to.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Things are, indeed, out of order, when very shoemakers and tailors surpass, in their vocations, our prelates.

O Lord my God This is an mervelous thing,
How sic misordour in this Realme sould ring.
Sowtars and tailȝeours thay ar far mair expert
In thair pure craft, and in thair handie art,
Nor ar our Prelatis in thair vocatioun.
I pray ȝow, sirs, mak reformatioun.

VERITIE.

Alace! alace! Quhat gars thir temporal Kings
Into the Kirk of Christ admit sic doings?
My Lords, for lufe of Christs passioun,
Of thir ignorants mak depriuatioun,
Quhilk in the court can do bot flatter and fleich;
And put into thair places that can preich.
Send furth, and seik sum devoit cunning Clarks,
That can steir vp the peopill to gude warks.

Much to blame are kings.
My Lords, depose these ignorant persons, mere flatterers, and supersede them by earnest clerks, that know how to preach.

CORRECTIOVN.

As ȝe haue done, Madame, I am content.
Hoaw! Diligence, pas hynd, incontinent,
And seik outthrow all towns and cities,
And visie all the vniversities.
Bring vs sum Doctours of Divinitie,
With licents in the law and Theologie,
With the maist cunning Clarks in all this land.
Speid sune ȝour way, and bring them heir fra hand.

Diligence, explore the towns, cities, and universities, and bring hither doctors of divinity, licentiates in law and theology, and learned clerks, forthwith.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat gif I find sum halie provinciall,
Or minister of the gray freiris all,
Or ony freir, that can preich prudentlie?
Sall I bring them with me in cumpanie?

What if I find any, besides these, that can preach?

CORRECTIOVN.

Cair thou nocht quhat estait saever he be,
Sa thay can teich and preich the veritie.
Maist cunning Clarks with vs is best beluifit:
To dignitie thay salbe, first, promuifit.
Quhidder thay be Munk, Channon, Preist, or Freir,
Sa thay can preich, faill nocht to bring them heir.

Let them be included.
No matter what their titles, they that can preach shall be raised, first, to dignity.

DILIGENCE.

I will do as I am bid.

Than fair-weill, sir; for I am at the flicht.
I pray the Lord to send 3ow all gude nicht.

(*Heir sall Diligence pas to the palzeoun.*)

TEMPORALITIE.

Sire, pity our daughters, hard to dispose of, unless dowried with land.

Sir, we beseik 3our soverane celsitude
Of our dochtours to haue compassioun,
Quhom wee may na way marie, be the Rude!
Without wee mak sum alienatioun
Of our land, for thair supportatioun;

The market is spoilt for them, since the daughters of prelates can be endowed with such large marriage-portions.

For quhy the markit raisit bene sa hie,
That Prelats dochtours of this natioun
Ar maryit with sic superfluities,
Thay will nocht spair to gif twa thowsand pound,
With thair dochtours, to ane nobill man;

The wealth of the prelates keeps our daughters unwedded.

In riches sa thay do superabound.
Bot we may nocht do sa, be Sanct Allane!
Thir proud Prelats our dochters sair may ban,
That thay remaine at hame sa lang vnmaryit.

And some of them go naughty.

Schir, let 3our Barrouns do the best thay can,
Sum of our dochtours, I dreid, salbe miscaryit.

CORRECTIOVN.

There is reason in this complaint;

My Lord, 3our complaint is richt ressonabill,
And, richt sa, to our dochtours profitabill.

and here, too, I will reform, before I go away.

I think, or I pas aff this natioun,
Of this mater till mak reformatioun.

(*Heir sall enter common thift.*)

THIFT.

Clear the way for me.

Ga by the gait, man; let me gang.
How Devill came I into this thrang?

Alack, if I am taken!

With sorrow I may sing my sang,
And I be taine.

For I haue run baith nicht and day ; My legs
Throw speid of fut I gat away. saved me.
Gif I be kend heir, wallaway ! If recognized,
I will be slaine. I am lost.

PAVPER.

Quhat is thy name, man, be thy thrift ? What is your name ?

THIFT.

Huirsun, thay call me common thift ; Common Theft;
For quhy I had na vther schift, for I live
Sen I was borne. by thieving.
In Eusdaill was my dwelling place : My home was
Mony ane wyfe gart I cry alace ; in Ewisdale,
At my hand thay gat never grace, where I vexed
Bot ay forlorne. the wives.
Sum sayis, ane king is cum amang vs, They say that
That purposis to head and hang vs. a King has come,
Thair is na grace, gif he may fang vs, who means
Bot on an pin. to hang us.
Ring he, we theifis will get na gude. I wish he and all
I pray God and the halie Rude, his kindred had
He had bene smoird into his cude, been smothered in
And all his kin. their chrisoms.
Get this curst King me in his grippis, He would soon
My craig will wit quhat weyis my hippis. do for me.
The Devill I gif his toung and lippis, Let no one delate
That of me tellis. against me.
Adew ! I dar na langer tarie ; Good-bye ! If
For, be I kend, thay will me carie, I am known,
And put me in ane fierie farie : it will fare
I se nocht ellis. ill with me.
I raife Be him that herryit hell ! I had almost
I had almaist forȝet my sell. forgot myself.
Will na gude fallow to me tell Will no one tell me where
Quhair I may finde I can find
The Earle of Rothus best haiknay : a certain hackney

That was my earand heir away.
He is richt starck, as I heir say,
And swift as winde.
Heir is my brydill and my spurris,
To gar him lance ovir land and furris.
Micht I him get to Ewis durris,
I tak na cuir.
Of that hors micht I get ane sicht,
I haife na doubt, ȝit or midnicht,
That he and I sould tak the flicht
Throch Dysert mure.
Of cumpanarie, tell me, brother,
Quhilk is the richt way to the Strother.
I wald be welcum to my mother,
Gif I micht speid.
I wald gif baith my coat and bonet,
To get my Lord Lindesayis broun Ionet.
War he beȝond the watter of Annet,
We sould nocht dreid.
Quhat now, Oppressioun, my maister deir!
Quhat mekill Devill hes brocht ȝow heir?
Maister, tell me the caus, perqueir,
Quhat is that ȝe haue done.

I came about,— sturdy, and fleet as the wind?
Here are my bridle and spurs.
I should like to spirit him away.
If I got sight of him, we should be a long way off before midnight.
Which is the way to the Stother?
My mother would like to see me.
With Lord Lindesay's genet, and beyond the water of Annand, I should not fear.
What brought you here, Oppression? What have you done?

OPPRESSIOVN.

Forsuith, the kings maiestie
Hes set me heir, as ȝe may se.
Micht I speik Temporalitie,
He wald me releife sone.
I beseik ȝow, my brother deir,
Bot halfe ane houre for to sit heir.
ȝe knaw that I was never sweir
ȝow to defend.
Put in ȝour leg into my place;
And heir I sweir, be Gods grace,
ȝow to releife within schort space,
Syne, let ȝow wend.

The King set me here.
I wish I could see Temporalty.
Pray stay here half an hour.
I was never backward to defend you.
Put your leg in my place.
I will relieve and release you soon.

THIFT.

Than, maister deir, gif me 3our hand,
And mak to me ane faithfull band,
That 3e sall cum agane fra hand,
Withoutin faill.

Then give me your hand, and promise to return soon certainly.

OPPRESSIOVN.

Tak, thair, my hand, richt faithfullie.
Als, I promit the, verelie,
To gif to the ane cuppill of kye,
In Liddisdaill.

I promise faithfully. And I will give you a couple of cows, too.

(*Thift puts his legs in the stockis.*)

Haif I nocht maid ane honest schift,
That hes betrasit common Thift?
For thair is nocht, vnder the lift,
Ane curster cors.
I am richt sure that he and I,
Within this hal 3eir, craftely
Hes stolne ane thowsand scheip and ky,
By meiris and hors.
Wald God I war baith sound and haill,
Now liftit into Liddisdaill!
The Mers sould find me beif and kaill.
Quhat rak of bread!
War I thair liftit, with my lyfe,
The Devill sould stick me with ane knyfe,
And ever I come againe to Fyfe,
Quhill I war dead.
Adew! I leife the Devill amang 3ow:
That in his fingers he may fang 3ow,
With all leill men that dois belang 3ow:
For I may rew
That ever I came into this land;
For quhy, 3e may weill vnderstand,
I gat na geir to turne my hand.
3it anis, adew!

So I have betrayed Common Theft, the miserable wretch. Within the twelvemonth I am sure he and I have stolen a thousand sheep and kine. Would I were in Liddisdale! The Mers should feed me well. Once there, I would never more return to Fyfe. Adieu! The Devil take you and all your loyal men! I regret having ever come here, where my chance has been so poor. Once more, adieu!

(*Heir sall Diligence conuoy the thrie Clarks.*)

DILIGENCE.

I bring three clerks, very intelligent, able to preach, and also to teach Latin.

Sir, I haue brocht vnto 3our Excellence,
Thir famous Clarks of greit intelligence;
For to the common peopill thay can preich,
And, in the Scuilis, in Latine toung can teich.

They are a doctor of divinity and two licentiates, altogether godly.

This is ane Doctour of Divinitie;
And thir twa, Licents, men of gravitie.
I heare men say, thair conversatioun
Is maist in Divine Contemplatioun.

DOCTOVR.

My blessing on this company.

Grace, peace, and rest from the hie Trinitie,
Mot rest amang this godlie cumpanie!

We come to serve you, ready to do whatever you command.

Heir ar we cumde, as 3our obedients,
For to fulfil 3our iust commandements.
Quhateuir it please 3our Grace vs to command,
Sir, it sall be obeyit, euin fra hand.

REX HVMANITAS.

Welcome! Sit down, and advise us.

Gud freinds, 3e ar richt welcome to vs all.
Sit doun, all thrie, and geif vs 3our counsall.

CORRECTIOVN.

Exert yourself in your office. First, search out all that are incompetent to fulfil their duties, and put others in their places.

Sir, I giue 3ow baith counsal & command,
In 3our office vse exercitioun;
First, that 3e gar search, out throch all 3our land,
Quha can nocht put to executioun
Thair office efter the institutioun
Of godlie lawis, conforme to thair vocatioun:
Put in thair places men of gude conditioun:
And this 3e do without dilatioun.

You are the head of this congregation; and I will be diligent to support you.

3e ar the head, sir, of this congregatioun,
Preordinat be God omnipotent,
Quhilk hes me send to mak 3ow supportatioun,
Into the quhilk I salbe diligent.

And quhasaever beis inobedient,
And will nocht suffer for to be correctit,
Thay salbe, all, deposit incontinent,
And from 3our presence they sall be deiectit.

And they who refuse to be corrected shall be deprived.

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Begin, first, at the Spritualitie,
And tak of them examinatioun,
Gif they can vse their divyne dewetie.
And, als, I mak 3ow supplicatioun,
All thay that hes thair offices misvsit,
Of them make haistie depriuatioun,
Sa that the peopill be na mair abusit.

Make a beginning with the Spiritualty; and let all that have misused their offices be forthwith ejected.

CORRECTIOVN.

3e ar ane Prince of Spritualitie.
How haue 3e vsit 3our office, now let se.

How have you discharged your duties?

SPIRITVALITIE.

My Lords, quhen was thair ony Prelats wont
Of thair office till ony King mak count?
Bot of my office gif 3e wald haue the feill;
I let 3ow wit, I haue it vsit weill;
For I tak in my count twyse in the 3eir,
Wanting nocht, of my teind, ane boll of beir.
I gat gude payment of my Temporall lands,
My buttock-maill, my coattis, and my offrands,
With all that dois perteine my benefice.
Consider, now, my Lord, gif I be wyse.
I dar nocht marie contrair the common law;
Ane thing thair is, my Lord, that 3e may knaw.
Howbeit I dar nocht plainlie spouse ane wyfe,
3it Concubeins I haue had four or fyfe;
And to my sons I haue giuin rich rewairds,
And all my dochters maryit vpon lairds.
I let 3ow wit, my Lord, I am na fuill,
For quhy I ryde vpon ane amland Muill.

When did a prelate account to a king?
Still, you shall know all.
I look well after creature-comforts, and exact everything that I have a claim to, judiciously.
The law forbidding me to marry,
I have had four or five concubines.
I care for my children, too;
and I ride an ambling mule.

Also, I live well.
Thair is na Temporall Lord, in all this land,
That maks sic cheir, I let 3ow vnderstand.
Further, I pension divers temporal lords, that they may always take my part. And this is all.
And, als, my Lord, I gif, with gude intentioun,
To divers Temporall Lords ane 3eirlie pensioun,
To that intent, that thay, with all thair hart,
In richt and wrang sal plainlie tak my part.
Now haue I tauld 3ow, sir, on my best ways,
How that I haue exercit my office.

CORRECTIOVN.

I thought you should preach and teach.
I weind 3our office had bene for til preich,
And Gods law to the peopill teich.
Why your mitre?
Quhairfoir weir 3e that mytour, 3e me tell.

SPIRITVALITIE.

I don't know.
I wat nocht, man, be him that herryit hel!

CORRECTIOVN.

It means that you should teach and preach.
That dois betakin that 3e, with gude intent,
Sould teich & preich the auld & New testament.

SPIRITVALITIE.

A friar takes my duties till Easter.
I haue ane freir to preiche into my place:
Of my office 3e heare na mair quhill Pasche.

CHASTITIE.

This abbot and this prioress are scorners and hypocrites.
My Lords, this Abbot and this Priores
Thay scorne thair gods. This is my reason quhy
Thay beare an habite of fein3eit halines,
And, in thair deid, thay do the contrary.
They break their vows and live unchastely. Examine into this.
For to liue chaist thay vow solemnitly;
Bot, fra that thay be sikker of thair bowis,
Thay liue in huirdome and in harlotry.
Examine them, Sir, how thay obserue thair vowis.

CORRECTIOVN.

All three shall be scrutinized.
Sir Scribe, 3e sall, at Chastities requeist,
Pas and exame 3on thrie, in gudlie haist.

SCRIBE

Father Abbot, this counsall bids me speir :
How 3e haue vsit 3our Abbay, thay wald heir.
And, als, thir Kings hes giuin to me commissioun
Of 3our office for to mak inquisitioun.

I am to inquire how you have used your abbey and acquitted yourself of your duties.

ABBOT.

Tuiching my office, I say to 3ow, plainlie,
My Monks and I, we leif richt easelie.
Thair is na Monks, from Carrick to Carraill,
That fairs better, and drinks mair holsum Aill.
My Prior is ane man of great devotioun ;
Thairfoir daylie he gets ane double portioun.

My monks and I lead a jovial life, and eat and drink very satisfactorily.

My prior, a most devout man, gets a double share of ale.

SCRIBE.

My Lords, how haue 3e keipt 3our thrie vows ?

How have you kept your three vows ?

ABBAS.

Indeid, richt weill, till I gat hame my bows.
In my Abbay quhen I was sure professour,
Then did I leife as did my predecessour.
My paramours is baith als fat and fair
As ony wench into the toun of Air.
I send my sons to Pareis, to the scullis :
I traist in God that thay salbe na fuillis.
And all my douchters I haue weill providit.
Now iudge 3e gif my office be weill gydit.

I have lived like my predecessor.

My paramours are in capital case ;

my sons are educated at Paris ; and I provide for my daughters.

Don't I do well ?

SCRIBE.

Maister Person, schaw vs gif 3e can preich.

Parson, can you preach ?

PERSONE.

Thocht I preich not, I can play at the caiche.
I wait thair is nocht ane, amang 3ow all,
Mair ferilie can play at the fut-ball ;
And, for the carts, the tabils, and the dyse,
Aboue all persouns I may beir the pryse.

Though I am not able to preach, I have rare skill in all manner of sports and games.

I study my dress, also.

Our round bonats, we mak them, now, fournuickit,
Of richt fyne stuiff, gif 3ow list cum and luik it.

Such is my life.

Of my office I haue declarit to the.

You learn no more from me.

Speir quhat 3e pleis, 3e get na mair of me.

SCRIBE.

Now for my Lady Prioress.

Quhat say 3e, now, my Ladie Priores?
How haue 3e vsit 3our office, can 3e ges?

Why did you turn Chastity away?

Quhat was the caus 3e refusit harbrie
To this 3oung lustie Ladie Chastitie?

PRIORES.

She did not suit me.

I wald haue harborit hir, with gude intent;
Bot my complexioun thairto wald not assent.

I follow custom; and I will enlighten you no further.

I do my office efter auld vse and wount:
To 3our Parliament I will mak na mair count.

VERITIE.

Now direct some of your cunning clerks that can preach, to make a sermon out of hand.

Now caus sum of 3our cunning Clarks
Quhilk ar expert in heavinlie warks,
And men fulfillit with charitie,
That can weill preiche the veritie,
And gif to sum of them command
Ane sermon for to make fra hand.

CORRECTIOVN.

I will do so at once.

As 3e haue said, I am content
To gar sum preich incontinent.

(*Pausa.*)

You can teach in the schools, I know. Now preach a sermon in English.

Magister noster, I ken how 3e can teiche
Into the scuillis, and that richt ornatlie.
I pray 3ow, now, that 3e wald please to preiche
In Inglisch toung, laud folk to edifie.

DOCTOVR.

I will obey you straightway,

Soverane, I sall obey 3ow humbillie,
With ane schort sermon, presentlie, in this place,

And schaw the word of God, vnfeinzeitlie — as God shall
And sinceirlie, as God will giue me grace. — give me grace.
(*Heir sall the Doctour pas to the pulpit, and say :*)

Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata. — Devout people,
Devoit peopill, Sanct Paull, the preichour, sayis : — S. Paul teaches us that God's
The fervent luife and fatherlie pitie — good-will to
Quhilk God almichtie hes schawin, mony wayis, — fallen and frail man surpasses
To man, in his corrupt fragilitie, — all earthly love,
Exceids all luife in earth, sa far that we — and that we can make no meet
May never to God mak recompence conding ; — return for it.
As quhasa lists to reid the veritie — And this you will find in the Scriptures.
In halie Scripture, he may find this thing.
Sic Deus dilexit mundum.

Tuiching nathing the great prerogatiue — I shall not now
Quhilk God to man, in his creatioun, lent.— — dwell on the fact,
How man, of nocht creat, superlatiue — that God created man in His
Was to the Image of God omnipotent,— — own image.
Let vs consider that speciall luife ingent, — Rather, let us consider God's
God had to man, quhen our foirfather fell, — great love to man,
Drawing vs, all, in his loynis immanent, — when Adam fell,
Captive from gloir, in thirlage to the hel. — and we with him.

Quhen Angels fell, thair miserabil ruyne — Angels fell, to remain fallen ;
Was never restorit ; bot, for our miserie, — but Christ assumed
The Son of God, secund persone divyne, — humanity, to rescue man.
In ane pure Virgin tuke humanitie.

Syne, for our saik, great harmis suffered he, — Sorely did He suffer for us, and,
In fasting, walking, in preiching, cauld, and heit ; — at last, was
And, at the last, ane schamefull death deit he ; — crucified, between
Betwix twa theifis, on Croce, he zeild the Spreit : — two thieves.
And, quhair an drop of his maist precious blude — A single drop of His blood would
Was recompence sufficient and conding — suffice to redeem
Ane thowsand warlds to ransoun from that wod — a thousand worlds ; and yet,
Infernall feind, Sathan, notwithstanding, — for love of us,
He luifit vs sa, that, for our ransoning, — He shed all
He sched furth all the blude of his bodie,— — His blood,
Riven, rent, and sair wondit, quhair he did hing,

on the cross on Calvary.

Naild on the Croce, on the Mont Calvary.
Et copiosa apud eum redemptio.

Thus was Satan worsted, we were saved from hell,

O cruell death, be the the venemous
Dragon, the Devill infernall, lost his pray.
Be the the stinkand, mirk, contageous,
Deip pit of hell mankynd escaipit fray.

and the gate of Paradise was opened to all mankind.

Be the the port of Paradice, alsway,
Was patent maid vnto the heavin sa hie,—
Opinnit to man and maid ane reddie way
To gloir eternall with th' haly Trinitie.

For this love God asks only love.

And ȝit, for all this luife incomparabill,
God askis na rewaird fra vs againe,
Bot luife for luife. In his command, but fabill,

And love is a ladder with but two steps, by which we gain Heaven.

Conteinit ar all haill the lawis ten,
Baith ald and new, and commandements ilk ane.
Luife bene the ledder, quhilk hes bot steppis twa,
Be quhilk we may clim vp to lyfe againe,
Out of this vaill of miserie and wa.
Diliges Dominum Deum tuum ex toto corde tuo, & proximum tuum sicut teipsum: in his duobus mandatis, &c.

First, love God; and, secondly, love your neighbour.

The first step, suithlie, of this ledder is,
To luife thy God, as the fontaine and well
Of luife and grace; and the secund, I wis,
To luife thy nichtbour as thou luifis thy sell.

Otherwise, there is no salvation. So says the holy Gospel.

Quha tynis ane stop of thir twa, gais to hel,
Bot he repent, and turne to Christ anone.
Hauld this na fabill: the halie Evangell
Bears, in effect, thir words, everie one.
Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata Dei.

There is no remedy for such as do not eschew all manner of sin, and engage in good works.

Thay tyne thir steps, all thay quha ever did sin
In pryde, invy, in ire, and lecherie,
In covetice, or ony extreme win,
Into sweirnes, or into gluttonie;
Or quha dois nocht the deids of mercie,
Gif hungrie meit, and gif the naikit clayis.

PERSONE.

Now, walloway! Thinks thou na schame to lie? This is
I trow, the Devill a word is trew thou sayis. all false.
Thou sayis thair is bot twa steppis to the heavin; It is not two
Quha failȝeis them man backwarts fall in hell. steps to Heaven,
I wait it is ten thowsand mylis and sevin: but many
Gif it be na mair, I do it vpon thy sell. thousand miles.
Schort-leggit men, I se, be Bryds bell! Short-legged men
Will nevir cum thair, thay steppis bene sa wyde. will never get there.
Gif thay be the words of the Evangell, One must
The spirituall men hes mister of ane gyde. have a guide.

ABBOT.

And I beleif that cruikit men and blinde How about the
Sall neuer get vp vpon sa hich ane ledder. lame and blind?
By my gude fàith, I dreid to ly behinde, I must be
Without God draw me vp into ane tedder. hauled up.
Quhat and I fal? Than I will break my bledder. And if I fall?
And I cum thair this day, the Devill speid me, To get up, God
Except God make me lichter nor ane fedder, must make me lighter than a
Or send me doun gude Widcok wingis to flie. feather, or give me good wood-cocks' wings.

PERSONE.

Cum doun, dastart, and gang sell draiff. Come down,
I vnderstand nocht quhat thow said. dastard, and go
Thy words war nather corne nor caiff: your way. You
I wald thy toung againe war laid. prate nonsense.
Quhair thou sayis pryde is deidlie sin, Pride is
I say pryde is bot honestie; honesty;
And Covetice of warldlie win covetousness is
Is bot wisdome, I say for me: wisdom;
Ire, hardines, and gluttonie and anger and
Is nathing ellis but lyfis fude: the rest, which
The naturall sin of lecherie you denounce,
Is bot trew luife. All thir ar gude. are, all, good.

DOCTOVR.

God and the Church forbid them to good Christians.

God and the Kirk hes giuin command
That all gude Christian men refuse them.

PERSONE.

If they were sin, we clerics should avoid them.

Bot, war thay sin, I vnderstand,
We men of Kirk wald never vse them.

DOCTOVR.

Brother, may the Trinity support you, for the good of your subjects!

People, pray for your rulers, that the wicked may have justice.

Brother, I pray the Trinitie
3our faith and charitie to support,
Causand 3ow knaw the veritie,
That 3e 3our subiects may comfort.
To 3our prayers, peopill, I recommend
The rewlars of this nobill regioun;
That our Lord God his grace mot to them send,
On trespassours to mak punitioun.

I pray for your safety and pardon; and may God bless you!

Prayand to God from feinds 3ow defend,
And of 3our sins to gif 3ow full remissioun,
I say na mair: to God I 3ow commend.

(*Heir Diligence spyis the freir roundand to the Prelate.*)

DILIGENCE.

The Spiritual Estate means to resist, under advice of yonder friar.

My lords, I persaue that the Spirituall stait,
Be way of deid, purpois to mak debait;
For, be the counsall of 3on flattrand freir,
Thay purpois to mak all this toun on steir.

FIRST LICENT.

Do you think they will disobey the decrees of Parliament?

Traist 3e that thay wilbe inobedient
To that quhilk is decreitit in Parliament?

DILIGENCE.

Since the Pope wars against the King of France, they think that prelates may defend their patrimony.

Thay se the Paip, with awfull ordinance,
Makis weir against the michtie King of France.
Richt sa, thay think that prelats suld nocht sun3ie,
Be way of deid, defend thair patrimonie.

FIRST LICENT.

I pray the, brother, gar me vnderstand
Quhair ever Christ possessit ane fut of land.

Where did Christ possess land?

DILIGENCE.

3568 3ea, that he did, father, withoutin fail;
For Christ Iesus was King of Israell.

He had land; for He was King of Israel.

FIRST LICENT.

I grant that Christ was king abufe al kings;
Bot he mellit never with temporall things;
3572 As he hes plainlie done declair, him sell;
As thou may reid in his halie Evangell:
Birds hes thair nests, and tods hes thair den;
Bot Christ Iesus, the Saviour of men,
3576 In all this warld hes nocht ane penny braid
Quhairon he may repois his heavinlie head.

Christ was, indeed, King of kings; but He avoided temporal matters.

Thus, we read, in the Gospel, that He had not where to lay His head.

DILIGENCE.

And is that trew?

And is this true?

[SECVND LICENT.]

3es, brother, be Alhallows!
3580 Christ Iesus had na propertie bot the gallows,
And left not, quhen he 3eildit vp the Spreit,
To by himself ane simpill winding-scheit.

It is. He had no property but the Cross; and He did not leave enough to buy a winding-sheet.

DILIGENCE.

Christs successours, I vnderstand,
3584 Thinks na schame to haue temporall land.
Father, they haue na will, I 3ow assure,
In this warld to be indigent and pure.
Bot, sir, sen 3e ar callit sapient,
3588 Declair to me the caus, with trew intent,
Quhy that my lustie Ladie Veritie
Hes nocht bene weill treatit in this cuntrie.

His successors scorn not wealth, unwilling to be poor.

But why was not Lady Truth treated well in this country?

BATCHELER.

Forsuith, quhair Prelats vses the counsall
Of beggand freirs, in monie regioun,
And thay Prelats, with Princes principall,
The veritie, but doubt, is trampit doun,
And Common-weill put to confusioun.
Gif this be trew, to 3ow I me report.
Thairfoir, my Lords, mak reformatioun,
Or 3e depart, hairtlie I 3ow exhort.
Sirs, freirs wald never, I 3ow assure,
That ony Prelats vsit preiching:
And Prelats tuke on them that cure,
Freirs wald get nathing for thair fleiching.
Thairfoir, I counsall 3ow, fra hand
Banische 3on freir out of this land,
And that incontinent.
Do 3e nocht sa, withoutin weir
He will mak all this toun on steir:
I knaw his fals intent.
3on Priores, withoutin fabill,
I think scho is nocht profitabill
For Christis regioun.
To begin reformatioun,
Mak of them deprivatioun:
This is my opinioun.

Where the counsels of begging friars prevail, undoubtedly the truth is despised, causing confusion.

Is not it so?

Institute a reform.

Friars prefer to do the preaching.

They would lose, if the prelates did it.

So banish that friar, at once, from the land.

Otherwise, he will surely work mischief.

And the prioress is of evil influence.

You should deprive them both, I think.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Sir, pleis 3e that we twa invaid them,
And 3e sall se vs sone degraid them
Of coill and chaplarie.

If ordered, we will soon despoil them.

CORRECTIOVN.

Pas on. I am richt weill content.
Syne, banische them, incontinent,
Out of this cuntrie.

Let them be banished the country directly.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Cum on, sir freir, and be nocht fleyit.
The King, our maister, mon be obeyit;

Come, friar. The King must be obeyed;

Bot ȝe sall haue na harme. — but you shall take no harm.
Gif ȝe wald travell fra toun to toun, — If you would travel, this hood and gown will keep you warm.
I think this hude and heauie goun
Will hald ȝour wambe ovir warme.

FLATTERIE FREIR.

Now, quhat is this that thir monsters meins? — What mean these monsters? I am not subject to human laws.
I am exemptit fra Kings and Queens,
And fra all humane law.

SECVND SERGEANT.

Tak ȝe the hude, and I, the gown. — Let us take the hood and gown. How like a scamp he looks!
This limmer luiks als lyke ane lown
As any that ever I saw.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Thir freirs, to chaip punitioun, — These friars, to escape punishment, claim exemption.
Haulds them at their exemptioun,
And na man will obey.
Thay ar exempt, I ȝow assure, — They are altogether exempt, I assure you.
Baith fra Paip, kyng, and Empreour;
And that maks all the pley.

SECVND SERGEANT.

On Dumisday, quhen Christ sall say — At the Judgment, when Christ shall say 'Come, ye blessed,' the friars will say they are exempt.
Venite benedicti,
The Freirs will say, without delay,
Nos sumus exempti.

(*Heir sall thay spuilȝe Flattrie of the Freirs habite.*)

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Sir, be the halie Trinitie! — I see this
This same is feinȝeit Flattrie: — is Flattery,
I ken him be his face. — in disguise.
Beleiuand for to get promotioun, — To get promotion, he called himself Devotion, and so deceived you.
He said that his name was Devotioun,
And sa begylit ȝour grace.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Come on, Lady Prioress. We will teach you a new dance.

Cum on, my Ladie Priores.
We sall leir 3ow to dance—
And that within ane lytill space,—
Ane new pavin of France.

(*Heir sall thay spuilze the Priores; and scho sall haue ane kirtill of silk vnder hir habite.*)

Methinks this holy prioress has turned into a courtesan.

Now, brother, be the Masse!
Be my iudgement, I think
This halie Priores
Is turnit in ane cowclink.

PRIORES.

Curse on my friends, who would have me a nun, and not marry!

I gif my freinds my malisoun,
That me compellit to be ane Nun,
And wald nocht let me marie.

It was their greed that made me a prioress.

It was my freinds greadines
That gart me be ane Priores:
Now hartlie them I warie.

Nuns sing ever, but with no understanding.

Howbeit that Nunnis sing nichts and dayis,
Thair hart waitis nocht quhat thair mouth sayis;
The suith I 3ow declair.

They are not necessary to the Church.

Makand 3ow intimatioun,
To Christis congregatioun
Nunnis ar nocht necessair.

I mean to marry, and become housewife.

Bot I sall do the best I can,
And marie sum gude honest man,
And brew gude aill and tun.

Marriage is more religious than to be friar or nun.

Mariage, be my opinioun,
It is better Religioun
As to be freir or Nun.

FLATTERIE FREIR.

My Lords, don't let me be hanged. I cannot

My Lords, for Gods saik let not hang me,
Howbeit that widdiefows wald wrang me.
I can mak na debait

To win my meat at pleuch nor harrowis ; earn my bread by tillage; but I can help to hang my companions.
Bot I sall help to hang my marrowis,—
Baith Falset and Dissait.

CORRECTIOVN.

Than pas thy way, & greath the gallous ; Then go and prepare the gallows for them. You get no grace but this.
Sÿne, help for to hang vp thy fellowis.
Thou gets na vther grace.

[FLATTERIE.]

Of that office I am content. I consent.
Bot our Prelates, I dread, repent, But our prelates will miss me.
Be I fleimde from thair face.

(*Heir sall Flattrie sit besyde his marrowis.*)

DISSAIT.

Now, Flattrie, my auld companȝeoun, What is Correction doing ?
Quhat dois ȝon King Correctioun ?
Knawis thou nocht his intent ? Tell me what you know.
Declair to vs of thy novellis.

[FLATTERIE.]

ȝe'ill all be hangit,—I se nocht ellis,— I only know that you will all be hanged.
And that incontinent.

DISSAIT.

Now, walloway ! Will ȝe gar hang vs ? Through you ?
The Devill brocht ȝon curst king amang vs, It was the Devil that brought Correction here.
For mekill sturt and stryfe.

FLATTERIE.

I had bene put to deid amang ȝow, To save myself,
War nocht I tuke on hand till hang ȝow ; I offered to hang you.
And sa I saifit my lyfe.
I heir them say, thay will cry doun All friars and nuns are to be cried down,
All freirs and Nunnis in this Regioun,
Sa far as I can feill,

as unnecessary, Becaus thay ar nocht necessair :
and as opposed to the common welfare. And, als, thay think thay ar contrair
To Iohne the common-weill.

(*Heir sal the Kings and the temporal stait round togidder.*)

CORRECTIOVN.

These prelates With the advice of King Humanitie,
shall, all, Heir I determine, with rype advysement,
be deprived ; That all thir Prelats sall deprivit be,
and these three And, be decreit of this present Parliament,
clerks shall That thir thrie cunning Clarks sapient
supersede them. Immediatlie thair places sall posses ;
This is because God's Word was neglected. Becaus that thay haue bene sa negligent,
Suffring the word of God for till decres.

REX HVMANITAS.

Be it so. As ȝe haue said, but dout it salbe done.
Effect the change. Pas to, and mak this interchainging sone.

(*The Kings servants lay hands on the thrie prelats, & says :*)

WANTONNES.

Patience ! My Lords, we pray ȝow to be patient ;
We will obey. For we will do the Kings commandement.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Touch us, and I mak ane vow to God, and ȝe vs handill,
we curse you ; ȝe salbe curst and gragit with buik and candill.
and, afterwards, we will complain to the Pope. Syne, we sall pas vnto the Paip, and pleinȝie,
And to the Devill of hell condemne this meinȝe ;
Such reformation is new in Scotland. For quhy sic reformatioun, as I weine,
Into Scotland was never hard nor seine.

(*Heir sal thay spuilȝe them with silence, and put thair habite on the thrie Clarks.*)

MERCHAND.

How could you accept such cures,— We mervell of ȝow, paintit sepulturis,
That was sa bauld for to accept sic cuiris,--

With glorious habite rydand vpon ȝour Muillis. fools, as you
Now men may sᵉ, ȝe ar bot verie fuillis. now appear!

SPIRITVALITIE.

We say, the Kings war greiter fuillis nor we, The kings that exalted us were
That vs promovit to sa greit dignitie. greater fools.

ABBOT.

Thair is ane thowsand in the kirk, but doubt, The Church has many more
Sic fuillis as we, gif thay war weill socht out. like us.
Now, brother, sen it may na better be, But let us go drink with
Let vs ga soup with Sensualitie. Sensuality.

(*Heir sall thay pas to Sensualitie.*)

SPIRITVALITIE.

Madame, I pray ȝow mak vs thrie gude cheir. Madame, pray
We cure nocht to remaine with ȝow all ȝeir. treat us.

SENSVALITIE.

Pas fra vs, fuillis, be him that hes vs wrocht! Away! I will have nothing to
ȝe ludge nocht heir; becaus I knaw ȝow nocht. do with you.

SPIRITVALITIE.

Sir Covetice, will ȝe, also, misken me? You will help us,
I wait, richt weill, ȝe wil baith gif and len me. Covetousness?
Speid hand, my freind; spair nocht to break the Break open my box, and give
lockis: me a thou-
Gif me ane thowsand crouns out of my box. sand crowns.

COVETICE.

Quhairfoir, sir fuil, gif ȝow ane thowsand crowns? Why give them to
Ga hence. ȝe seime to be thrie verie lowns. you? Be off!

SPIRITVALITIE.

I se nocht els, brother, withoutin faill, The world is turned topsy-
Bot this fals warld is turnit top ouir taill. turvy.
Sen all is vaine that is vnder the lift, We must seek a
To win our meat we man mak vther schift. living otherwise.

If we do not work, we shall starve.

With our labour except we mak debait,
I dreid, full sair, we want baith drink and meat.

PERSONE.

Then let us go where we are not known.

Gif with our labour we man vs defend,
Then let vs gang quhair we war never kend.

SPIRITVALITIE.

It is these friars that have ruined me, by usurping my place in preaching.

I wyte thir freirs, that I am thus abusit;
For by thair counsall I haue bene confusit.
Thay gart me trow it suffysit, allace!
To gar them plainlie preich into my place.

ABBOT.

Curse on this reformation! For I have, still, two daughters to marry, and lack portions for them.

Allace! This reformatioun I may warie;
For I haue ȝit twa dochters for to marie;
And thay ar baith contractit, be the Rude!
And waits nocht how to pay thair tocher-gude.

PERSONE.

As for me, being young, I will go to France, and turn soldier.

The Devill mak cair for this vnhappie chance;
For I am ȝoung, and thinks to pas to France,
And tak wages amang the men of weir,
And win my living with my sword and speir.

(*The Bischop, Abbot, persone, and Priores depairts, altogidder.*)

GVDE-COVNSALL.

Before you go, let John the Commonwealth be dressed out; for he has been neglected, and is in much distress.

Or ȝe depairt, sir, aff this Regioun,
Gif Iohne the common-weill ane gay garmoun.
Becaus the Common-weill hes bene overluikit,
That is the caus that Common-weill is cruikit.
With singular profeit, he hes bene sa supprysit,
That he is baith cauld, nakit, and disgysit.

CORRECTIOVN.

Be it so. Deck him bravely; and

As ȝe haue said, father, I am content.
Sergeants, gif Iohne ane new abuilȝement,—

Of Sating, Damais, or of the Velvoit fyne ;— give him a seat in our Parliament.
And gif him place in our Parliament, syne.

(*Heir sal thay cleith Iohne the Common-weil gorgeouslie, and set him doun amang them, in the Parliament.*)

All verteous peopil now may be reioisit, Rejoice, now, good people: for the Common-wealth has got a gay garment; ignoramuses, in the Church, have been exchanged for fit clerics;
Sen Common-weill hes gottin ane gay garmoun ;
And, ignorants out of the Kirk deposit,
Devoit Doctours and Clarks of renoun
Now, in the Kirk, sall haue dominioun ;
And Gude-counsall, with Ladie Veritie, and Good Counsel and Truth are friends with the King.
Ar profest with our kings Maiestie.
Blist is that Realme that hes ane prudent King, Happy is the realm whose king loves truth and punishes injustice.
Quhilk dois delyte to heir the veritie,
Punisching thame that plainlie dois maling
Contrair the Common-weill and equitie.
Thair may na peopill haue prosperitie, There is no prosperity under ignorance and tyranny.
Quhair ignorance hes the dominioun,
And common-weil be tirants trampit doun.

(*Pausa.*)

Now, maisters, ȝe sall heir, incontinent, You shall now hear the Acts of our Parliament proclaimed.
At great leysour, in ȝour presence, proclamit
The Nobill Acts of our Parliament,
Of quhilks we neid nocht for to be aschamit.
Cum heir, trumpet, & sound ȝour warning tone, Summon all, to hear what we have done.
That every man may knaw quhat we haue done.

(*Heir sall Diligence, with the Scribe and the trumpet, pas to the pulpit, and proclame the Actis.*)

THE FIRST ACT.

It is devysit be thir prudent Kings, King Correction and King Humanity have resolved that their lieges shall defend the Church, and
Correctioun and King Humanitie,
That thair Leigis, induring all thair Ringis,
With the avyce of the estaits thrie,
Sall manfullie defend and fortifie
The Kirk of Christ, and his Religioun,

earnestly, under pain of punishment.

Without dissimulance or hypocrisie,
Vnder the paine of thair punitioun.

The Acts passed by the last Parliament, being wholesome, shall be duly observed; and they that break them shall suffer.

2. Als, thay will, that the Acts honorabill
Maid, be our Prince, in the last Parliament,
Becaus thay ar baith gude and profitabill,—
Thay will that everie man be diligent
Them till observe, with vnfeinȝeit intent.
Quha disobeyis, inobedientlie,
Be thir lawis, but doubt, thay sall repent,
And painis conteinit thairin sall vnderly.

The temporal lands are to be leased, as in France, to real husbandmen, but with equitable restrictions.

3. And, als, the Common-weil for til advance,
It is statute that all the Temporall lands
Be set in few, efter the forme of France,
Til verteous men that labours with thair hands,
Resonabillie restrictit with sic bands,
That thay do service, nevertheles,
And to be subiect, ay, vnder the wands;
That riches may with policie incres.

Noblemen are not to connive at thieves, but are to be responsible for their stealing, if they do not commit them for trial.

4. Item, this prudent Parliament hes devysit,
Gif Lords halds vnder thair dominioun
Theifis, quhairthroch puir peopil bein supprisit,
For them thay sall make answeir to the croun,
And to the pure mak restitutioun,
Without thay put them in the iudges hands,
For thair default to suffer punitioun;
Sa that na theifis remaine within thair lands.

Justices, with a President, are to be appointed in Elgin, or in Inverness, for the northern quarters, to save long journeys.

5. To that intent, that Iustice sould incres,
It is concludit, in this Parliament,
That, into Elgin, or into Inuernesse,
Sall be ane sute of Clarks sapient,
Togidder with ane prudent Precident,
To do iustice in all the Norther Airtis,
Sa equallie, without impediment,
That thay neid nocht seik iustice in thir pairts.

6. With licence of the Kirks halines,
That iustice may be done continuallie,
All the maters of Scotland, mair and les,
To thir twa famous saits, perpetuallie,
Salbe directit; becaus men seis, plainlie,
Thir wantoun Nunnis ar na way necessair
Till Common-weill, nor ȝit to the glorie
Of Christs Kirk, thocht thay be fat and fair.
And, als, that fragill ordour feminine
Will nocht be missit in Christs Religioun:
Thair rents vsit till ane better fyne,
For Common-weill of all this Regioun.
Ilk Senature, for that erectioun,
For the vphalding of thair gravitie,
Sall haue fyue hundreth mark of pensioun;
And, also, bot twa sall thair nummer be.
Into the North, saxteine sall thair remaine;
Saxtein, rycht sa, in our maist famous toun
Of Edinburgh, to serve our Soveraine;
Chosen, without partiall affectioun,
Of the maist cunning Clarks of this Regioun;
Thair Chancellar chosen of ane famous Clark,
Ane cunning man of great perfectioun,
And, for his pensioun, haue ane thowsand mark.

The Church assenting, spiritual matters are there to be adjudicated on.

Nuns, as being unnecessary either to State or Church, are to be abolished; and their revenues are to be applied more for the public interest.

The Senators are to be stipendiary, and their number is to be fixed.

There are to be thirty-two royal councillors, chosen, impartially, for their ability;

and their Chancellor, a learned man, is to have 1000 marks, as salary.

7. It is devysit, in this Parliament,
From this day furth, na mater Temporall—
Our new Prelats thairto hes done consent,—
Cum befoir Iudges consistoriall,
Quhilk hes bene sa prolixt and partiall,
To the great hurt of the communitie.
Let Temporall men seik Iudges Temporall;
And Sprituall men, to Spritualitie.

From this day forth, temporal matters shall come before temporal judges, and spiritual matters before spiritual judges.

8. Na benefice beis giffin, in tyme cumming,
Bot to men of gude eruditioun,
Expert in the halie Scripture, and cunning,
And that they be of gude conditioun,

Benefices are to be bestowed on erudite ecclesiastics,

of good life, and qualified to preach or else to teach.

Of publick vices but supitioun,
And qualefiet richt prudentlie to preich
To thair awin folk, baith into land and toun,
Or ellis in famous scullis for to teich.

As ignorant priests abound, disgracing the dignity of teachers, the Bishops are to ordain none but men of learning, and fit for the priesthood.

[9.] Als, becaus of the great pluralitie
Of ignorant Preists, ma then ane Legioun,—
Quhairthroch of Teicheouris the heich dignitie
Is vilipendit in ilk Regioun,—
Thairfoir our Court hes maid ane provisioun,
That na Bischops mak teichours, in tyme cumming,
Except men of gude eruditioun,
And for Preistheid qualefeit and cunning.

As an unskilful tailor is not tolerated, so an ignorant cleric should not be endured.

Siclyke as ȝe se, in the borrows toun,
Ane Tailȝeour is nocht sufferit to remaine,
Without he can mak doublet, coat, and gown,—
He man gang till his prentischip againe,—
Bischops sould nocht ressaue, me think certaine,
Into the Kirk except ane cunning Clark.

Isaiah condemns such.

Ane ideot preist Esay compaireth, plaine,
Till ane dum dogge, that can nocht byte nor bark.

No prelate is to attempt to restore the custom of death-presents.

10. From this day furth, se na Prelats pretend,
Vnder the paine of inobedience,
At Prince or Paip to purchase ane command
Againe the kow; becaus it dois offence.

No person but of the blood-royal is to hold a plurality.

Till ony Preist we think sufficience
Ane benefice for to serve God withall.
Twa Prelacies sall na man haue, from thence,
Without that he be of the blude Royall.

Mortuaries are to be done away with, as being detrimental to the commonalty;

11. Item, this prudent counsall hes concludit,
Sa that our haly Vickars be nocht wraith,
From this day furth, thay salbe cleane denudit
Baith of cors-present, cow, and vmest claith;
To pure commons becaus it hath done skaith.

and the Barons are no longer

And, mairouer, we think it lytill force,
Howbeit the Barrouns thairto will be laith,

From thine furth thay sall want thair hyrald hors. to exact heriots.

12. It is decreit, that, in this Parliament,
Ilk Bischop, Minister, Priour, and Persoun,
To the effect thay may tak better tent
To saulis vnder thair dominioun,
Efter the forme of thair fundatioun,
Ilk Bischop in his Diosie sall remaine,
And everilk Persone in his parachoun,
Teiching thair folk from vices to refraine. All persons having the cure of souls are, for the good of those under them, to confine themselves to their charges, ministering as is due.

13. Becaus that clarks our substance dois consume
For bils and proces of thair prelacies,
Thairfoir thair sall na money ga to Rome,
From this day furth, for any benefice,
Bot gif it be for greit Archbischopries.
As for the rest, na money gais at all,
For the incressing of thair dignities,
Na mair nor did to Peter nor to Paull. In time to come, no more money is to go to Rome, for offices in the Church, Archbishoprics excepted. SS. Peter and Paul are, herein, to be your example.

14. Considering *that* our Preists, for the maist part,
Thay want the gift of Chastitie, we se,—
Cupido hes sa perst them throch the hart,—
We grant them licence and frie libertie
That thay may haue fair Virgins to thair wyfis,
And sa keip matrimoniall Chastitie,
And nocht in huirdome for to leid thair lyfis. As our priests, for the most part, want the gift of chastity, they may marry maids, and so avoid sinful lives.

15. This Parliament, richt sa, hes done conclude,
From this day forth, our Barrouns temporall
Sall na mair mix thair nobil ancient blude
With bastard bairns of Stait Spirituall.
Ilk stait amang thair awin selfis marie sall.
Gif Nobils marie with the Spritualitie,
From thyne, subiect thay salbe, and all
Sal be degraithit of thair Nobilitie, Barons are no longer to marry the illegitimate children of prelates. Noblemen offending by such unions shall be disennobled,

and shall so remain until, on payment of a fine, they be rehabilitated.

And from amang the Nobils cancellit,
Vnto the tyme thay by thair libertie,
Rehabilit be the ciuill magistrate.

In like manner, ecclesiastics are to find wives in their own order, after ancient precedent.

And sa sall marie the Spiritualitie:
Bischops with bischops sall mak affinitie;
Abbots and Priors, with the Priores;
As Bischop Annas—in Scripture we may se,—
Maryit his dochter on Bischop Caiphas.

Such are the Acts of this Parliament.

Now haue ȝe heard the Acts honorabill
Devysit in this present Parliament,
To Common-weill, we think, agreabill.

Let them be obeyed.

All faithfull folk sould heirof be content
Them till observe with hartlie trew intent.

None but the malicious will resist them.

I wait nane will against our Acts rebell,
Nor till our law be inobedient,
Bot Plutois band, the potent prince of hell.

(*Heir sall Pauper cum befoir the King, and say:*)

PAVPER.

My blessing for your bounty and for your noble Acts!

I gif ȝow my braid bennesoun,
That hes givin Common-weill a goun.
I wald nocht, for ane pair of plackis,
Ȝe had nocht maid thir nobill Actis.

May you use them well.

I pray to God and sweit Sanct Geill
To gif ȝow grace to vse them weill.

Obeyed, they will benefit;

Wer thay weill keipit, I vnderstand,
It war great honour to Scotland.

declared, they should be observed.

It had bene als gude ȝe had sleipit,
As to mak acts, and be nocht keipit.

But behead Deceit and his companions, and banish Flattery, the scoundrel.

Bot I beseik ȝow, for Alhallows,
To heid Dissait, and hang his fellows,
And banische Flattrie aff the toun;
For thair was never sic ane loun.

Then we had, all, better rest.

That beand done, I hauld it best
That everie man ga to his rest.

CORRECTIOVN.

As thou hes said, it salbe done. — It shall be so.
Suyith ! Sergeants, hang 3on swingeours sone. — Sergeants !

(*Heir sal the Sergeants lous the presoners out of the stocks, and leid them to the gallows.*)

FIRST SERGEANT.

Cum heir, sir Theif; cum heir, cum heir. — Here, Thief!
Quhen war 3e wont to be sa sweir? — You were not so slow in
To hunt Cattell 3e war, ay, speidie; — stealing.
Thairfoir 3e sall weaue in ane widdie. — You must swing.

THIFT.

Man I be hangit? Allace ! allace ! — Will no one
Is thair nane heir may get me grace? — save me?
3it or I die, gif me ane drink. — Give me a drink.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Fy ! huirsun carle. I feil ane stink. — Phew !

THIFT.

Thocht I wald nocht that it war wittin, — You can tell
Sir, in gude faith I am bedirtin. — what has happened,
To wit the veritie, gif 3e pleis, — if you use
Louse doun my hois, put in 3our neis. — your nose.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Thou art an limmer, I stand foird. — Rascal, slip
Slip in thy head into this coird; — your head into this cord,—a
For thou had never ane meiter tippit. — good fit.

THIFT.

Allace ! This is ane fellon rippit. — A bad go, this !

(*Pausa.*)

The widdifow wairdanis tuke my geir, — I have been
And left me nether hors nor meir, — stripped of

all; and now I must be hanged.
Nor earthlie gude that me belangit.
Now, walloway! I man be hangit.

Repent,
Repent 3our lyfis, 3e plaine oppressours,

evil-doers;
All 3e misdoars, and transgressours;

or else confess,
Or ellis gar chuse 3ow gude confessours,

and make ready.
And mak 3ow forde:

If you stay, and if Correction lays hands on you,
For, gif 3e tarie in this land,
And cum vnder Correctiouns hand,

a noose will be your grace.
3our grace salbe, I vnderstand,
Ane gude scharp coird.

Farewell, fellow-thieves!
Adew! my bretheren, common theifis,
That helpit me in my mischeifis.

Farewell, ye cunning in our craft, nimble of foot, strong of hand, whose names are so many that I have no time to repeat them!
Adew! Grosars, Nicksons, and Bellis:
Oft haue we run outthoart the fellis.
Adew! Robsonis, Hansles, and Pyllis,
That in our craft hes mony wylis,
Lytils, Trumbels, and Armestrangs.
Adew! all theifis that me belangs,
Tail3eours, Curwings, and Elwands,
Speidie of fut, and wicht of hands,—
The Scottis of Ewisdaill, and the Graimis:
I haue na tyme to tell 3our namis.

If Correction catches you, it will be all up with you.
With King Correctioun and 3e be fangit,
Beleif, richt weill, 3e wilbe hangit.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Make haste!
Speid hand, man, with thy clitter clatter.

THIFT.

But give me time to relieve nature.
For Gods saik, sir, let me mak watter.
Howbeit I haue bene cattel-gredie,
It schamis to pische into ane widdie.

(*Heir sal Thift be drawin vp, or his figour.*)

SECVND SERGEANT.

Deceit!
Cum heir, Dissait, my compan3eoun.

Saw ever ane man lyker ane loun, — What a rascal
To hing vpon ane gallows? — to hang!

DISSAIT.

This is aneuch to make me mangit. — I am stunned.
Duill fell me, that I man be hangit! — I to be hanged?
Let me speik with my fallows. — Let me speak.
I trow wan-fortune brocht me heir. — I am unlucky.
Quhat mekill feind maid me sa speidie? — Seven years
Sen it was said, it is sevin 3eir, — ago it was
That I sould weaue into ane widdie. — foretold I should be hanged.
I leirit my maisters to be gredie. — I taught greed.
Adew! for I se na remeid. — I am done for.
Luke quhat it is to be evil-deidie. — This comes of evil courses.

SECVND SERGEANT.

Now in this halter slip thy heid. — Slip your head in.
Stand still. Me think 3e draw aback. — Do you flinch?

DISSAIT.

Allace! Maister, 3e hurt my crag, — You hurt my neck.

SECVND SERGEANT.

It will hurt better, I woid an plak, — It will hurt
Richt now, quhen 3e hing on ane knag. — more directly.

DISSAIT.

Adew! my maisters, merchant men. — Farewell, merchantmen,
I haue 3ow servit, as 3e ken, — whom I have
Truelie, baith air and lait. — served well!
I say to 3ow, for conclusioun, — You will fare
I dreid 3e gang to confusioun, — ill, without
Fra tyme 3e want Dissait. — Deceit.
I leirit 3ow, merchants, mony ane wyle, — I taught you
Vpalands wyfis for to begyle, — to cheat the
Vpon ane markit-day, — country wives,

and to palm off on them worthless wares for sound.

I was always whispering you, and putting you up to tricks. It is well that Correction knows not of your craft.

I taught you to mix new wine and old; to buy cheap and sell dear; and the art of adulteration.

Remember usury, imitating your betters.

Never mind scant measure or short weight.

Good-bye, old friends. I was true to you; and you will grieve for me, especially Tom Williamson.

Tom, pray for me heartily, and reflect on my doings; for you learned from me how to cheat the Bishop and his clerks.

Young merchants, you may curse yonder king.

And gar them trow 3our stuffe was gude,
Quhen it was rottin,—be the Rude!—
And sweir it was nocht sway.
I was ay roundand in 3our ear,
And leirit 3ow for to ban and sweir
Quhat 3our geir cost in France,
Howbeit the Devill ane word was trew.
3our craft gif King Correctioun knew,
Wald turne 3ow to mischance.
I leirit 3ow wyllis many fauld:
To mix the new wyne and the auld,—
That faschioun was na follie;—
To sell richt deir, and by gude chaip;
And mix Ry-meill amang the saip,
And Saiffrone with Oyl-dolie.
Forȝet nocht ocker, I counsall 3ow,
Mair then the vicker dois the kow,
Or Lords thair doubill maill.
Howbeit 3our elwand be too skant,
Or 3our pound-wecht thrie vnces want,
Think that bot lytill faill.
Adew! the greit Clan Iamesone,
The blude Royal of Clappertoun:
I was, ay, to 3ow trew.
Baith Andersone and Paterson
Above them all, Thome Williamsone,
My absence 3e will rew.
Thome Williamsone, it is 3our pairt
To pray for me with all 3our hairt,
And think vpon my warks;
How I leirit 3ow ane gude lessoun,
For to begyle, in Edinburgh toun,
The Bischop and his Clarks.
3e, 3oung merchants, may cry allace:
For wanting of 3our wonted grace,
3on curst King 3e may ban.

Had I leiſit bot halfe ane ȝeir,
I sould haue leirit ȝow crafts perqueir.
To begyle wyfe and man.
How may ȝe, merchants, mak debait,
Fra tyme ȝe want ȝour man Dissait?
For ȝow I mak great cair.
Without I ryse fra deid to lyfe,
I wait weill, ȝe will never thryfe
Farther nor the fourth air.

In six months more I would have made you adepts.
You will strive fruitlessly, without Deceit.
Unless I come to life, you will not thrive many generations.

(*Heir sal Dissait be drawin vp, or ellis his figure.*)

FIRST SERGEANT.

Cum heir, Falset, & mense the gallows.
ȝe man hing vp amang ȝour fallows,
For ȝour cankart conditioun.
Monie ane trew man haue ȝe wrangit:
Thairfoir, but doubt, ȝe salbe hangit,
But mercie or remissioun.

Come, Falsehood, and grace the gallows, with your mates.
For your wrong-doing you must swing.

FALSET.

Allace! Man I be hangit, to?
Quhat mekill Devil is this ado?
How came I to this cummer?
My gude maisters, ȝe craftsmen,
Want ȝe Falset, full weill I ken,
ȝe will, all, die for hunger.
ȝe, men of craft, may cry allace.
Quhen ȝe want me, ȝe want ȝour grace;
Thairfoir, put into wryte
My lessouns that I did ȝow leir.
Howbeit the commons eyne ȝe bleir,
Count ȝe nocht that ane myte.
Find me ane Wobster that is leill,
Or ane Walker that will nocht steill,—
Thair craftinos I ken,—

How did I incur this nuisance of being hanged?
Craftsmen, you will starve, without Falsehood.
As you will miss me, note down my instructions.
Don't mind practising guile.
Is any weaver or fuller honest?

A miller that will not steal you may count holy.

Or ane Millair that hes na falt,
That will nather steill meall nor malt,
Hauld them for halie men.

Among butchers, to blow up their meat is only a joke:

At our fleschers tak ȝe na greife.
Thocht thay blaw leane mutton and beife,
That thay seime fat and fair,

and I taught it to them.

Thay think that practick bot ane mow.
Howbeit the Devill a thing it dow,
To thame I leirit that lair.

Tailors, too, learned from me, in the towns.

I leirit Tailȝeours, in everie toun,
To schaip fyue quarters in ane goun,
In Angus, and in Fyfe.

Country tailors I allowed to cabbage.

To vplands Tailȝeours I gaue gude leife
To steill ane sillie stump, or sleife,
Vnto Kittok, his wyfe.

Andro Fortoun will be frantic about me;

My gude maister, Andro Fortoun,
Of Tailȝeours that may weir the croun,
For me he will be mangit.

and Tailor Babarage will roar at seeing me hanged.

Tailȝeour Babarage, my sone and air,
I wait, for me will rudlie rair,
Fra tyme he se me hangit.

Not so Deacon Jamie Ralfe, honest fool;

The barfit Deacon, Iamie Ralfe,
Quha never ȝit bocht kow nor calfe,
Becaus he can nocht steall;

nor Willie Cadyeoch, the selfish maltworm.

Willie Cadȝeoch will make na plead,
Howbeit his wyfe want beife and bread.
Get he gude barmie aill.

To the brewers of Cowpertown I leave a hearty curse.

To the brousters of Cowper toun
I leife my braid black malesoun,
Als hartlie as I may.

They think it no harm to brew washy ale.

To make thinne aill thay think na falt,
Of mekill burne and lytill malt,
Agane the market-day.

Do you know how they make harns-out?

And thay can mak, withoutin doubt,
Ane kynde of aill thay call Harns-out.
Wait ȝe how thay mak that?

Ane curtill queine, ane laidlie lurdane,
Of strang wesche scho will tak ane iurdane,
And settis in the gyle-fat.
Quha drinks of that aill, man or page,
It will gar all his harnis rage.
That iurdane I may rew:
It gart my heid rin hiddie giddie.
Sirs, God! nor I die in ane widdie,
Gif this taill be nocht trew.
Speir at the Sowtar, Geordie Sillie,
Fra tyme that he had fild his bellie
With this vnhelthsum aill.
Than all the Baxters will I ban,
That mixes bread with dust and bran,
And fyne flour with beir maill.
Adew! my maisters, Wrichts and Maissouns.
I haue neid to leir 3ow few lessouns:
3e knaw my craft perqueir.
Adew! blak-Smythis and Loriners.
Adew! 3e craftie Cordiners,
That sellis the schone over deir.
Gold Smythis, fair-weill! aboue them all.
Remember my memoriall,
With mony ane sittill cast.
To mix, set 3e nocht by twa preinis,
Fyne Ducat gold with hard Gudlingis,
Lyke as I leirnit 3ow last.
Quhen I was ludgit vpaland,
The Schiphirds maid with me ane band,
Richt craftelie to steill.
Than did I gif ane confirmatioun
To all the Schiphirdis of this Natioun,
That thay sould never be leill,
And ilk ane to reset ane vther.
I knaw fals Schiphirds, fyftie fidder,—
War thair canteleinis kend,—

A nasty hussy puts stale into the mashing-vat;
and the ale burns the brains.
This I know from trial:
and I tell the truth.
Ask Geordie Sillie how it was with him, when he had drunk of it.
My curse on cheating bakers!
Wrights and masons understand my arts well;
and cordwainers know how to charge for shoes.
Farewell, goldsmiths, you who do not stick at mixing base metal with gold, after my lessoning.
The country shepherds I initiated in stealing.
Henceforth, shepherds, thanks to me, are safe to be dishonest.
Little is known of the

tricks to which they agree together.

How thay mak, in thair conventiouns,
On montans, far fra ony touns,
To let them never mend.

Craftsmen, too, are seldom trusty.

Amang craftsmen, it is ane wonder
To find ten leill amang ane hunder:
The treuth I to 3ow tell.

But I must be off, to the King of the Fays, or else to hell.

Adew! I may na langer tarie.
I man pas to the King of Farie,
Or ellis the rycht to hell.

(*Heir sall he luke vp to his fallows hingand.*)

Alas! No one ever tried harder than Common Thief to live honestly.

Wa is me! For the gude common thift,
Was never man maid ane mair honest schift
His leifing for to win.

He was a rare hand at spiriting away cows.

Thair was nocht ane, in all Lidsdaill,
That ky mair craftelie culd staill,
Quhair thou hings on that pin.

Satan take thy soul, faithful Deceit!

Sathan ressaue thy saull, Dissait!
Thou was to me ane faithfull mait,
And, als, my father brother.

The merchants will never find your equal.

Duill fell the sillie merchant men!
To mak them service, weill I ken,
Thaill never get sic ane vther.

(*Heir sall thay festin the coard to his neck, with ane dum countenance. Thairefter, he sall say:*)

Who will go with me?

Gif any man list for to be my mait,
Cum follow me; for I am at the gait.

Come, ye masterful kings, invaders, oppressors, with Pharaoh, to hell.

Cum follow me, all catyfe, covetous Kings,
Reauers, but richt, of vthers Realmis and Rings,
Togidder with all wrangous conquerours.
And bring, with 3ow all publick oppressours,
With Pharao, King of Egiptians:
With him, in hell, salbe 3our recompence.

Shedders of innocent blood, and grasping

All cruell schedders of blude innocent,
Cum follow me; or ellis rin and repent.
Prelats that hes ma benefeits nor thrie,

And will nocht teich nor preiche the veritie, and idle prelates,
Without at God, in tyme, thay cry for grace, unrepenting,
In hiddeous hell I sall prepair thair place. will be lost.
Cum follow me, all fals corruptit Iudges. Come, false judges,
With Pontius Pilat I sall prepair 3our ludges. and Pontius Pilate.
All 3e officials that parts men with thair wyfis, Ye that part
Cum follow me; or els gang mend 3our lyfis;— man and wife,
With all fals leiders of the constrie law, that abuse
With wanton Scribs and Clarks, intill ane raw, the law to
That to the puir maks mony partiall traine, the injury
Syne, hodie ad octo bids them cum againe. of the poor,
And 3e that taks rewairds at baith the hands, and that take bribes, must go
3e sall, with me, be bund in Baliels bands. with me.
Cum follow me, all curst vnhappie wyfis, Unfaithful wives,
That with 3our gudemen dayly flytis and stryfis, who vex their husbands and
And quyetlie with rybalds makes repair, wrong them,
And taks na cure to make ane wrangous air. will be rewarded
3e sal, in hel, rewairdit be, I wein, in hell, with
With Iesabell, of Israell the Queene. Jezebel.
I haue ane curst vnhappie wyfe, my sell. And what a
Wald God scho war befoir me into hell! wife I have!
That Bismair, war scho thair, withoutin doubt, She would turn the Devil himself
Out of hell the Devill scho wald ding out. out of hell.
3e maryit men, evin as 3e luife 3our lyfis, Married men,
Let never preists be hamelie with 3our wyfis. beware of priests.
My wyfe with preists sho doith me greit onricht, Me they have cuckolded
And maid me nine tymes cuckald, on ane nicht. roundly.
Fairweil! For I am to the widdie wend; Good-bye!
For quhy falset maid never ane better end. Falsehood never made a better end.

(Heir sal he be heisit vp, and not his figure; and an Craw or ane Ke salbe castin vp, as it war his saull.)

FLATTRIE.

Haue I nocht chaipit the widdie weil? How well I have escaped
3ea, that I haue, be sweit Sanct Geill! scragging!

For I deserved it even more richly than my companions, in that I beguiled the three Estates.

For I had nocht bene wrangit;
Becaus I servit,—be Alhallows!—
Till haue bene merchellit amang my fellowis,
And heich aboue them hangit.
I maid far ma falts nor my maits:
I begylde all the thrie estaits
With my hypocrisie.

With my hood on, I was thought good. Am I!

Quhen I had on my freirs hude,
All men beleifit that I was gude.
Now iudge ȝe gif I be.

Let the greatest of rascals only don a friar's dress, and the wives will deem him a very saint.

Tak me an rackles rubyatour,
Ane theif, ane tyrane, or ane tratour,
Of everie vyce the plant;
Gif him the habite of ane freir,
The wyfis will trow, withoutin weir,
He be ane verie Saint.

That dress covers more heat than charity. Is a wolf in a sheep's skin holy?

I knaw that cowle and skaplarie
Genners mair hait nor charitie,
Thocht thay be blak or blew.
Quhat halines is thair within
Ane wolfe cled in ane wedders skin?
Iudge ȝe gif this be trew.

But, escaped, I will not stay to chatter.

Sen I haue chaipit this firie farie,
Adew! I will na langer tarie,
To cumber ȝow with my clatter;

I will go, humbly, and teach the Hermit of Loretto how to flatter.

Bot I will, with ane humbill spreit,
Gang serve the Hermeit of Lareit,
And leir him for till flatter.

(*Heir sal enter Foly.*)

FOLIE.

Good-day! Don't you return any salute? Drunk fools are glad. Don't you know me?

Gude day, my Lords, and, als, God saine!
Dois na man bid gude day againe?
Quhen fuillis ar fow, then ar thay faine.
Ken ȝe nocht me?

How call thay me can ȝe nocht tell? — My name?
Now, be him that herryit hell! — I don't know,
I wait nocht how thay call my sell, — myself, unless
Bot gif I lie. — I lie.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat brybour is this that maks sic beiris? — What beggarly wretch is this?

FOLIE.

The feind ressaue that mouth that speirs! — Out on you that ask! Go and play with your fellows.
Gude-man, ga play ȝow with ȝour feiris,
With muck vpon ȝour mow.

DILIGENCE.

Fond fuill, quhair hes thou bene sa lait? — Where have you been so late?

FOLIE.

Marie! Cummand throw the Schogait. — I have had
Bot thair hes bene ane great debait — a quarrel
Betwixt me and ane Sow. — with a sow.
The Sow cryit guff, and I, to-ga: — I managed to
Throw speid of fute, I gat awa; — run away, but
Bot, in the midst of the cawsa, — fell into a
I fell into ane midding. — dung-heap.
Scho lap vpon me, with ane bend. — She sprang
Quhaever the middings sould amend, — on me.
God send them ane mischevous end! — Bless the dung-heaps!
For that is bot Gods bidding; — Bemired there,
As I was pudlit thair, God wait, — if I had not
Bot with my club I maid debait, — had my club,
Ise never cum againe that gait, — I should never have saved
I sweir ȝow, be Alhallows! — myself.
I wald the officiars of the toun, — The officers of
That suffers sic confusioun, — the town should
That thay war harbreit with Mahown, — be made to rue it for their
Or hangit on ane gallows. — negligence.

The Devil take those who leave the country uncared-for!

Fy, fy, that sic ane fair cuntrie
Sould stand sa lang but policie!
I gif them to the Devill, hartlie,
That hes the wyte.

I wish the Provost would look to the dung-heap where I met my mischance.

I wald the Provost wald tak in heid
Of 3on midding to make remeid,
Quhilk pat me and the Sow at feid.
Quhat may I do bot flyte?

REX HVMANITAS.

Diligence, bring yonder fool hither.

Pas on, my servant Diligence,
And bring 3on fuill to our presence.

DILIGENCE.

At once.

That sall be done, but tarying.

Folly, go to the King.

Foly, 3e man ga to the King.

FOLIE.

Is that he, with the gilt cap?

The King? Quhat kynde of thing is that?
Is 3on he, with the goldin Hat?

DILIGENCE.

Yes. Come along.

3on same is he. Cum on thy way.

FOLIE.

Good-day! I have a complaint to make.

Gif 3e be King, God 3ow gude day.
I haue ane plaint to make to 3ow.

REX HVMANITAS.

Against whom?

Quhom on, Folie?

FOLIE.

A sow.

Marie! On ane Sow.

She has sworn to slay or to maim me.

Sir, scho hes sworne that scho sall sla me,
Or ellis byte baith my balloks fra me.

You should do justice to all.

Gif 3e be King,—be Sanct Allan!—
3e sould do Iustice to ilk man.

Had I nocht keipit me with my club,
The Sow had drawin me in ane dub.
I heir them say thair is cum to the toun
Ane King, callit Correctioun.
I pray 3ow tell me quhilk is he.

My club alone saved me.
Which is King Correction, who, they say, has come to town?

DILIGENCE.

3on, with the wings. May nocht se?

He with the wings.

FOLIE.

Now, wallie fall that weill fairde mow!
Sir, I pray 3ow correct 3on Sow,
Quhilk with hir teith, but sword or knyfe,
Had maist haue reft me of my lyfe.
Gif 3e will nocht mak correctioun,
Than gif me 3our protectioun
Of all Swyne for to be skaithles,
Betuix this toun and Invernes.

Bless him!
Sire, correct yonder sow for all but killing me.
If you will not, then protect me from all swine between here and Inverness.

DILIGENCE.

Foly, hes thou ane wyfe at hame?

Have you a wife?

FOLIE.

3ea, that I haue, God send hir schame!
I trow, be this, scho is neir deid:
I left ane wyfe bindand hir heid.
To schaw hir seiknes I think schame.
Scho hes sic rumbling in hir wambe,
That all the nicht my hart overcasts
With bocking and with thunder-blasts.

Yes, and nearly dead, I imagine.
I don't know what has come to her; but she was in a very bad way all the night long.

DILIGENCE.

Peradventure scho be with bairne.

Perhaps she is pregnant.

FOLIE.

Allace! I trow scho be forfairne.
Scho sobbit, and scho fell in sown;

She is almost worn out, I think.

She fell into a swoon; and then they rubbed her up and down;

And than thay rubbit hir vp and doun.
Scho riftit, routit, and maid sic stends,
Scho ȝeild, and gaid at baith the ends,
Till scho had castin ane cuppill of quarts;

and then she got some comfort, but to the great discomfort of everybody around. And she was quite unable to control herself.

Syne, all turnit to ane rickill of farts.
Scho blubert, bockit, and braikit still;
Hir arsse gaid evin lyke ane wind-mill.
Scho stumblit, and stutterit, with sic stends,
That scho recantit at baith the ends.
Sik dismell drogs fra hir scho schot,
Quhill scho maid all the fluir on flot.
Of hir hurdies scho had na hauld,
Quhill scho had twmed hir mony fauld.

DILIGENCE.

You had better take her to the doctors.

Better bring hir to the Leitches heir.

FOLIE.

Pshaw! She is not to be moved, she is in such a condition; and she constantly cries for a priest.

Trittill trattill! Scho may nocht steir.
Hir verie buttoks maks sic beir,
It skars baith foill and fillie.
Scho bocks sik bagage fra hir breist,
He wants na bubbils that sittis hir neist;
And ay scho cryis, a preist! a preist!
With ilk a quhillie lillie.

DILIGENCE.

Didn't she recover at last?

Recoverit scho nocht, at the last?

FOLIE.

Yes, but noisily. I pity her, when she sighs.

ȝea; bot, wit ȝe weil, scho fartit fast.
Bot, quhen scho sichis, my hart is sorie.

DILIGENCE.

Does she drink at all?

Bot drinks scho ocht?

FOLIE.

3e,—be Sanct Marie !— Well, she does
Ane quart at anis it will nocht tarie, not stick at a
And leif the Devill a drap. quart at once,
Than sic flobbage scho layis fra hir, but with disagreeable consequences;
About the wallis, God wait, sic wair !
Quhen it was drunkin, I gat to skair and I get the
The lickings of the cap. leavings.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat is in that creill, I pray the tell. What is in that basket ?

FOLIE.

Marie ! I haue Folie-Hats to sell. I have fools-caps to sell.

DILIGENCE.

I pray the, sell me ane or tway. Sell me one or two.

FOLIE.

Na. Tarie quhill the market-day. Wait till market-day.
I will sit doun heir,—be Sanct Clune !— I will give my babes their breakfast.
And gif my babies thair disiune.
Cum heir, gude Glaiks, my dochter deir. Glaiks, my daughter, you shall marry a friar within a year. But thou art neither deaf nor dumb.
Thou salbe maryit, within ane 3eir,
Vpon ane freir of Tillilum.
Na : thou art nather deaf nor dum.
Cum hidder, Stult, my sone and air. Stult, my boy, you are a fine fellow.
My ioy, thou art baith gude and fair.
Now sall I fend 3ow as I may, It is hard to make shift for you.
Thocht 3e cry lyke ane Ke all day.

(*Heir sal the bairns cry keck, lyke ane Kae; and he sal put meat in thair mouth.*)

DILIGENCE.

Get vp, Folie, but tarying, Foly, hasten
And speid 3ow, haistelie, to the King. to the King.
Get vp. Me think the carle is dum. Get up!

FOLIE.

Bah! Bah! Now, bum, balerie, bum, bum.

DILIGENCE.

Out of this trance, and get up; or else I will take your wallet.

I trow the trucour lyis in ane trance.
Get vp, man, with ane mirrie mischance;
Or—be Sanct Dyonis of France!—
Ise gar the want thy wallet.

Shame on you.

It's schame to se, man, how thow lyis.

FOLIE.

If I get up again I will break your pate.

Wa! ȝit againe? Now, this is thryis.
The Devill wirrie me, and I ryse,
Bot I sall break thy pallet.

I am overcome at sight of yonder fair lass in a satin gown.

Me think my pillok will nocht ly doun.
Hauld doun ȝour head, ȝe lurdon loun.
ȝon fair las with the Sating goun
Gars ȝow thus bek and bend.

If I had you in a quiet place, you would not wish to run away.

Take, thair, ane neidill for ȝour cace.
Now, for all the hiding of ȝour face,
Had I ȝow in ane quyet place,
ȝe wald nocht waine to flend.

You pretty-armed thing, I should like to kiss your lips.

Thir bony armis, that ar cled in silk,
Ar evin als wantoun as any wilk.
I wald forbeir baith bread and milk,
To kis thy bony lippis.

Angry as you look, if chance favoured, you would try my mettle.

Suppois ȝe luke as ȝe war wraith,
War ȝe at quyet behind ane claith,
ȝe wald not stick to preife my graith
With hobling of ȝour hippis.

DILIGENCE.

Come to the King, and stop your prating.

Suyith! harlot. Haist the to the King,
And let allane thy trattilling.

Here is Folly, the lazy scamp.

Lo! heir is Folie, sir, alreadie,—
Ane richt sweir swingeour, be our Ladie!

FOLIE.

Thou art not half sa sweir, thy sell. And you?
Quhat meins this pulpit, I pray the tell. What means this pulpit?

DILIGENCE.

Our new Bischops hes maid ane preiching; Our new Bishops preach. You never heard such pleasant instruction.
Bot thou heard never sic pleasant teiching.
3on Bischop wil preich throch the coast.

FOLIE.

Than stryk ane hag into the poast; Note that; for
For I hard never, in all my lyfe, I never heard
Ane Bischop cum to preich in Fyfe. of the like.
Gif Bischops to be preichours leiris, If Bishops
Wallaway! quhat sall word of freiris? learn to preach,
Gif Prelats preich in brugh and land, I suspect
The sillie freirs, I vnderstand. that the friars
Thay will get na mair meall nor malt; will starve
Sa, I dreid, freirs sall die for falt. to death.
Sen sa is, that 3on nobill King If that King
Will mak men Bischops for preiching, gives bishoprics for preaching,
Quhat say 3e, sirs? Hauld 3e nocht best why should not
That I gang preich, amang the rest? I preach?
Quhen I haue preichit on my best wayis, After preaching
Then will I sell my merchandise as best I can,
To my bretherin and tender maits I will go sell my wares among
That dwels amang the thrie estaits; the three Estates,
For I haue, heir, gude chaifery to any fool
Till any fuill that lists to by. that will buy.

(Heir sall Foly hing vp his hattis on the pulpet, and say:)

God sen I had ane Doctours hude! I wish I had a doctor's hood.

REX HVMANITAS.

Quhy, Folie? Wald thou mak ane preiching? Would you preach?

FOLIE.

I would, and in plain words.

Yea, that I wald, sir,—be the Rude!—
But eyther flattering or fleiching.

REX HVMANITAS.

Let us hear what he says.

Now, brother, let vs heir his teiching,—
To pas our tyme,—and heir him raife.

DILIGENCE.

The kitchen and the pots best befit him.

He war far meiter for the kitching,
Amang the pottis, sa Christ me saife!

Shall I act as clerk for you?

Fond Foly, sall I be thy Clark,
And answeir the, ay, with amen?

FOLIE.

First, the fiend take that ugly face!

Now, at the beginning of my wark,
The feind ressaue that graceles grim!

(*Heir sal Folie begin his sermon, as followis:*)

Solomon, the wisest King of Israel, has said that fools are innumerable; and I am not ashamed to be one, since there are so many.

Stultorum numerus infinitus.
Salomon, the maist sapient King,
In Israell quhan he did ring,
Thir words, in effect, did write:
The number of fuillis ar infinite.
I think na schame—sa Christ me saife!—
To be ane fuill, amang the laife,
Howbeit ane hundreth stands heir by,
Perventure als great fuillis as I.

I have kindred in every land, Earls, Dukes, Kings, &c.,—fools now, as they have long been.

Stultorum.
I haue, of my Genelogie,
Dwelland in everie cuntrie,
Earles, Duiks, Kings, and Empriours,
With mony guckit Conquerours,
Quhilk dois in Folie perseveir,
And hes done sa this many 3eir.

Sum seiks to warldlie dignities,
And sum, to sensuall vanities.
Quhat vails all thir vaine honours,
Nocht being sure to leife twa houris?
Sum greidie fuill dois fill ane box;
Ane vther fuill cummis, and breaks the lox,
And spends that vther fuillis hes spaird,
Quhilk never thocht on them to wairde.
Sum dois as thay sould never die.
Is nocht this folie? Quhat say ȝe?
Sapientia huius mundi stultitia est apud Deum.
Becaus thair is sa many fuillis
Rydand on hors, and, sum, on muillis,
Heir I haue bocht gude chafery
Till ony fuill that lists to by,
And, speciallie, for the thrie estaits,
Quhair I haue mony tender maits;
Quhilk causit them, as ȝe may se,
Gang backwart throw the haill cuntrie.
Gif with my merchandise ȝe list to mell,
Heir I haue Folie-Hattis to sell.
Quhairfoir is this Hat, wald ȝe ken?
Marie! For insatiabill merchant men.
Quhen God hes send them abundance,
Ar nocht content with sufficiance,
Bot saillis into the stormy blastis,
In Winter to get greater castis,—
In mony terribill great torment,
Against the Acts of Parliament.
Sum tynis thair geir, and sum ar drounde:
With this sic merchants sould be crounde.

They aim after unsubstantial things, though life is quite uncertain.
One fool hoards gold; and another fool steals and spends it.
Others are so foolish as to act as if they were never to die.
There being many wealthy fools,
I have bought goods for them,
and, especially, for the three Estates, in which I have many mates, as appears from their acts.
I have fools-caps to sell.
This one is for the merchants.
Not content with abundance, they run risks in winter-time, in the teeth of the Acts of Parliament, with various results.
This cap suits such.

DILIGENCE.

Quhom to schaips thou to sell that hude?
I trow, to sum great man of gude.

And this hood is for some rich man?

FOLIE.

I would sell it to some one old and cold, ready to die, with a family of children, and who, yet, weds a mere girl, trusting that she will not make him a cuckold.

This hude to sell richt faine I wald
Till him that is baith auld & cald,
Reddie till pas to hell, or heavin,
And hes fair bairns, sax or seavin,
And is of age fourscoir of 3eir,
And taks ane lasse to be his peir,
Quhilk is nocht fourteine 3eir of age,
And ioynis with hir in mariage,
Geifand hir traist that scho nocht wald
Rycht haistelie mak him cuckald.

For the like of him this cap is suited.

Quha maryes, beand sa neir thair dead,
Set on this Hat vpon his head.

DILIGENCE.

What cap is this?

Quhat Hude is that, tell me I pray the.

FOLIE.

This cap is holy and ordained, and is for spiritual fools who, unfit, undertake cures from mere motives of gain, and sell themselves to Satan.

This is ane haly Hude, I say the.
This Hude is ordanit, I the assure,
For Sprituall fuillis that taks in cure
The saullis of great Diosies,
And regiment of great Abesies,
For gredines of warldlie pelfe,
Than can nocht iustlie gyde them selfe.
Vthers sauls to saife it settis them weill,
Syne, sell thair awin saullis to the Deuill.

This cap is proper for such.

Quhaever dois sa, this I conclude,
Vpon his heid set on this Hude.

DILIGENCE.

Are such in the Church now? How shall I recognize them?

Foly, is thair ony sic men
Now in the Kirk, that thou can ken?
How sall I ken them?

FOLIE.

Na, keip that clois. Know them
Ex operibus eorum cognoscetis eos. by their works.
And fuillis speik of the Prelacie, It is heresy to speak of the prelates.
It will be hauldin for herisie.

REX HVMANITAS.

Speik on hardlie. I gif the leife. I give you leave to speak.

FOLIE.

Than my remissioun is in my sleife. Then I am safe.
Will ȝe leife me to speik of Kings? May I speak of kings?

REX HVMANITAS.

ȝea: hardlie speik of all kin things. Yes, of all the like.

[FOLIE.]

Conforming to my first narratioun, As I said before,
ȝe ar, all, fuillis, be Coks passioun! you are, all, fools.

DILIGENCE.

Thou leis. I trow this fuill be mangit. A lie. He is demented.

FOLIE.

Gif I lie, God! nor thou be hangit. Not so.
For I haue heir—I to the tell,— For I have, here,
Ane nobill cap imperiell, a noble cap,
Quhilk is nocht ordanit bot for doings suited for royal
Of Empreours, of Duiks, and Kings,— fools of every
For princelie and imperiall fuillis: sort and
Thay sould haue luggis als lang as Muillis. description.
The pryde of Princes, withoutin faill, Princes confuse
Gars all the warld rin top ovir taill. the world by their pride, and,
To win them warldlie gloir and gude, to satisfy it, slay
Thay cure nocht schedding of saikles blude. the innocent.

England would have troubled us sorely, but for the aid of France.

Quhat cummer haue ȝe had, in Scotland,
Be our auld enemies of Ingland?
Had nocht bene the support of France,
We had bene brocht to great mischance.

And now the Emperor is going to blows with France.

Now, I heir tell, the Empreour,
Schaippis for till be ane Conquerour,
And is muifing his ordinance
Against the Nobill King of France.

His reason I know not

Bot I knaw nocht his iust querrell,
That he hes for till mak battell.

Princes in general are, this year, in a commotion, which some will regret.

All the Princes of Almanie,
Spainȝe, Flanders, and Italie,
This present ȝeir, ar in ane flocht:
Sum sall thair wages find deir bocht.

The Pope has sent his army into the field, outdoing the old Saints.

The Paip, with bombard, speir, and scheild,
Hes send his armie to the feild.
Sanct Peter, Sanct Paull, nor Sanct Androw
Raisit never sic ane Oist, I trow.

Is this charity? Or is it folly?

Is this fraternall charitie?
Or furious folie? Quhat say ȝe?

Christ taught not this foolishness; for such it is, among Christians.

Thay leird nocht this at Christis Scuillis:
Thairfoir, I think them verie fuillis.
I think it folie,—be Gods mother!—
Ilk Christian Prince to ding doun vther.

For them is this cap.

Becaus that this hat sould belang them,
Gang thou, and part it evin amang them.

Fulfilled, now, is Merlin's prophecy,

The Prophesie, withouttin weir,
Of Merling beis compleit this ȝeir.

which I learnt from my grandmother;

For my gudame, the Gyre Carling,
Leirnde me the Prophesie of Marling;

and thus it runs.

Quhairof I sall schaw the sentence,
Gif ȝe will gif me audience:

Merlin's prophecy.

Flan, Fran resurgent, simul Hispan viribus vrgent,
Dani vastabunt, Vallones valla parabunt.

Sic tibi nomen in a mulier cacavit in olla.
Hoc epulum comedes.

DILIGENCE.

Marie! That is ane il-sauorit dische. — A foul mess.

FOLIE.

Sa, be this Prophesie plainlie appeirs, — So, friars are
That mortall weirs salbe amang freirs. — to wrangle;
Thay sall nocht knaw weill, in thair closters, — their religion
To quhom thay sall say thair Pater nosters. — being disordered.
Wald thay fall to, and fecht with speir and sheild, — Would that they fought
The feind mak cuir quhilk of them win the feild. — with spear and shield!
Now of my sermon haue I maid ane end; — Finally I commend you to
To Gilly-mouband I 3ow all commend: — Gilly-moubund.
And I 3ow all beseik, richt hartfullie, — Pray, too, for
Pray for the saull of gude Cacaphatie,— — the soul of
Quhilk laitlie drounit himself into Lochleavin,— — Cacaphatie, who
That his sweit saull may be aboue the heavin. — was drowned.

DILIGENCE.

Famous peopil, hartlie I 3ow requyre — Take our play
This lytill sport to tak in patience. — in good part.
We traist to God, and we leif ane vther 3eir, — Next year, if we
Quhair we haue failit, we sall do diligence, — live, we will try to do
With mair pleasure, to mak 3ow recompence; — better;
Because we haue bene, sum part, tedious, — for we have been tedious,
With mater rude, denude of eloquence, — rude, and, perchance,
Likewyse, perchance, to sum men odious. — invidious.
Now let ilk man his way avance; — Now go, and
Let sum ga drink, and sum ga dance: — drink, and try
Menstrell, blaw vp ane brawll of France; — who can dance
Let se quha hobbils best. — best.

For I will rin, incontinent,
To the Tavern, or ever I stent,
And pray to God omnipotent,
To send 3ow all gude rest.

I, myself, will run straight to the tavern, and will pray that you may, all, have good rest.

Rex sapiens, æterne Deus, genitorque benigne,
Sit tibi, perpetuo, gloria, laus, & honor.

Glory, praise, and honour be to God evermore!

Printed at Edinburgh, be Robert Charteris.

An. Do. MDCII.

And are to be sauld in his Buith, on the North side of the Gait, at the West side of the auld Prouosts Closhead.

TEMPORARY NOTICE.

It was hoped that the present part would complete the Society's edition of the Works of Sir David Lyndesay, containing introductory chapters on their history and bibliography, with the pedigree and peculiarities of the various editions and recensions which appeared before the close of the 16th century, and the characteristics of the language in which the poet wrote, as well as the Notes and Glossarial Index to the whole. Owing to the Editor's removal from London, and the heavy and unforeseen demands made upon his time, during the past year, in connection with accepting a Mastership at Mill Hill School, he has not had time to prepare for the press the large mass of materials which he has collected in illustration of these subjects. It has therefore been decided to issue at once the *Minor Poems*, completing the text of Lyndesay, along with a portion of the prefatory matter, consisting of the Essay of Professor Nichol on the History of Scottish Poetry and the place of Lyndesay therein, with the interesting original preface of Henry Charteris to the first edition of the Warkis, Edinburgh, 1568.

J. A. H. Murray.

Sunnyside, Mill Hill, Feb., 1871.

Lindsay, Sir David

Sir David Lyndesay's Works.

PART V.

The Minor Poems.

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PREFACE.

I.

A SKETCH OF SCOTTISH POETRY UP TO THE TIME OF SIR DAVID LYNDESAY, WITH AN OUTLINE OF HIS WORKS,

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PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

THE life and writings of Sir David Lyndesay are intimately associated with the political and intellectual movements of the transition age in which he flourished. The interest that adheres to them is, to a great extent, historical, and any attempt to estimate their significance will be assisted by a survey of the previous course of national thought.

Scottish literature properly speaking, that is to say, the literature which was not only written in Scotland and by Scotchmen, but which embodied local ideas in local language, stretches over somewhat more than 150 years. It begins in the 14th century with Barbour in the celebration of national independence, and ends in the 16th with Lyndesay and Knox in the advocacy of religious freedom. The Scotchmen who have written from the time of Drummond to that of Carlyle have been, with a few exceptions, and in spite of certain local characteristics, essentially English writers.

There is great similarity between the early literatures of all countries: rudeness of style and simplicity of thought mark the

FEB 24 1955

first efforts of writers everywhere; there is a further similarity between almost all the early literatures of modern Europe. They are from the first largely aftergrowths. They begin in the naturalization of legends, and the communication of truths previously diffused in elder tongues; in re-translations of translations necessitated by the fusion of races which had each previously possessed some records of its own. Echoes caught from classic and mediæval tradition run through our earliest romances; if we except a few purely Celtic and Scandinavian fragments we must, to find the roots of our old British literature, go back beyond itself. This last remark may, however, be applied with less reservation to the southern than to the northern section of our island, where continental influences affected manners more than thought. The most cursory view of early Scottish poetry finds it more nearly indigenous, reflecting more closely the current of events in which our authors were more frequently actors, than that of the corresponding age in England, where a greater amount of luxury led, at an earlier period, to the development of a distinct literary class.

Authentic Scottish history begins about the date of the Norman conquest with the reign of Malcolm Canmore, and stretches down to the union of the crowns under James VI. Before the first of those dates it is the comparatively barren chronicle of semi-barbarous tribes; after the last it becomes a part of the history of England. The intervening period of five and a half centuries may be divided into four great sections.

DIVISIONS OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.

I. The first extends for 200 years, down to the death of Alexander III., and exhibits Scotland as an independent kingdom, occasionally at war with, and sometimes interfering in, the affairs of her more powerful neighbour.

II. The second, stretching from 1283 to 1390—the date of the accession of Robert II., the first of the Stewarts—is the period marked by the struggle with the English Edwards.

III. The third, extending over the reigns of Robert II. and Robert III., and the first four Jameses, is marked by renewed wars

with England,—the border raids, giving birth to the border ballads; the alliance, foreshadowing a union of the crowns; the defeat of Flodden; at home, by the Douglas wars; the first steps towards the civilization of the Highlands; the revival of classical learning among the ecclesiastics, and the establishment of the Universities.

IV. The fourth, beginning with the Regency consequent on the death of James IV., extends over the reigns of James V., Mary, and the Scottish reign of James VI. It is the period of the Reformation.

CORRESPONDING DIVISIONS OF SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

I. Of the first of those periods there are few literary relics. There are some English verses about the Battle of the Standard, but no contemporary records are left to us from the 12th or the early part of the 13th century in Scotland. If any ballads belonged to that age they are lost.[1] A little later we come to the oldest authentic fragment of Scottish poetry in the well-known patriotic and religious lament beginning

> 'Quhen Alysandyr oure king wes dede
> That Scotland led in luve and le.'

The 13th century in Scotland is ushered into the history of literature mainly in connection with the traditionary verses and semi-fabulous life of Thomas Learmount, the rhymer of Ercildoune. Of this Scottish Orpheus or Merlin—whose very existence has been doubted by the sceptical spirit of modern criticism—the frequent references of later writers allow us to believe that he really lived and wrote, reaching the height of his fame about the year 1280, and dying before the close of the century. He comes before us, like an early bard, in the combined character of a poet and a prophet. His most celebrated prediction, relating to the death of the king, is circumstantially detailed by Bower, a chronicler who flourished in 1430; but as it is given in the form of the announcement of a blast in Scotland on the 16th of March, we are tempted to remark that such a prophecy was likely in some way or other to be fulfilled, and as we

[1] It will be understood that the writer speaks of the literature of Lowland or Anglo-Saxon Scotland, and does not hazard any opinion on the question of the old Celtic remains. Celtic has even less relation to Scottish than it has to English literature.

have different accounts of the year in which Alexander died, we cannot lay much stress on a coincidence connected with the day. Learmount is referred to in his prophetic character in *The Bruce*. The chroniclers Wyntown and Henry have agreed to represent him as endowed with a genuine spirit of divination; but they express suspicions as to the source from which this power was derived. Lesley, in his history of Scotch affairs (1578), mentions him along with the wizard Michael Scott. The Earl of Sterling, the poet Drummond—followed in the middle of the 17th century by Archbishop Spotswood—allude to him as having 'foretold many ages before' the union of the crowns 'in the ninth degree of the Bruce's blood.' Unfortunately, the publication of the volume to which those writers refer can be traced only to the year 1603, when the union had actually taken place.

Ercildoune's claims to be regarded as a poet have been considered to rest on a somewhat better foundation. Robert Manning of Brunne, who lived only half a generation later (his works bearing date in 1303 and 1338) distinctly names a Thomas as the author of an old version of the Geste of Sir Tristram,[1] and the ryme of the third line of the Geste in the Auchinleck MS. leaves no doubt that 'Erceldoune' is the right word for the name of the author's dwelling that is missing from the first line.[2] *Sir Tristrem*, although one of the later Arthurian legends, had at an early period become one of the stock stories of romance on the continent, and it may

[1] I see in song, in sedgeyng tale
of Erceldoun & of Kendale,
Nou þam says as þai [E. & K.] þam wroght,
& in þer sayng it semes noght:
þat may þou here in sir Tristrem;
ouer gestes it has þe steem [esteem],—
ouer alle that is or was—
if men it sayd, as made Thomas.
Story of Inglande, i. 3, lines 93—100; ed. F. J. Furnivall, 1871 (now in the press).

[2] I was at [Erceldoune:]
With Tomas spak Y thare;
Ther herd Y rede in roune,
Who Tristrem gat and bare . . .
Tomas telles in toun,
This autentours as thai ware.
(ed. W. Scott, 1806, l. 1-11.)

have found its way to Scotland, and been translated there some years before it assumed its English dress in England. The old copy of the Romance (supposed to have been transcribed in the 14th century) which was published by Sir Walter Scott in 1804, opens with an allusion to the Rhymer in the third person, and the language hardly squares with our notions of the Scotch of the remote period to which it is referred by the editor; but neither of those facts is decisive against the belief in an original work of the Rhymer that may have been modified by transcription. The 'Geste of King Horne' has also been referred to a northern source of the same date, but, it appears, on insufficient authority. Learmount's fame will continue to be associated with faery land and the ballads of our Scottish mythology.

II. There are a few remaining fragments of verse—as the taunting at the siege of Berwick, and a pæan over Bannockburn—written by contemporaries of Wallace and Bruce, but our main poetical authority for the events and sentiments of the period is JOHN BARBOUR. Neither the place nor the date of this author's birth are known. He was Archdeacon of Aberdeen in 1357; died in 1395, after having repeatedly travelled in England, and held some important offices. In 1375 he speaks of his work as being half finished. On its completion in 1378 he was presented with an annuity, avowedly granted to him and his heirs 'pro compilacione Libri de gestis illustrissimi principis quondam domini regis Roberti de Brus.' He is referred to by Wyntown as the author of another work, 'The Brute,' containing a genealogy of the kings of Scotland, from the everlasting Brutus down to the time of the first Stewarts, for which, according to one account, he received another pension. Mr Henry Bradshaw, the Librarian of the University of Cambridge, has proved[1] that about 2200 lines of two MS. Troy Books in the Cambridge University and Bodleian Libraries—part of 'The Brute' above,—as well as a MS. collection of 50 Lives of Saints, in 40,000 lines, in the Cambridge University Library, are due to Barbour. Two MSS., transcribed by John Ramsay in 1489, are, with the ex-

[1] Transactions of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, 1866.

ception of the passages enshrined by Wyntown in his Chronicle, our earliest authorities for the text of the 'Brus.' The earliest printed edition of which any copies have been preserved, belongs to about 1570, since when there have been nearly twenty, some of them altered to suit the knowledge of the people, with whom the work has always been a favourite. As the first really considerable poem produced in the northern part of our island, it has been compared by Mr Pinkerton and other critics, whose national zeal is apt to be excessive, with the masterpieces of Homer, Dante, and Chaucer; but the comparison only holds good as pointing to a common freshness and vigour. If we are to look for prototypes to 'The Bruce,' we may find a better parallel in the fragments of the Roman Nævius and Ennius, who seem to have executed in a somewhat similar way a design similar to Barbour's, and to have recalled, as he did, with comparative simplicity and sincerity, the great achievements of a great era of their country's history. The historical merit of Barbour's book is generally admitted to be considerable. He himself recommends it at the outset by stating his resolution to give a faithful record; and writing within 46 years of Bruce's death, he is able more than once to appeal to the authority of eye-witnesses as vouchers for the accuracy of his statements. We may presume that he has reported the main events of the struggle he celebrates exactly as they were believed to have taken place in the age during which he wrote. The annals of contemporary warfare still warn us how short a time it takes to obscure facts:[1] where strong emotions have free play not the most honest can be expected to be always impartial; and where great interests are at stake not every one can be expected to be honest. In a rude age mythological additions cluster more thickly around the memories of great men; but though Barbour appeals to the belief in Divine interposition to explain a Scottish victory, and attributes to his hero supernatural powers, and ascribes his early disasters to his sacrilege, and credits the report of the English king's consulting a fiend, the wonder is that his work as a whole is so free from fabulous adornments. His sentiment regarding

[1] Vide the exaggerated statements espoused by Lord Shaftesbury, and at one time widely credited, regarding the Indian Mutiny.

the reputed prophecies of the age is inspired by a wholesome incredulity which reminds us of Chaucer's not caring 'three straws' for the oracles—

> 'Me think, quha sayis he knawis thingis
> To cum, he makys gret gabingis.'

But we see no trace in Barbour of the scepticism which is full-grown flippancy. The whole tone of his writing is reverential, nor was he altogether free from the influence of the superstitions in which the reverence of that age took shape. Cultivating a comparatively virgin soil, Barbour indulges in comparatively few of the commonplaces of mediæval fiction: living without even Chaucer for a model, it was easier for him to be original than for us who are oppressed by so many centuries of literature. But his originality cannot be attributed, as the appearance of originality sometimes may, to ignorance. He was too zealous a student to be ashamed to go abroad for his knowledge, and his work bears frequent testimony to his learning. He avoids the pedantry of cramming his pages with the names of ancient authors; but he frequently even goes out of his way to give illustrations from Greek and Latin history. His travels seem to have had the effect of liberalizing his mind. The laureate of a national struggle for independence, he exhibits no unreasonable inveteracy; and his patriotism, tempered by a comprehensive charity, never degenerates into patriotic rant. In an artistic point of view, his poem, as a whole, owes its main merit to its unity. The hero—a model knight—is the backbone of the story, which is at once a chronicle and a chivalrous romance. The exaggerations which here and there occur never take from our sense of the reality of the picture; and a great aim justifies those efforts which, in the case of Sir Lancelot and Sir Tristram, are apt to degenerate into gymnastic feats. The figures of Bruce and Douglas —'very perfect gentle knights,'—as drawn by Barbour, recall to our minds Achilles and Patroclus. But the implied comparison suggests a difference. A long poem which rests too much upon its unity cannot be without serious defects. A single highly-strung emotion is ground for a perfect lyric; one great action, coloured by passion, is enough for a ballad; but an epic requires variety. The conflict of

interests in the 'Iliad,' the rival heroes, Helen and Andromache, the background of the gods, amply fulfil this requisite. Setting aside the difference of language (and compared with the language of Homer that of Barbour is prose) this makes a gulf between the two poems. National zeal is needed to prevent 'The Bruce' from becoming wearisome. There is too great a similarity in the adventures; and the characters, with few exceptions, do not stand out with sufficient individuality. The want of versatility in Barbour's mind shows itself in his style. He has more than the average power of painting character. We often admire the pathos of his simple narrative, and sympathize with the fervour of his patriotic reflections on the 'perfervidum ingenium' of men.

'Haud cauponantes bellum sed belligeranteis.'

But he seems either to have had comparatively little inventive power, or to have avoided exercising it. His wit is heavy, and he is rarely humorous. The 'glow of generous sentiment' which pervades his poem elevates its tone; but though a high level it is still a level, rising at the highest in his 'Bannockburn' to that of the last canto in Sir W. Scott's 'Marmion.'

Andrew of Wyntown, a Prior of the monastery of St Serf, a later contemporary of Barbour's, was born during the reign of David II., and died sometime after 1419. His work, the 'Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland,' so called because it professes to trace the history of our ancestors from their origin, was edited—so far as the part immediately concerning Scotland—by David Macpherson in 1789, and a new edition has long been a want. Like Barbour's, it is written in octosyllabic verse, but it contains scarcely any poetry, and its historical value is impaired by an admixture of legends. To antiquarians it still presents an interesting mirror of ancient manners and beliefs, along with some of the earliest versions of the most popular native traditions, among others the story of the witches and Macbeth, though not exactly as we find it in Shakespeare. Besides the favourite second-rate authorities of the middle age, he refers to several of the standard classics, and helps himself over his work by liberal quotations from Barbour and other authors.

Here, though he flourished at a somewhat later date, we may mention HENRY THE MINSTREL, for his poem belongs to the early series of our metrical chroniclers. For all we know of his life we are indebted to a passage of Dr Mair's Latin History, in which he tells us that Henry was blind, and leaves us to infer that he flourished about the year 1460. He calls himself a rural or rustic man, but it is evident that he must have received some education, for French words are frequently introduced into his poem, and he refers to a Latin original of a Maistre John Blair, as having furnished many of his ideas. Henry must have lived as late as 1492, when there is a record of the last of several donations presented to him by James IV. He never alludes to his blindness, and the descriptions which are among the prominent beatities of his work seem inconsistent with it; but we are scarcely justified on this ground in setting aside the positive testimony of a contemporary as to an obvious fact. Popular sentiment continues to this day to revere Blind Harry. The poem of 'The Wallace,' composed in heroic couplets, is about the same length as 'The Bruce,' of which it is a counterpart. Henry's verse is at least as smooth as Barbour's, and some critics have recorded their preference for the later poem; but the weight of authority inclines to a different verdict. The author of 'The Wallace' is plainly the less educated of the rivals, and, though born in a more refined age, has less refinement of feeling. The characters of 'The Bruce' are limited, but 'The Wallace' has only one. Everything centres round the figure of the gigantic yeoman, and his adventures are little more than a series of scenes of slaughter. The narrative is often highly vigorous, and the battle-pieces occasionally stirring; but it needs all the exaggeration of patriotism to attribute to the author 'the genius of a second Homer.' A modern Scotch version of Henry's work kept up in the hearts of the Scottish peasantry, down to the close of last century, the tide of Scottish prejudice which Burns says was poured into his veins by its perusal. It is the great authority for those incidents connected with the life of the hero which have been reproduced in the 'Tales of a Grandfather' and the 'Scottish Chiefs;' and from the first scene with the fishing-rod to the last on the scaffold, these are narrated with a vigour that has never been surpassed.

III. The literature of Scotland during the 14th century is remarkably free from the mark of English influence. Its foreign allusions, mostly continental, are subsidiary. It stands on its own basis, and is characterized by the freshness and vigour of an independent nation beginning to assert a place for itself in the intellectual world. The same phenomenon recurs, the same features are present, in the revolutionary and reforming literature of the 16th; but in the 15th century we have an interval of comparative subjection, when imitation of southern models was the price paid for greater refinement and delicacy of speech. It has been said that in the generations after Chaucer's death, the light of his genius, which seemed to have gone out in the land of his birth, was rekindled in the north, as the sun still shines over the Orkneys when the lamps are kindled in the streets of London. Varying the image, we may say that during the whole of this period a Chaucerian wave passed over Scottish literature, and a movement was set on foot which largely influenced its thought and manner, its themes and the mode of handling them. Of this movement, an English prince, reared in England, was the natural leader and representative. By genius and education James I., the greatest of the ill-starred Stewart line—the best king who ever was a poet and the best poet who ever was a king—was well fitted to inaugurate a new era of thought and expression. The tragedy of his life, which typifies the premature struggle of civilization against barbarism, is familiar to the most superficial reader of Scottish history. Like Alfred the Great he at an early age manifested remarkable capacities in directions commonly opposed. He was by nature a soldier and statesman, and equally by nature a man of letters. While still a prisoner of Henry's in the round tower of Windsor, he had converted the castle-yard into a court of martial exercise, and his chamber into a study. Out of doors he became a horseman and a runner; in doors, a musician, a lawyer, and, studying 'his maisters dear,' himself a poet. His fancy is said to have been first inspired by the sight of his future wife 'gathering flowers, herself a fairer flower,' beneath his casement. The poem called forth by this beatific vision is 'The King's Quair.' This word, which in Icelandic means a book, and is so used in the English *Ancren Riwle*

of about 1220 A.D. (p. 282), was perhaps taken by James from the 'Complaynt of the Black Knight,' generally, but probably falsely, attributed to Chaucer,—

'Go, lytell *quayre*, unto my lyve's queen.'

James derived from the great English poet much more than the title of his poem—its verse, which is a modification of the rhyme royal; its language, which, with a few northernisms, is English rather than Scotch; and many of its ideas and images. The notion of the poet rising from sleep, and hearing the bell ring for matins, is eminently Chaucerian; so is the description of the garden, the address to May, and much of the subsequent allegory. A more minute comparison of the two writers reveals many instances of the imitation, conscious or unconscious, of the one by the other. It has been remarked that the following coincidence between a stanza in 'Troylus and Cressida' and one in the 'King's Quair' can hardly be accidental:—

'O weary ghost that wanderest to & fro,
Why nyht thou flyen out of the wofullest
Body that ever might on groundè go

O soulè lurking in this woful nest

Fly forth without mine hertè & it brest.'
—*Chaucer, T. & C.* b. iv.

'O besy ghost, ay flickering to & fro

That never art in quiet or in rest

Till thou cam to the place that thou cam fro
Which is thy first & very proper nest.'—*K.'s Quair.*

Chaucer was to the minor poets of England during the 15th century what Byron was to those of the last, and Tennyson has been to those of the present generation—a voice to echo, and a standard to follow from a distance. But James I. was more than a minor poet; he not only outstripped all his contemporaries, but surpassed one of his models—Gower—and his highest flights fell not far short of the unattainable excellence of the other. If we compare the productions of our poet with the 'Canterbury Tales,' we find the latter to surpass the former in vigour, in life-like reality, in variety, and in humour; but the case is not so clear if we compare those productions with the corresponding efforts of Chaucer's youth. The 'King's Quair'—an

autobiographic, descriptive, and allegorical poem of nearly 1400 lines—was probably written sometime before the royal author's marriage in 1424; a copy was preserved in the Bodleian library, and printed for the first time in 1776. If Hawes ever saw this, he may have borrowed from it several hints in the composition of the 'Pastime of Pleasure.' The main defect of the earlier work lies in its resemblance to the later. The age of allegory in those days corresponded to what is with young writers now the *era of adjectives;* and James had not passed it when he wrote his 'Quair.' Neither had he avoided entirely the bad example of Gower in mixing up incongruous scraps of learning. Christian and Pagan myths are jumbled in his pages. The poet invokes Calliope in the name of the Virgin; Venus and St John co-operate to give him counsel, and he puts a quotation from the Book of Ecclesiastes into the mouth of Minerva. Hence it is that the poem is appreciated better in fragments than as a whole; but many of the descriptions, in richness of imagery and harmony of versification, stand on a level with those of our greatest poets. In that of the Garden and the Lady there is, to borrow one of its own lines,

'Beauty enough to make a world to dote.'

Of the minor pieces attributed to the same author, the most celebrated is 'Christ's Kirk of the Green,' the popularity of which in later times is attested by Pope's couplet,

'One likes no language but the Faery Queen,
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green.'

Some critics have referred the poem to King James V., while one of the first Scottish scholars of the day summarily dismisses it as 'undoubtedly the production of a far later age' than that of James I. The name of this monarch is appended to the poems in the Bannatyne MS. compiled in 1564. Its authenticity seems to stand or fall along with that of a similar composition to which allusion is made in the opening stanza—'Peebles to the Play,'—and this last is referred to by Mair, who lived in the 15th century, as a work of the same James. The two poems are in the same peculiar stanza; their dialect, adapted to the comprehension of the common people, is very similar; and they treat similar subjects in the same way, being didactic satires

under the guise of descriptive burlesques of rural games, drawn in vivid rustic colours. In both the same humour and sprightliness are conspicuous characteristics.

Of the writers in verse belonging to the age immediately succeeding it may suffice to refer to the most prominent. Robert Henryson, the schoolmaster of Dunfermline (mentioned in Dunbar's 'Lament for the Makars,' 1507, as recently dead), must be regarded as one of the most successful of those who during the latter half of the 15th century followed up the impulse that had been given by James, and introduced into the northern part of our island the literary fashions, the favourite themes, the smoother measures, and the prevailing graces of the south. All the educated Scotch minstrels of this period were more or less imitators of Chaucer, and, for the most part, of his earlier and minor works. With the exception of a single fable, there is no Scotch recast from the 'Canterbury Tales,' but there are several of the 'Flower and the Leaf' and 'Troylus and Cressida.' Henryson's 'Testament of Cresseid' was avowedly suggested by the latter, to which it is a sequel, preserving the stanza, and to some extent the manner, of the original. In the spirit of that poetical justice which rarely accords with the facts of life, the poem proceeds to give us an account of the punishment which the author imagines to have ultimately overtaken the infidelity of the heroine. Deserted in her turn by Diomed, Cresseid returns to the house of Calchas, and afterwards retires to an oratory or 'Kirk,' where she laments her fate, and pours forth reproaches against the goddess of love. Then follows an interlude in which the principal mythological personages of antiquity, though with some confusion as to character, are introduced sitting in judgment on the faithless fair one. She is finally condemned to be stricken with leprosy, and to go begging from house to house with cup and clapper, as the lepers were wont to do in the streets of Edinburgh. Nathaniel Hawthorne has wrought out with remarkable power a similar idea in his 'Lady Eleanore's Mantle,' but he has not transferred the heroine from Massachusetts to Troy. Henryson has handled another legendary theme in the same fashion in his 'Tale of Orpheus,' represented as a king of Thrace searching in vain for Eurydice through all the stars

of the milky way. In the course of his journey we meet with the following classic reference—

> 'In his passage among the planets all
> He herd a heavenly melody & sound
> Passing all instrumentis musical
> Caused by rolling of the spheres round.'

Orpheus then descends to the realms of Pluto, where he meets Julius Cæsar, Herod, Nero, and Iesabel, with *many a pope and cardinal.* The last reference is remarkable as perhaps the earliest indication in Scotch verse of the tone of thought which we shall find so predominant in the Satire of Lyndesay. The habit of confounding chronology, and attaching modern circumstances to ancient names, may perhaps be attributed more to the influence of Gower and Lydgate than to that of Chaucer. The fashion was set to them by the *Gesta Romanorum.* In his poem of 'The Bloody Sark,' Henryson has added an allegory to one of the traditionary incidents which appear in that collection. In his extensive collection of Fables, he addresses 'Esop,' whose prose seems to have been often confounded by the writers of this period with the verse of Phædrus, as a 'poet laureate.' Among these fables, that of 'Sir Chanticleare and the Fox,' adapted from the 'Nunnes Priest's Tale,' and the 'Borrowstoun and Landwart Mouse,' concluding with the moral afterwards pointed by Gay, are the most worthy of note. One of the most favourable examples of Henryson's native style is the half-humorous, half-graceful moralization on a lady's dress, entitled 'The Garment.' He is probably the author of 'Robin and Makyne,' one of the earliest and best of all our ballads. In the two last-mentioned pieces there is a directness and simplicity of thought and language, favourably contrasting with the somewhat involved manner of his more elaborate compositions. These are, however, remarkable for the prevailing smoothness of their versification, as well as a peculiar sweetness and delicacy, which throughout distinguishes Henryson among his compeers.

III. It has been said by a southern reviewer of the present day, with what justice we will not attempt to determine, that 'a Scotchman either thinks like an Englishman, or he thinks worse.' The

literary history of the northern part of our island during a great part of the 15th century may seem to confirm this verdict, for, as we have seen, throughout that period the most prominent Scotch poets were mainly employed in recasting English models. A few local references and embellishments, an occasional patriotic reference or touch of satire foreshadowing the revolutionary tendencies of the next age, are almost the sole indications of a national spirit. But during the closing years of the century, and the early years of the next, a new tide had set in. The aftermath of political antagonism to England, fostered by the turbulent chivalry of James IV., evoked a corresponding antagonism in the world of letters. Dr Irving has remarked that when the court became favourable to foreign alliances, the leading writers, in their anxiety to avoid the forms and phraseology of the 'southern' dialect, were ready to adopt without restraint those of France, and through France those of Rome. A school of poetry, characterized by its classic mannerism, thus arose in the north, and even after the Reformation had severed the main bonds which united us to the Romance nations, continued to exercise a hurtful effect on the form, if not on the substance, of our literature. This fashion was the more unfortunate that it was alien to the true national genius of a country having little essential sympathy with the modes of thought, and therefore little real affinity to the modes of expression, of the south. Campbell justly remarks, in reference to the prolific use of those 'aureate terms,' that 'when the writers of those days meant to be eloquent, they tore up words from the Latin, and planted them, as children do rootless flowers in a mock garden.' But the growth of the fashion is at once explicable from history, and one of the most accomplished men of the time was largely instrumental in confirming it. The two poets whom we have next to mention make a sort of bridge between the period we have marked as the *third*, and that which we have marked as the *fourth*, in the development of our literature. Inspired in the main by the spirit of the 15th, they lived over the first quarter of the 16th century, and witnessed the beginning of the intellectual war which led to the Reformation. Both, to the close of their lives, held firmly by the main points of the Catholic creed; but the one as

a practical reformer, the other as a virulent satirist of the abuses of the Church, helped to pave the way for the bolder and more unreserved protests of the succeeding generation. Of these two poets, the immediate predecessors of Sir David Lyndesay, Douglas is the representative of the more aristocratic and highly cultured element in the fancy of the time; Dunbar, of its more democratic, comparatively untutored, and revolutionary genius.

Gawain Douglas, an interesting account of whose eventful life is given in the work of Dr Irving,[1] was born in 1474, the third son of Archibald the fifth, sometimes called the great, Earl of Angus. His education was completed at Paris, and entering holy orders on his return, he devoted the leisure of the first and only quiet part of his career to literature. In 1515 he was nominated to the See of Dunkeld, and becoming involved in the civil war which had broken out among the leaders of the northern Church, he sought an asylum in England, where, in 1522, he died, the most learned and the most amiable of his illustrious race. Douglas informs us that at one period of his life he was requested to translate Homer, from which it has been reasonably inferred that he was acquainted with Greek. Of his familiarity with Latin we have abundant proof. His youthful rendering of Ovid's 'De Remedio Amoris' has not been preserved; but his version of the 'Ænead,' completed about the year 1513, is remarkable as the first attempt to transfer the work of a great classic author directly into English. Douglas's translation of Virgil is a monument of industry and good scholarship, being a faithful and generally close representation of the original, though somewhat wanting in polish, a defect referable to the fact that the whole composition only occupied sixteen months of the writer's time. The Earl of Surrey is said to have had the plan of his blank-verse rendering of the second and fourth books of the same Epic suggested by the previously existing heroics of the Bishop of Dunkeld. Douglas, like his contemporaries, confounded ancient and modern ideas: e. g. he makes the Sybil a nun, and puts into her mouth an admonition to Æneas to persevere in counting his beads; but such incongruities occur less frequently than in Henryson. The original

[1] To his recollections of which the writer has to acknowledge his obl'gations.

prologues which Douglas has prefixed to the several books of his work are among the best specimens of his maturer verse. In allusion to these we have from an early Scotch critic the following somewhat overstrained eulogy:—'Where he,' the author, 'hath his liberty, he showeth a natural and ample vein of poesy so pure, pleasant, and judicious, that I believe there is none that hath written before or since but cometh short of him. And in my opinion there is not such a piece to be found as his prologue to the eighth book, beginning, "Of drevilling and dreams"—at least, in our language.' The introductions to the seventh and twelfth books have also been highly and deservedly commended. They abound in rich and appreciative natural descriptions; but, with the rest of the author's composition, they exhibit the defect of all rapid writing in being too diffuse. There is a superfluity of second-rate images instead of a single self-sufficient one. Every imaginative mind when it falls into a train of thought is beset with pictures: the task is to select from among them that which is the best, and make it do duty for the rest. Four lines from Douglas's description of the dawn will illustrate this—

> 'And eke the heavenly portals chrystalline
> Unwarpis braid, the warld till illumine,
> The twinkling streamers of the Orient
> Shed purple spraying with gold and azure blent.'

Each of these lines separately gives a fair representation of some of the phenomena of the morning. The crystal gates bring before our minds the idea of the clear sky, the gates opening wide indicate the spreading light; then the element of colour is introduced, though in a somewhat confused metaphor; the twinkling streamers shed sprays of purple gold and blue. It is an image more fitting an aurora borealis transferred to the morning. The whole is more picturesque than powerful: there is something of that heaping up of attributes which is always the mark of a minor poet, and there is a want of what Mr Ruskin calls 'Imagination Penetrative,' the inspiration which leaps to the heart of an idea, and gives to it a perfect voice, generally in the simplest words. One line in Chaucer suggests more than the four above instanced:

> 'And all the Orient laugheth at the sight.'

We have here at once the far-rippling lustre of the dawn, the *ἀνηριθμον γελασμα* of the sky.

Of Douglas's two extensive original works the better-known, 'The Palace of Honour,' has been compared to the 'Pilgrim's Progress;' but they may more properly be contrasted. Bunyan forged out of the Bible and the fervour of his own heart, in the solitudes of Bedford jail, the only popular allegory in the English language; popular because it appeals directly to our homeliest consciousness. Every peasant may be Christian on his way from Destruction, through Despond and Despair, over the Valley of the Shadow, and the river which is the Reality, of death, to the Shining City. Douglas, on the other hand, leaves his court and episcopal audience-chamber, with his mind full of the orators and poets of Greece and Rome, to dream in a delightful arbour of a cavalcade of ladies, warriors, sages, and patriots, votaries of all the gods and goddesses, from Mars to Venus, trooping to the Palace of Honour. This cavalcade he joins, and under guard of Calliope, reaches the Castilian fountain, but is prevented from drinking of it by the pressure of the crowd. At length they reach their destination, the Palace, which, like Chaucer's Temple of Fame, is situated on a hard rock, slippery as glass. Like the Celestial City it affords a view of the world, and many striving in vain to enter it are carried down by the weight of their crimes into a dismal lake. The poet and his guardian are admitted by Patience, the porteress; but, on attempting to cross a narrow bridge which leads to the garden of the Muses, he falls into the moat, and awakens from his dream to compose a lay in praise of honour, and dedicate it to James IV. Douglas's other long poem, 'King Hart,' planned after a similar fashion, is a complex allegory of the progress of human life, which has been compared to Fletcher's 'Purple Island.' Both works show a luxuriant imagination and remarkable command of verse, but they are marred by redundancy and incongruities.

William Dunbar—after Burns the greatest of Scotch poets—was born about the year 1460. He was educated at St Andrews, and took his degree at St Salvator's in 1479. Early in life he became a Franciscan friar, and in the robes of the order went about

begging. The following is slightly abridged from the account given by himself in one of his humorous poems of this somewhat questionable portion of his career. It is strikingly illustrative of the spirit of the times out of which, under the direction of more honest, if not of abler, men, the Reformation grew. 'Before the dawn of day methought St Francis, clad in religious habit, appeared to me, and said, "Go, my servant, clothe thee in these vestments, and renounce the world." At the sight of him and his habit I was scared like one who sees a ghost. "And why, my son, art thou terrified at the sight of the holy weed?" "St Francis' reverence attend thee, and thanks for this intended benefit; but with regard to those garments of which thou art so liberal, it has never entered into my head to wear them more; sweet confessor, take it not ill. In holy legends have I heard it said that bishops are more frequently canonized than friars: if, therefore, thou wouldst guide my soul towards heaven, invest me with larger robes. My friar days are done. Time was when in that dress I made good cheer, and preached and fleeched the folk from Berwick to Dover, and even passed over to Calais and Picardy; but this life let me in for many a pious fraud, from which no holy water would cleanse me." What had thus appeared to me as St Francis was a fiend in the likeness of a friar: he vanished away with fiery smoke; methought he carried the end of the house along with him.' This recalls to our minds Piers Plowman and Chaucer's satires, and the coming events of which these words were shadows. But the Scotch poet—*fortiter in modo suaviter in re*—acknowledges to us and to himself that a bishopric bestowed in time would have led him to take a more favourable view of the Established Church. The origin of Dunbar's connection with the court is unknown, but we hear of him between 1491 and 1500 as engaged in several foreign embassies which led him over most of the continent. In 1500 he received from the king a pension of £10. During the next ten years he appears continually asking for more. In one of his lighter pieces he tells of his actually 'dancing in the queen's chamber': a great part of his life was spent in dancing attendance on the king's antechamber. The spectacle of a poet so long a suitor for place is not a pleasant one, but it is con-

tinually brought before us by the very titles of his poems, e. g. 'To the King when many benefices vacate,' 'Dunbar's Complaint to the King,' 'Dunbar's Remonstrance to the King,' 'To the Lords of the King's Exchequer,' 'On Asking,' 'On Giving,' 'On Taking,' &c., &c. Many are devoted to those who had by fair means or foul been promoted over him, for whom he finds no language strong enough. Some of his tirades against those fortunate recipients of undeserved favour are magazines of 16th-century abuse; but the abject complaints which the poet addresses to the king in person almost make us wish he had restricted himself to attacking his rivals.

Patronage is not always judicious, and the cleverest man about James's court may have had some reason to feel aggrieved in being passed over; but the reader of Dunbar's poems may doubt whether a bishopric was his proper sphere. He pelts vice in the kennel with a coarseness of language beyond that of Skelton. Dowered with 'the scorn of scorn' he bursts through all restraints. The finest hymn of our century, Byron's 'Ave Maria,' appears in the same poem with a parody on the commandments and a burlesque of the creed. Dunbar, who has sounded the depths of the religious feeling of his times, ridicules all the observances of his Church. Failing in his aim after promotion, he, however, succeeded in obtaining an increase of his pension, which rose by degrees to a very respectable annuity. There is a record of a portion of this being paid to him in 1513, the year of Flodden. A poem in his hand refers to the return of the Duke of Albany to France, an event which took place in 1517. We hear nothing more of the poet, and only know from an allusion in Lyndesay's 'Papingo' that he must have been dead in 1530.

It is manifestly impossible within the space at our command to attempt even a general survey of the works of an author whose genius merits a distinct and extended criticism. We must be satisfied to enumerate a few of the most familiar. Dunbar's writings have been roughly ranged under three heads—Allegorical, Moral, and Satirical. Of those falling under the first head, 'The Golden Targe,' an allegory in which the influence of the 'Romaunt of the Rose' and 'The Flower and the Leaf' is conspicuous, is generally referred to the early years of the poet. It opens with a fine description of

the dawn, and a ship sailing up a stream, on the bank of which the poet is loitering. This ship lands a 'world of ladies' in green kirtles, who are represented in glowing colours; but to recall the scene aright would, he says, exceed the genius of Tullius or Homer. In the assemblage he sees Nature, Dame Venus, the fresh Aurora, Juno, Latona, Proserpine, and other 'mighty queens.' Cupid next appears, leading in a long array of gods and other male personages: these join the troop of the goddesses, and they dance together. At length, the poet being detected by Venus, she issues an order for his arrest. 'Reason' then steps forward to defend him with his golden targe, and successfully resists the attacks of the fair archers, till Presence comes and throws dust into the eyes of Reason, and Love wins the day. Dunbar concludes with a eulogy of 'reverend Chaucer, rose of rhetors all,' of 'moral Gower and Lydgate laureat,' and a modest apology for his own humble strains. 'The Thistle and the Rose,' his other long poem, written for the court in 1503, celebrates the marriage of James with Margaret, the daughter of the English king. A recent editor commends the ingenious manner in which the heraldic emblems of the two countries are made to act, and the graceful avoidance of personal flattery in the indirect compliments that are paid to the queen—a mode of homage which she seems to have appreciated, for we are told that she remained in after life, 'though unstable in politics and even in morals, the steady friend of the poet.' Lord Hales, Warton, and Ellis, are all lavish in their praises of this poem. 'Every reader,' says the first mentioned, 'will remember Langhorne's encomium—

> "In nervous strains Dunbar's bold music flows,
> And Time still spares the Thistle and the Rose."'

The great blemish of these two pieces lies in their classic mannerism. Such words as 'aureate,' 'mellifluate,' 'enamelling,' 'celical,' 'illuminate' as an adjective, so frequently recurring, suggest the idea of somewhat pedantic translations from the Latin.

In the opinion of many competent critics, Dunbar's 'Daunce of the Seven Deadly Sins,' which lies on the border land between satire and allegory, is the most powerful of his works. Its great merit is its intensity, and the nervous vigour of its personification. In a

few sufficient words the horrid crew are summoned up, and made to pass before us, each with its distinguishing characteristic. An interesting comparison might be instituted between these demons and the corresponding groups in 'Piers Plowman,' Sackville's 'Induction,' or even, not always to the disadvantage of the former, with those in the 'Faëry Queen' and the 'Inferno.' Perhaps the most striking illustrations of the poet's descriptive power are to be found in the somewhat longer composition entitled, 'The Twa Maryt Wemen and the Wedo.' The night piece, especially, is elaborately artistic; but the morality of the whole is less to be recommended.

The leading characteristics of Dunbar's genius are variety and force. His volume has been compared to Tantallon Keep, grim and girt with flowers. It is a medley in which tenderness and exuberance, blistering satire and blooming fancies, meet. Allowing for some superfluity of decoration, his language is remarkably condensed: in general, every line carries its own picture or idea. Speaking more directly from his own experience, he interests us more than his contemporaries succeed in doing. His writings are only in a minor degree bound up with the politics of his age, and though they reflect its fashions, they often take a wider range, and appeal to universal sympathies. He has not wearied us with any very long poem. His lyrical inspiration and satirical animus find vent within moderate bounds, but they are constantly springing up at different points, and assuming various attitudes. At one time he is a quiet moralist, like Horace, philosophizing on the golden mean; at another he is as fierce as Juvenal. The story of the battle between the 'Tailor and Souter' might have been written by Rabelais; the 'Devil's Inquest' is the original of the 'Devil's Drive'; the 'Meditation on a Winter's Walk' is not unworthy of Cowper. Mr Pinkerton writes as if he preferred Dunbar to Chaucer. 'He unites in himself, and generally surpasses, the qualities of the chief old English poets; the morals and satire of Langland; Chaucer's humour, poetry, and knowledge of life; the allegory of Gower; the description of Lydgate.' He forgets that the highest attributes of Chaucer's genius is unrepresented in Dunbar. The nobler characters of the 'Canterbury Tales' are absent from the pages of the Scotch poet: there is no pattern of

chivalry, no pious and learned parson, no snow-white Constance, or all-enduring Griselda. We have to strike out the dramatic element from Chaucer, and then begin to compare them.

Dunbar's position with regard to the Reformation is that of a wholly unconscious precursor. Like Erasmus he railed against the friars and their indulgences—'quorum pars fuit'—and lashed with his scorn the upstarts who had crept into places of dignity in the Church, but there is no reason to suspect that he was more or less than a good Roman Catholic in his creed. His poems on the Confession and the Resurrection, his orisons and hymns, are written in the best spirit of Romanism. He had none of the protagonist spirit which is required to assail the traditions of a thousand years. Of a generally buoyant and probably luxurious temper, he, like most satirists, seems at times to have taken a gloomy view of the world. 'All earthly joy returns in pain' is the refrain of one of his poems; '*Timor mortis conturbat me*' of another. As to Catullus, whom he more than once recalls, the '*atra dies*' forms a background to all his gaiety. In the following sonnet he has summed his idea of life—

'What is this life but ane straucht way to deid
Whilk has a time to pass & nane to dwell
A sliding wheel us lent to seek remeid
A free choice given to Paradise or Hell
A prey to death whom vain is to repell
A short torment for infinite gladness
A short ane joy for lasting heaviness.'

There is something in this morbid morality indicating the satiety of an exhausted worldling; but on other occasions, as in the lines beginning—

'Be merry, man, & tak not sare in mind
The wavering of this wretched warld of sorrow,'

he takes a more cheerful view. This is another proof of his versatility. On one side we have '*Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas;*' on the other, the *Philosophie Douce.*

IV. The progress of our rapid and necessarily superficial sketch has brought us to the commencement of our fourth period of Scotch literary history, that which begins with the reign of James V. The great event of this period was the reformation of religion, a revolution which, in Scotland even more decidedly than throughout the rest of

northern Europe, was rendered imperative by the moral and political degeneracy of the Church. The first half of the 16th century was a transition age, exposed to all the perils which accompany instability, and the process of shifting from one set of convictions to another, but in our island especially the transition was inevitable. Evils, which elsewhere might have been smoothed over or abated, had grown up unchecked in our remote corner of the Catholic world, and attained a height which called for sweeping measures. 'The old national traditions of Scotland,' writes Mr Froude, 'which for some centuries held it together in spite of the general turbulence, were broken at the battle of Flodden; its organic life as a separate nation died there; and the anarchy which followed during the long minority of James V. resulted in the general moral disintegration of the entire people. The animosity against England threw them into a closer alliance with France, one consequence of which was that most of the noblemen and gentlemen, after a semi-barbarous boyhood in their fathers' castles, spent a few years in Paris to complete their education, and the pseudo-cultivation of the most profligate court in the world, laid on like varnish over so uncouth preparation, produced as undesirable specimens of human nature as could easily be met with.'

The Scotch Church in those days was the head and front of this offending. The nobles who held the crozier differed from those who held the sword only in adding a transparent hypocrisy to their character of profligate feudal chiefs. With the old monks asceticism was a shield; with the later ecclesiastics it was a pretext. Professed celibates, they had no wives, but their elder sons generally succeeded them in their benefices. In England this was the exception;[1] in Scotland it was the rule. A sense of those greater evils awoke in the hearts of the Scotch people, proverbially intolerant of half measures, the desire for a greater change than that in which the English people, proverbially prone to compromise, had acquiesced, and after half a century of persecution and years of social war had goaded them to decisive action they rose, under the leadership of a few vigorous minds, to pull down the foundations of the rotten edifice.

[1] Query—F. J. Furnivall.

During the period in which the elements of this movement were fermenting, our attention is directed to three classes of writers :—

1. Those who either belonged to the Church, or stood apart from the stream of change in the lighter walks of literature.

2. Those who followed with bolder steps in the track of Dunbar, and satirized the moral corruption of the Establishment.

3. Those who led the Reformation. Of the great literary representatives of this last class, George Buchanan and John Knox, we can have nothing here to say. We must be satisfied to indicate a few of the authors belonging to the first, and dwell at somewhat greater length on the leading representative of the second, Sir David Lyndesay.

1. One of the most accomplished of the Church dignitaries of those times was JOHN BELLENDEN, secretary of the Earl of Angus, and afterwards (1536) Archdeacon of Moray, the author of two laborious translations—one from Boyce's, the other from Livy's history —among the best specimens of Scotch prose that have come to us from the writer's age. Besides these, and some minor treatises, Bellenden is the author of a work of considerable length in verse, called 'The Proheme of the Cosmographie,' an amplification of the ancient apologue of the 'Choice of Hercules,' that may in several passages be favourably compared with Hawes's 'Pastime of Pleasure.' It is worthy of note that, while adhering to the conservative party in the Church, and an opponent of religious reform, Bellenden was an advocate of liberal measures in general politics. The combination is common among his countrymen.

Among other writers in the same path during the same age, it may here suffice to mention JAMES INGLIS, abbot of Culross, author of a poem entitled 'A general satire,' and possibly of a curious specimen of old Scotch prose, 'The Complaynt of Scotland;' ALEXANDER BARCLAY, a Scot by birth, author of 'the Ship of Fools;' SIR RICHARD MAITLAND, father of the famous Lethington, and author in his old age of several light satirical verses, in which Protestant and Roman Catholic errors are reprimanded with equal severity; WILLIAM LAUDER, a sermonizer, and a denouncer also of Popish doctrine and Protestant avarice; GEORGE BANNATYNE, a diligent guardian of

old verse, himself the author of some very readable lines; Robert Semple, a voluminous versifier of wars, in which he seems to have had part, as well as vigorous assailant of the Bishop of St Andrew's; and Alexander Arbuthnot, the learned and judicious principal of King's College, Aberdeen, author of some legal treatises, and a collection of poems entitled 'The Scholar's Miseries,' in which he sets forth in fairly humorous verse the difficulties, temptations, and troubles of a poor scholar striving to be honest. Among his other pieces there is a sprightly eulogium on the fair sex, entitled 'The Praises of Women,' which seems to have been composed in answer to some satire of the age. To a somewhat higher rank belong the verses of Alexander Scott, a graceful poet of Queen Mary's reign, who has been called the Scotch Anacreon. The date of his birth, his profession, and parentage, are doubtful, though the introduction of technical terms into his writings has given rise to the belief that he was a jurist. He seems to have leant moderately to the side of the reforming party in the Church, but his verses are for the most part personal and amatory. From himself we learn that he was married, and deserted by his wife, a mishap from which his elastic temper made an easy recovery, leading him in his ripe years to satirize women in general, and yet leaving him the wish to be a lover in particular. The verses with the refrain, 'Abide with her thou lovest best,' are marked by even more than his usual elegance; as also the others, which open with the stanza,—

'Return thee, heart, homeward again,
And bide where thou wast wont to be;
Thou art a fool to suffer pain
For love of her that loves not thee.

This poet is fond of addressing his heart, but he persuades us that it was incapable of receiving very deep impressions. His playful rondels skim over the surface of light emotions like the Carews and Sucklings of the next age of English verse. Scott's longest composition is a 'New-Year's Gift to Queen Mary when she first came home,' in 1562, but its poetical merit is inferior to its historical interest. He is also the author of a humorous piece, written after the model and in the measure of 'Christ's Kirk o' the Green,' entitled 'A Jousting between Adamson and Sym.' It may be compared with Dunbar's

'Tailor and Souter,' or the old English 'Tournament of Tottenham.' These, with a few compositions of anonymous or doubtful authorship, nearly complete the list of works written in Scotland during this period, which were unconnected with the ecclesiastical movements of the age.

2. The powerful minds of this era were all more or less concerned in those movements; they were the soul and body of the time, and its really influential literature gave to them their form and pressure. In Scotland, as elsewhere during the 16th century, the satirists of the old were playing into the hands of the advocates of the new order of things, and with more or less of deliberate intention preparing the way for the approaching change. The interests of the Protestant Church were supported in the lighter walks of literature by several writers whose efforts may be classified as positive and negative, i. e. those who helped to give currency to the doctrines and new forms of worship of the reformers, and those who, directly or indirectly, threw various amounts of ridicule on the creed and ceremonial of the Roman Catholics. Under the first head there fall a number of versified translations of the Psalms and other parts of Scripture, especially the parables of the New Testament, which became popular in Scotland during the same age when Sternhold and Hopkins were performing the same work for the English Puritans. It is curious to observe that many of the religious pieces of this date were fitted to old ballad and hunting tunes, while, on the other hand, the airs of the Latin liturgy were travestied by the accompaniment of ribald words. The seriousness of the new thought was invading the province of the light music of the old world, while the burlesque of innovation fastened itself to the solemn chants of the ancient service. Among the invectives of those days, many of the most pungent were anonymous. The best known among their lesser authors were John Davidson, Regent of St Leonards' College; Alexander Cunningham, Earl of Glencairn, who, with Knox, was zealously employed in pulling down the crows' nests; and Henry Belnaves, of Kirkcaldy, one of the defenders of the castle of St Andrew's. But the service rendered on the continent to the cause of reform by the learning and wit of Erasmus, was in our country shared by two writers, Lyndesay and Buchanan, and we now pass

from a comparatively barren catalogue of minor names to a short survey of the career and writings of the former.

Sir David Lyndesay was the eldest son of David Lyndesay of the Mount, in Fifeshire, in which county he was born, probably about the year 1490, the junior by ten years of Luther and Sir Thomas More, the senior by ten years of Knox and Buchanan. In 1508 he was a student of St Andrew's, and passed from the university to the service of the court. In 1513 he was present with James IV. in the chapel at Linlithgow, when the supposed apparition came to warn that monarch against undertaking the expedition which resulted in the disaster of Flodden. Subsequently he was for some years attendant, or gentleman-usher, to the young prince James V., a circumstance to which he alludes in the course of those frequent appeals for promotion which recall to our minds the similar petitions of Dunbar.

In the introduction to his 'Dreme' (1528) he thus appeals to the kindly memories of the monarch, then just entering on his regal office :—

'Quhen thou wes young, I bure the in myne arme
Full tenderlie, till thou begowth to gang ;
And in thy bed oft happet thé full warme ;
With lute in hand, syne softlie to thé sang ;'

then he tells him how, mingling amusement with instruction, he entertained his childhood with the heroic feats of Alexander and Arthur, with 'tales of Thebes and Troy divine.' A year later, in the 'Complaynt,' he again reminds the prince,

'Quhow, as ane Chapman beris his pak
I bure thy grace upon my bak ;
And, sumtymes strydlingis on my nek
Dansand with mony bend and bek,
The first sillabis that thow did mute
Was, "pa da lyn, upon the lute ;"'

adding a suggestive reference to the gossip of the court,—

'Than men tyll uther did recorde
Said Lyndsay wald be maid ane lorde,
Thow hes maid lordis, schir, be sanct Geill,
Off sum that hes nocht seruit so weill.'

On another occasion we hear of his mingling personal remonstrance with his characteristic vein of satire. This circumstance is narrated

as follows :—'The king being one day surrounded by a numerous train of nobility and prelates, Lyndesay declared himself a candidate for an office that had lately become vacant. "I have," said he, "servit your grace lang, and luik to be rewardit as others are; and now your maister taylor, at the pleasure of God, is departit, wherefore I would desire of your grace to bestow this little benefit upon me." The king replied that he was amazed at such an application from a person who could neither shape nor sew. "Sir," rejoined the poet, "that maks nae matter; for you have given bishoprics and benefices to mony standing here about you, and yet they can neither teach nor preach."'[1] This satire is perhaps not exclusively applicable to Lyndesay's age; but as he himself appears to have enjoyed a comfortable pension in addition to the revenue from his estate, it is not easy to feel much sympathy with his demands for a peerage. In 1530, however, two years after the accession of James to the throne, he was knighted, and made Lyon-king of Arms, or chief court herald, in which capacity he was, during the following year, despatched on an embassy to the Emperor Charles at Brussels. The year 1535 was made memorable in Lyndesay's literary career by the representation of the great and severe 'Morality,' entitled the 'Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis.' In this satire he came boldly before the public as a censor of ecclesiastical corruption, but it contains comparatively little that is absolutely inconsistent with the essential professions of a good Catholic, and we learn from a letter of Sir William Eure, dated 1540, that its publication was supposed to have been of really effective service in imposing a check on 'the naughtiness in religion, the presumption of bishops, the collusion of the Consistory courts, and the misusing of priests,' that were so prevalent. In the same year we hear of the poet's being sent on another embassy with a view to the negotiation of a royal marriage, an event to which he refers in a line of the remarkably vigorous, if not always delicate, verses, entitled, 'The answer to the Kingis Flyting.' The line—

'Sum sayis thare cummis ane bukler furth of France'

points to 1536 as the date of the composition. In 1537 the king's

[1] See Henry Charteris's Preface to Lyndesay's Works, *infra*, p. 4*.

wife, Magdalene, died, within forty days after her arrival in Scotland, and before her coronation, for which great preparations had been made, took place. Lyndesay wrote a dirge, or 'Deploratioun,' on the event, which, although evidently the expression of a second-hand grief, is marked by a classic mournfulness, a sustained dignity, suitable to the commemoration of a nation's loss, and here and there by a touch of pathos. It may be compared, though unfavourably, with Chaucer's 'Lament for the Duchess.' The metre is the Chaucerian rhyme royal, and the 147th line,

'Twynkling lyke sterris in ane frostie nycht,'

points to the writer's familiarity with the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, from which it is transcribed verbatim. In allusion to the untimely plucking of the 'heuinly flour of France,' the Rose, from the stem of the royal Thistle on to which it had been grafted, he gracefully concludes—

'Thocht rute be pullit frome the leuis grene
The smell of it sall in dispyte of thee
Keip ay twa Realmes in Peice & Amite,'

a prediction which the new alliance in the following year, with Mary of Guise—although neither very gracious to the memory of the late queen, nor fortunate for the interests of our nation—helped to make good. In 1542 the poet was present at Falkland, and witnessed the death of the king, who had throughout his career treated him with a conspicuous and, under some of the circumstances, a remarkable favour. Shortly afterwards we hear of Lyndesay as one of the adherents of Arran's regency. From 1543-46, an interval which indicates a gap in his literary career, he sat in parliament as the representative of his county, and as late as 1548 he continued to be employed by the government on important missions to Holland and Denmark. Meanwhile, in 1546, the assassination of Cardinal Beaton, an event which the poet celebrates without regret in his 'Tragedie,' marked the first crisis of the Reformation. Lyndesay, who had always been a Protestant, and now avowed it openly, espoused the cause of the insurgents. He was present in 1547 with the garrison in the castle of St Andrew's, and would have had a claim on our remembrance, if for nothing else, from the fact that he was among the most urgent of those

there assembled in persuading Knox to assume the spiritual direction of affairs. In 1550 he wrote his 'Squire Meldrum,' a tale of chivalry grafted on a basis of modern manners, the spirit of which is somewhat alien to that of the sterner section of the reformers with whom the poet had become associated; and three years later his 'Monarche,' the most elaborate, if not the most striking, of his works, which probably conveys his matured views of religious history.

In 1555 we hear of Lyndesay presiding over a meeting of heralds, held for the purpose of pronouncing on some disputed point of his pseudo-science. In his latter days he retired to his family seat, the Mount, and died at some date previous to 1558. He left behind him some tracts on heraldry, and, according to one account, a history of his own times in Latin; if this existed, it has not been preserved, and his reputation as a writer depends on his poems. These are all more or less connected with the condition and government of Scotland during the times in which he lived. To the lightest as to the gravest—ranging from sombre allegories and denunciations of national depravity, to lively ridicule of fashionable follies—he has attached satirical and political applications.

'The Dreme,' probably the earliest of his works, is one of the most imaginative. In the prologue to this poem, which Dr Warton praises for the richness of its style, the poet is described as rising from his bed after a sleepless winter night, and walking towards the sea-shore.

> 'By this,' he says, 'fair Tytane with his lemis lycht
> Ouer all the land had spred his baner brycht.'

Wandering on the beach, and hearing the birds mourn for the summer, he sees in the cliffs 'ane lytill caue of stone,' and ensconces himself there with the intention of registering in rhyme 'sum mery matter of Antiquitie.' But, as often occurs to would-be poets in similar circumstances,

> 'Bot Idelnes, ground of iniquitie,
> Scho maid so dull my spretis me within
> That I wyste nocht at quhat end to begin.'

Then by the weltering of the waves, which remind him of 'the false world's instability,' he is lulled asleep, and led in fantasy by Dame

Remembrance, as Sackville by the shade of sorrow, 'in twinkling of ane ee' 'down through the eird' to the nether world. There he sees abundance of popes, kings, emperors, and cardinals; among them Nero and Pharaoh, and 'divers princes mo,'—'Oppressouris of the barnis of Israell,'—of 'Emprices, Quenis, and ladyis of honouris,' and reflects on their vices; next, he passes to purgatory, with the safe remark,—

> 'But yit I do believe and ever sall
> That the trew kirk can no waye err at all.
> Sic thing to be gret clerkis dois conclude,
> Quhowbeit my hope standis most in Cristis blud.'

He is then hurried through limbo, the abode of unbaptized infants —where, as in Virgil's hades, 'mony babbis ware makand drery mone' —and the heathen of old time, to the upper air, and the seven spheres, and the region of the moon, 'Queen of the sea and beauty of the night.' Lastly, in a flight beyond the stars, he ascends, like Dante, to the empyrean; there he wishes to remain, but he is warned by Remembrance that he must first pass through the toils of earth. In returning there, through many 'goodly states and kingdoms,' he catches a glimpse of the garden of Eden, the description of which presents some remarkable points of comparison with that of Milton. Next, the poet sees his native country, and breaks into a soliloquy on the charm of her rivers, fountains, forests, the wealth of her mines, and the abundance of everything needful for human wants and luxuries. In the midst of this he wonders

> 'That ryches suld nocht in this realme redound,'

and his conductress answers,—

> 'As for the land it lakis na uther thing
> Bot laubour and the pepylles governyng.'

While she is further expatiating on the causes which have hampered its prosperity, they encounter the figure of an old man with lean visage, who declares himself to be Sir Commonweal, resolved to quit a country whose Policy has gone to France, where Justice has lost her balances, where Wrong is captain of the ordinance, and it is impossible betwixt the Merse and Lochmaben to tell an honest man from a thief. This leads to a general satire on all classes of the community, in the course of which the ecclesiastics come in for their full

share of censure. Sir Commonweal then takes his departure. The poet is carried back to his cavern, and roused from his dream by the firing of cannon from a neighbouring vessel. He concludes with an exhortation to the king to rule his realm in unity and peace, to maintain justice, live temperately, and take an honest wife, remembering that the day will come when he too must stand at the same judgment bar as all those emperors and popes.

In one of the lines of the above-mentioned poem, Sir Commonweal is made to exclaim—

'Wo to the realme that has ouir young ane king.

In Lyndesay's 'Complaynt,' written in the following year, this thought is enlarged, and the poet, in a remonstrance addressed to James himself, laments the evil results of the premature committal of the government into his hands, and the false system of education into which he was betrayed by his flatterers. The freedom of this expostulation is, at least, as remarkable as its vigour; and it reflects no small credit on the youthful monarch that he was content to answer the appeal of his outspoken adviser by some verses of his own. In the course of the 'Complaynt,' Lyndesay indicates that he had already gone more than half across the border-line of Protestant and Roman Catholic beliefs, for he prays his grace to cause the spiritualitie of the realm

'To preche with unfenzeit intentis
And treuly use the sacramentis
Efter Christis institutionis,
Leuyng thare vaine traditiounis
Quhilkis dois the syllie scheip illude
Quhame for Christ Iesus sched his blude—
As superstitious pylgramagis
Prayand to gravin ymagis
Expres aganis the Lordis command.'

The date 1530 is, on the authority of the earliest printed edition, that of the 'Testament of the Papyngo,' in which, under the mask of two epistles to the king from a favourite and mortally-wounded parrot, another direct attack is made on the more flagrant corruptions of the Church. It has been observed that in this poem Lyndesay follows the steps of Wyclyffe, in attributing the profligacy of the clergy in great measure to their wealth, and in insisting on the desirability

of a return to the poverty of the apostolic age. This error of exaggeration—if it be so—was more consistently upheld by the English than by the Scotch reformer, whose own personal requisites showed no genuine disdain of the good things of the world; but it was a sentiment naturally engendered by the study of Church history, and the observation of the parallel growth of luxury and indifference among the higher ecclesiastics.

Perhaps the most remarkable verses in Lyndesay's 'Papyngo' are those in which, following in the track of Juvenal and all later satirists, he dilates on the text of Horace—

'feriuntque summos
Fulmina montes.'

The history of the Stewarts, which, in the soberest record, reads like a series of chapters from the '*De casibus virorum illustrium*,' supplies him with ample material for the enlargement, and he puts it to effective rhetorical, if not poetical, use. The tragedies of the luckless race are brought before us in a review, which is sufficiently impressive, even though, when Lyndesay wrote, the crowning tragedy of the Stewart Queen had not yet been enacted. From the fate of James IV. the poet passes to a consideration of the rise and temporary disgrace of James Beaton, Archbishop of St Andrew's, who, as

Chancellare and primate in power pastorall
Clam, nyxt the kyng most heych in this regioun
The ledder schuke, he lape, and gat ane fall.'

He then proceeds to discourse of Wolsey in terms that might have afforded a hint to Shakspeare. Sixteen years afterwards, when David Beaton, the nephew of the former chancellor, had risen to still greater eminence and notoriety, and, similarly abusing his power, had paid by his own death for the murder of Wishart, Lyndesay was, as we have seen, found consenting to his fate. In the 'Tragedy of the Cardinal' he puts into the mouth of the dead potentate a confession of his past ambitious treasons, a vivid narrative of his doleful end, a solemn warning to his brother ecclesiasts to take warning from his fate, and an exhortation to princes to choose their servants warily and well. Some of the lines in this piece are among the most impressive in the author's works. It was avowedly suggested by Boccaccio, and may

be compared with Dunbar's 'Testament of Kennedy.' Lyndesay more than once borrowed from Chaucer. It is impossible to read the 'Mirror for Magistrates' side by side with the 'Papyngo,' and the verses on Beaton, without feeling convinced that Sackville must have afterwards borrowed from Lyndesay

Of Lyndesay's other minor pieces, the most prominent are the 'Complaynt of Bagsche,' an old dog of the court, who, having been replaced by a fresh favourite, is made the mouth-piece of a lament on the changes of fortune, and some good advice thus indirectly proferred to the new courtiers of the time; the 'Jousting of Watson and Barbour,' which again recalls Dunbar's 'Tailor and Souter,' ridiculing at once the medical profession to which those gentlemen belonged and the fantastic fashion of tournaments; 'the Supplication to the King in contemplation of Syde Taillis,' a satirical assault on the long trains which appear to have been worn by the court ladies of that age, whose robes and veils seem to have excited a greater amount of indignation in the mind of the moralist than the occasion could well have called for; and 'Kitteis Confessioun,' a somewhat elaborate attack, belonging to about the year 1541, on one of the most essential ceremonies of the Church. Many of Lyndesay's references point to abuses of the confessional, as an instrument of inquisition into the details of private life, precisely similar to those which are, with whatever amount of justice, complained of in this century. In one suggestive passage the girl, into whose mouth the verses are put, refers to the substitution, not peculiar to the Roman Catholic Church, of scarce intelligible formularies for good works. She is speaking of her confessor—

'And mekle Latin he did mummil
I hard na thing but hummil bummil
. . . . . .
He bade me nocht to Christ be kynd
To keip his law with hart and mynd
. . . . . .
And lufe my neighbour as my sell
Of this na thenk he could me tell
But gave me penance ilk ane day
An Ave Marie for to say
. . . . . .
Of all this penance I was glaid
I had thame all parqueir I said

To mow & steill I ken the pryce
. . . . . .
Yet is it nocht bot mennis drame
The people to confound & schame.'

He ends, however, with a commendation of confession as practised in the 'gude kirk primitive,' to which, with equal confidence, the reformers of the Church have in all times been wont to refer.

In his history of 'Squyre Meldrum,' of a later date (1550), Lyndesay comes before us in another light, weaving into the form of a metrical romance the career and exploits of a contemporary Scotch laird. This, both from the liveliness of the narrative, which is frequently entertaining, the frequent elegance of the descriptions, and the general smoothness of the verse, is one of the most pleasing of the author's works. It opens with a reference to the antique tales, after which it is avowedly modelled; in particular, to Chaucer's Troylus and the Lancelot of Arthurian tradition, with whom, it is averred, the hero will bear a very favourable comparison; he is then described in glowing colours, stalwart, and stout of frame, brave, and courteous, and honourable, a lamb among ladies, a lion among men. We are then told of his feats of prowess, when the Scotch admiral sailed against England, and of his rescuing a lady who was beset by ruffians. The Squire then proceeds to France, where he wrought great deeds, under the Earl of Arran, overpowering in a tournament, which is described at graphic length, a notorious English champion, who was something of a braggart. After more feats in Normandy, he sets sail with his companions for Scotland; on the way, they encounter an English man-of-war, and, from its superior size, are in danger of being overpowered; but the squire leads an assault on the enemies' vessel, and, defeating the captain in single combat, takes him prisoner, after, in remarkably courteous terms, sparing his life. In reaching his native country, the knight lodges in a castle, possessed by a fair young widow, to whom, as Æneas to Dido, and, with a similar result, he narrates his adventures. The love scene which follows is very lively, and, though recalling some of the passages from the old 'Morte D'Arthur,' original in its details. The squire and lady are virtually affianced, but obstacles intervene to prevent their formal union. Meanwhile, his good fortune excites the jealousy of an evilly-

d'sposed neighbour; he is beset by a number of ruffians, and, after a scuffle, nearly resembling that of the brave knight in the 'Braes of Yarrow,' is nearly done to death. The tragedy is that, when his wounds are healed, he finds his lady married to another. The whole poem is a remarkable instance of the successful adaptation of the manners of one age to the facts of another.

The earlier of Lyndesay's two longest works, the 'Satyre of the Thrie Estaits,' is interesting in itself as a well-sustained invective against the follies and vices of the time, and as being the first approach to a regular dramatic composition in Scotch literature, the ground having been previously occupied only by some of the rudest of the old mysteries and pageants. This play, which is, in fact, a 'Morality' on a large scale, was acted at Cupar, in 1535. We are informed that the court of King James sat nine hours to listen to it, and are relieved to learn, from lines 1910—25, that there was a break in the middle, to allow the audience to refresh and restore themselves.

The 'Satyre' is introduced, after the fashion of the moralities, by a prologue, put into the mouth of 'Diligence,' who, in some remarkably alliterative lines, beginning—

> 'The Father & founder of faith & felicite
> That your fashion formed to his similitude
> And his sone our Saviour scheild in necessitie,'

ushers in King Humanity. This monarch enters on the stage with a speech full of the best resolutions, but presently he is seduced by the arguments of three evil counsellors, Wantonness, Placebo, and Solace, to send for a notorious beauty, called Sensuality, who, serving Queen Venus, corrupts his court, especially his clergy, and, for a season, himself. In her train are three other personages, Flattery, Falsehood, and Deceit, who, after discoursing for some time in *propriâ personâ*, take the names of Devotion, Wisdom, and Discretion, and are installed, like wolves in sheep's clothing, as Confessor, Counsellor, and Treasurer to the king, whom they address in character, Flattery telling him, in a passage where there is an amusing jumble of little and great, that he is destined to conquer, among other nations—

'Spittelfield & the realm of Spain,
Renfrew and all the realme of Francé
Yea Rugland[1] and all the realme of Rome [1 Rutherglen]
Corstorphine and all Christendom.'

The unsuspicious sovereign welcomes the impostors, whose first efforts are successfully directed to resist three new-comers, who try to bring back better manners to the court. First, Good Counsel, on false information given to the king, is driven into exile; then Veritie appears with good advice to princes on her lips,

'And in hir hand beirand the New Testament;'

but as this is 'in English toung & printit in England,' *the first estate spiritual* unanimously denounce her as a heretic, who, with 'all thir Lutherians,' should be destroyed by fire. Refusing to recant her opinions, Truth is finally laid in the stocks, having first given utterance to the boldly emphatic words:—

'For our Christ's sake I am richt weill content
To suffer all thing that sall pleis his grace
Howbeit ye put ane thowsand to torment
Ten hundreth thowsand sall rise into their place.
Get up! thou sleipis all too lang, O Lord,
And mak sum ressonabill reformatioun
On them that dois tramp doun thy gracious word.'

Next, Chastity comes forward; being indignantly repulsed by the *second estate*, the *lords temporal*, she seeks refuge with the *third, that of the craftsmen*, but she is driven away by the citizens' wives, and laid in durance along with Truth.

A varlet now enters, announcing the approach of 'King Divine Correction,' who turns out to be a more powerful champion of the right. Deceit, Flattery, and Falsehood take fright:

'Remaine we heir, be God him sell
We will be, al thre, hangit,'

and ultimately run away with the strong box of their master. Then Correction comes on the stage in person, and, after delivering a sermon, in which a very modern view of sovereignty is set forth,—

'Quhat is ane king? nocht but ane officiar
To caus his leiges live in equitie,'

compels Humanity to reinstall Good Counsel, Truth, and Chastity in his service, warning him of the fates of Sardanapalus and Tarquin.

'Sensuality' is allowed to depart for Rome, to dwell among bishops and cardinals. The king is advised to assemble parliament for the redress of grievances, and with a proclamation summoning this, the first part of the play comes to an end.

The second opens with an interview between Diligence and a poor man, called Pauper, who tells how, when his family fell into misfortunes, his father and mother dying, the neighbouring vicar and his clerk preyed upon their property, till he was stripped of everything, down to a single groat, which he had reserved in the vain hope of obtaining legal redress. Diligence scouts his folly, and while Pauper lies down to sleep over his cares, a new personage steps upon the stage—the favourite butt of Langland, Wyclyffe, and Chaucer, the immediate provoker of Luther's first challenge to Rome, —a Pardoner, with his relics for sale. After complaining that his business had been seriously injured by the wicked translators of the New Testament, he proceeds, in the fashion of an auctioneer, to vaunt his wares, among which are oyster-shells from Tartary, the horn of Colin's cow, the gruntil of St Antony's sow, and the cord that hanged John Armstrong, proclaiming to his audience, like Tetzel—

> 'Thocht ye have na contritioun
> Ye sall have full remissioun
> With help of Buiks & bells.'

This worthy is then received into the house of a shoemaker, whom, by a strange rite, he divorces from his wife. Then follows a dialogue between Pauper and Pardoner, in the course of which the latter takes from the former his solitary groat. At the end they have a scuffle, and the relics are thrown into the water. The Three Estates are next represented as coming from the palace, 'going backwards, led by their vices.' Summoned before the king in parliament, they suffer a long rebuke from 'Sir John the Commonweill,' who comes forward in person to accuse them, and, in the course of a long conversation with Good Counsel, Correction, and others, gives, as the sum of a good Christian's belief, what amounts to an old Scotch version of the Apostles' Creed, followed up a little later by a plain practical sermon from 'Doctour.' While the various vices and abuses of the day are

coming in for their share of reprehension, Pauper again renews his complaints, and gives the following ludicrous account of his suit for the recovery of a lost horse :—

'Marry, I lent my gossip my mare, to fetch hame coals,
And he her drounit into the quarry holes;
And I ran to the consistory, for to pleingie,
And there I happenit amang ane greedy meingie.
They gave me first ane thing they call *citandum;*
Within aucht days I gat but *libellandum;*
Within ane month I gat *ad opponendum;*
In half ane year I gat *inter-loquendum,*
And syne I gat—how call ye it?—*ad replicandum.*
But I could never ane word yet understande him,
And then they gart me cast out mony placks,
And gart me pay for four-and-twenty acts.
But or they came half gate to *concludendum,*
The fiend ane plack was left for to defend him.
Thus they postponed me twa year with their train,
Syne, *hodie ad octo* bade me come again;
And then thir rooks they rowhit wonder fast,
For sentence, silver, they cryit at the last;
Of *pronunciandum* they made me wonder fain,
But I gat never my gude gray mare again.'

Shortly after, Sir Commonweal is promoted to his proper place of dignity in the realm, and Diligence reads a set of new Acts for its better regulation, conspicuous among which are the administration of justice without respect of persons, the prohibition of pluralities in church livings, and the permission of honest marriage to the clergy. Falsehood and Deceit are then stripped of the religious robes which they have sacrilegiously assumed, and executed along with Theft, who appears as a personification of the border clans. Flattery escapes by turning hangman. At the close, Folly appears on the stage with a variety of jests, and preaches on the text, 'Stultorum numerus infinitus.'

Lyndesay's 'Dialog concerning the Monarché,' the longest and also the latest of his works, was written in 1553, five years before his own death, and twelve after that of the king, the want of whose guidance, and the absence in France of the youthful queen, he deplores in the introductory Epistil. In the same preface he warns his reader against looking in this work for any of the flowers of rhetoric,—it is to be a plain simple history, with a moral attached, conveying a lesson of warning to governors, who are to learn from it the causes of the

decline and fall of nations. In the opening of the poem itself, however, Lyndesay reverts to the allegorical manner of his 'Dreme,' representing himself, under the name of Courtier, as entering a park on a May morning, and being met by an old man who turns out to be Experience, and to whom he expresses his intention of retiring from public life in search of tranquillity. Experience tells him that this is scarcely to be attained in this world, 'sen mennis lyfe bene bot battel,' full of storms and tribulations. Whereupon the poet proposes to set down what he can hear from his instructor regarding 'the miserable estate of the world.' Before entering on his task he offers an apology for writing in his native tongue, unlike those clerks who wish to prohibit the people from reading even the Scriptures for themselves. He defends himself by a series of examples. 'Moses did not promulgate his laws in Greek or in Latin, nor did Plato philosophize in Dutch, nor did Virgil write in Arabic. St Jerome translated the Bible into "his proper toung Romane": had he been born in Argyleshire he would have turned it into Irische.' Therefore, the poet proceeds—

> 'Therefore I thynk one gret divisioun
> To heir thir Nunnis & Systeris nycht and day
> Syngand and sayand psalmes & orisoun
> Nocht understandyng quhat thay syng nor say
> Bot lyke ane stirlyng or ane Papingay
> Quhilk leirnit ar to speik be lang usage
> Thame I compair to byrdis in ane cage.'

The poem then proceeds, in some 6000 lines, beginning with the creation, to recount the rise and fall of the great ancient kingdoms of the earth. The early chapters are occupied with a somewhat wearisome version of early Bible history; then follows a long account of the Assyrian monarchy from Ninus to Sardanapalus. This tiresome narration is relieved at one point by a digression, suggested by one of the interruptions of Courtier (who plays the part of one of the tame interlocutors in a Socratic dialogue) on Idolatry. Lyndesay takes this occasion of giving his own view regarding the proper use of images, which is, to serve as reminders of the true objects of worship, and never to be substituted for them. He then passes, in some vigorous eight-line verses—remarkable as forming a link between

the Chaucerian heptastich and the Spencerian stanza—to his favourite theme, the reproof of the friars and bishops of his own day, who are, to his mind, the worst of idolaters. Prayer, he maintains, should, after the pattern of the Paternoster, 'one schort compendious orison,' be addressed to neither saint nor angel, only to God himself. He ends with a verse, slightly modified from one in the 'Satyre of the Thrie Estaits'—

> 'Gett up! thow slepist all to lang, O Lorde,
> And mak ane haistie reformatioun
> On thame quhilk doth tramp doun ye gratious worde
> And hes ane deidly Indignatioun
> On thame quhilk makith trew narratioun
> On thy Gospell, schawing the verytie.
> O Lord! I mak the supplicatioun,
> Supporte our Faith, our Hope and Charytie.'

Fortunately for our patience Lyndesay passes over the history of the three remaining monarchies of Daniel's prophecy—the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman—in comparatively few pages. In his survey of the last, he takes occasion to give an account of the siege of Jerusalem, and then of the crucifixion of Christ, which brought down the divine anger on the guilty race. He concludes this part of the book with the reflection that as all those monarchies have passed, 'the great empires are melted clean away,' so the world itself seems drawing to an end. But first, in another section, he prophesies the overthrow of the fifth and worst monarchy of all, the great tyranny of modern times, that of the Church. This gives him an opportunity of once more inveighing against the luxury, covetousness, and hypocrisy of the court of Rome, and again calling aloud for a general reformation. Lastly, after a reference to the Pope himself as Antichrist, he ventures on an attempt to calculate the date of the millennium itself. He thinks the earth destined to endure altogether 6000 years. Of these, 2000 passed from Adam to Abraham, 2000 between Abraham and Christ; as he writes, 1553 of the remaining 2000 have passed—447 are to come. If Lyndesay is right, 317 of these have now passed, 130 are yet to come. Napier, a contemporary of the poet, less cautiously fixed the date of the same event in 1688, which year only saw the advent of William of Orange. Towards the close of the 'Monarche' we have some

powerful verses about the signs of the times boding the last judgment. The following is, for the author, unusually poetical—

> 'We see the gret globe of the firmament
> Continuallie in moveyng marvellous
> The Sewin Planetes contrary thare intent
> Are reft about, with course contrarious
> The wynd and See with stormys furious
> The trubblit air with Frostis, Snaw, and Rane
> On to that day they travell ever in pane.'

The whole concludes with a description of the sunset, and an appeal to the charitable judgments of the gentle readers.

In the Prologue to his 'Monarche,' Lyndesay speaks modestly of his own skill as a poet. Like the Roman Persius, he acknowledges that he has never slept on the summit of Parnassus, nor kept company with the Muses, nor drunk of Helicon's mellifluous fresh stream: his inspiration, religious rather than secular, is drawn from the contemplation of the hill of Calvary; and he prays that the miracle of Cana may be renewed in his case, converting the cold water of his instruction into wine. This criticism of the poet by himself may be accepted as, on the whole, correct. He, in common with many other authors of his country, is rather a man of keen thought and action, bent on recording and popularizing his intense convictions, than a professional writer. The predominating bent of his own mind and the temper of the times were alike unfavourable to the production of finished works of art. He had no inclination, like Plato's ideal philosopher, to take shelter in solitude. His whole life was spent amid the politics of a stormy age, and we need not wonder that the pressure of public affairs, similar to that which during the period of his secretaryship held in abeyance even the mighty genius of Milton, exercised an unfavourable influence on the literary productions of a man who had more talent than genius, and who wrote, *currente calamo*, on such various themes with an almost 'fatal facility.' Lyndesay's greatest admirers have confessed that 'he has written so many verses that they cannot always be expected to reach a very high standard.' Ellis compares him unfavourably with Dunbar, and even with Douglas, and attributes his wide popularity as much to the opinions which he professed as to his poetical merit. There are passages in the 'Dreme,' and in 'Squire

Meldrum,' and in the 'Monarche,' especially in the descriptions of the morning and evening voices of the birds, which, for harmony of versification and grace of imagery, may be safely laid alongside of any corresponding to them in the works of his predecessors. But his writings are unequal, and in the main more distinguished by humour and good sense than by high flights of imagination. He himself speaks of his 'raggit rural verse,' and passes not unwillingly from more delicate fancies to discourse on the grave matters, with the rehearsal of which he desires rather to edify than to delight his readers. Vivacity, force, and courage, are his leading characteristics, and to these we ought to add, as enhancing the interest of his work, a keen power of observation—quickened by a varied knowledge of courts and cottages—which could seize on the main features of the society around him, and depict them in a faithful, though a somewhat rough outline. His learning in Latin, law, history, and divinity must have been considerable; but his reference to Hesiod as 'the perfyte poet soverane' of Greece, throws an imputation either on his familiarity with Greek or on his taste as a critic. His style is generally clear and incisive, and, though frequently disfigured by a superabundance of aureate terms, leaves us little room to doubt of the author's meaning.

Spotswood, speaking of Lyndesay's skill in heraldry and other public affairs, says that 'he was much hated by the clergy'—a fact which is not surprising; yet that he 'went unchallenged and was not brought in question'—a fact which, in face of the works we have roughly analyzed, is very much so. During the life of James V. he was probably protected by the forbearance or even the connivance of a monarch who, although a Romanist, was too much of a free-liver to be inspired by the spirit of persecution, and who relished the somewhat broad wit of the guardian, on whose shoulders he had ridden in childhood, more than he objected to his theological theories. On the death of the king the prestige of this favour may have remained with him; the Roman Catholic party were, perhaps, not bold enough to harass a courtier who wielded so keen a pen; and, after 1546, when war had been openly declared, the Protestants showed that they could defend themselves.

Lyndesay seems to have been by nature predestined to forward the great national movement of the 16th century in Scotland—a movement which the attitude and social position of some of its leaders have caused to be misinterpreted.[1] It was in its essence an uprising of the mass of the people, necessarily finding its mouthpieces in men of a higher rank, and such the author of the 'Satyre of the Thrie Estaits' fairly recognized it to be. He may almost be said to have been born a Protestant. His earliest differ from his latest works in being somewhat less explicit, less fully developed in the doctrinal views which they enunciate; but in his 'Complaynt' and 'Papyngo' we already find more than the germs of an afterwards fully-developed revolt against the most fundamental principles of the Roman Church. In the 'Satyre of the Thrie Estaits,' as in the 'Monarche,' he directly attacks almost all those points of faith and practice peculiar to Roman Catholicism, and lays down as the true basis of Christian belief an adherence to the leading tenets upheld by the Reformers of his age. Beyond their range Lyndesay had never ventured. He is a Calvinist of the 16th century, with a firm belief in original sin and reprobation, more tolerant of sins of blood than errors of brain, rejoicing with Tertullian over the agonies of the damned.

> 'So thare Ioyis salbe without missour
> They sall Rejoyis to se the gret dolour
> Off dampnit folk in hell, and thare torment
> Because of God it is the Iuste Iudgement.'

He rejects, as fiercely as Milton rejected, all intervention of mere human authority in religious matters; he will listen to neither priest, nor cardinal, nor pope; but the question of the meaning and extent of inspiration never occurs to him. To have the Bible, and to read it literally, is enough for him, as for Knox; and we may question whether the great satirist would not have been ready to approve the most intolerant acts and sentences of the great preacher. A German bishop at the Roman conclave has just found it necessary to remind his audience that they do not live in the 14th century. We ought,

[1] I especially refer to the error of Mr Buckle, who, while giving a perfectly accurate representation of the present state of theological feeling in Scotland, has misapprehended the springs of the Scotch Reformation.

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on the other hand, to remember that Lyndesay and his compeers did not live in the 19th; that in the storms through which they fought there was more need of the hot heart and strong arm than the philosophic head; that in history, and especially the history of Scotland, the thunder and the whirlwind of iconoclasm have often had to come before the still small voice.

The Minor Poems of Lyndesay,

NAMELY:

The Deploratioun of Quene Magdalene,
[COMPYLIT 1537]

The Answer quhilk Schir Dauid Lindesay maid to ye kingis Flyting,
[1536]

The Complaint and Publict Confessioun of the Kingis Auld Hound callit Bagsche,
[ABOUT 1536]

Ane Supplicatioun to the Kingis Grace in contemptioun of Syde Taillis and Missellit facis,
[AB. 1538]

Kitteis Confessioun,
[BETWEEN 1537 AND 1541]

The Justyng betuix James Watsoun and Jhone Barbour,
[AB. 1538]
[REPRINTED FROM THE WARKIS, 1568]

Ane Descriptioun of Peder Coffeis having na regaird till Honestie in thair Vocatioun
[PRINTED FROM THE BANNATYNE MS.]

THE [Signature K]

DEPLORATIOUN

OF THE

DEITH OF QUENE MAGDALENE.

[*From the Warkis*, 1568.[1]]

O Cruell Deith! to greit is thy puissance,
Deuorar of all earthlie leuyng thingis;
Adam! we may the wyit of this mischance,
In thy default this cruell tyrane ringis,
And spairis nother Empryour nor Kingis.
And now, allace! hes reft furth of this land
The flour of France, and confort of Scotland.

O cruel death! thy might is too great!

Adam! we have thee to blame for this, that we have lost the flower of France and joy of Scotland.

¶ THE DEPLORATIOUN OF THE DEYTH OF QUENE MAGDALENE.

[From the edition of Jascuy, Paris, 1558, printed from the British Museum copy, C. 12. g 2.]

O Crewell deyth, to greit is thy puissance,
Devorar of all erthly levyng thingis.
Adame, we may the wyit of yis mischance;
In thy default this crewell tyranne ryngis,
And spairis nother empryour nor kyngis,
And now, allace! hes reft[2] furth of this land,
The flour of France, and confort of scotland.

[2] *misprint* rest

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[1] Printed from Lord Mostyn's copy.

¶ Father Adam! allace that thow abusit
Thy disobedience — Thy fre wyll, being Inobedient;
Thow chesit Deith, and lesting lyfe refusit,
Thy Successioun, allace! that may repent,
That thow hes maid mankynd so Impotent,
made thy posterity mortal. — That it may mak to Deith no resistance,—
Exemple of our Quene, the flour of France.

Cruel dragon, Death! — O dreidfull Dragoun! with thy dulefull dart,
Quhilk did nocht spair, of Feminine the flour,
Bot cruellie did pers hir throuch the hart,
thou gavest her no respite — And wald nocht giue hir respite for ane hour,
To remane with hir Prince and Paramour,
to take leave of her prince. — That scho at laiser mycht haue tane licence,
Scotland on the may cry ane loud vengeance!

Thou didst spare Methuselah for many years, but didst devour this peerless princess in her seventeenth year — Thow leit Mathusalem leif nine houndreth ȝeir
Thre score and nyne; bot in thy furious rage,
Thow did deuore this ȝoung Princes but peir,
Or scho was compleit seuintene ȝeir of age;

¶ Father adame, allace yat thow abusit
Thy fre will! beyng inobedient,
Thow cheisit deyth, and lestyng lyif refusit.
Thy successioun, allace! yat may repent
That thow hes maid mankynd so impotent,
That it may maik to deyth no resistance,
Exampill of our Quene, the flour of France!

¶ O dreidful Dragone, wyth thy duilfull dart,
Quhilk did nocht spair of femynine the flour,
Bot crewellye did pers hir throw the hart,
And wald nocht gif her resput for ane hour,
To remane wyth[1] hir prynce and paramour,
That sche at laser mycht hef[2] tane licence,
Scotland on the may cry, ane[3] loud vengence.

¶ Thow leit matussalem leist nynne hundreth[4] ȝeir
Thre scoir and nyne, bot in thy furious rage
Thow[5] did devoir this ȝowng princes but peir,
Or sche was compleit sevintene ȝeir of age;

[1] *misprint* wysh [2] hes [3] and [4] humdredth [5] thew

Gredie gorman! quhy did thow nocht asswage [K, back]
Thy furious rage contrair that lustie Quene,
Tyll we some fruct had of hir bodie sene? 28 before she left any issue.

O Dame Nature! thow did no diligence Dame Nature! thou didst not intervene in her behalf.
Contrair this theif quhilk al *the* warld confoundis;
Had thow with naturall targis maid defence,
That brybour had not cu*m*mit w*ith*in hir boundis, 32
And had bene sauit from sic mortall stoundis,
This mony ane 3eir: bot quhair was thy discretion, Where was thy discretion?
That leit hir pas, til we had sene succession?

☞ O Venus, with thy blynd sone Cupido, 36 Fie on you! Venus and Cupid, you interfered not
Fy on 3ow baith, that maid no resistance!
In to 3our Court 3e neuer had sic two,
So leill Luffaris without dissimulance,
As Iames the Fift, and Magdalene of France, 40
Discending boith of blude Imperiall,
To quhome in lufe I find no perigall. in favour of lovers so true.

Gredye gorman, quhy did thow nocht asswage
Thy furious rage contrar yat lustye Quene,
Till we sum fruct had of hir body sene? 28

¶ O dame nature, thow did no deligence
Contrar this theif quhilk all the warld confundis;
Had thow wyth naturall targis maid defence,
That brybour had nocht cumd wytin hir bundis, 32
And had bene sauit from sic[1] mortall stoundis
This mony ane 3eir, bot quhar was thy discretioun
That leit hir pas till we had sene successioun?

¶ O Venus, wyth thy blind sone[2] Cupido, 36
Fy on 3ow bayth yat maid no resistance!
In-to 3our court 3e neuer[3] had sic two
So leill luffars wythout dissimulance,
As Iames the fift,[4] and Magdalene of France, 40
Discendyng boyth of blude imperiall,
To quhom in lufe I find no paregall.

[1] *misprint* sit [2] blud scne [3] nener [4] fist

Like Leander,

☞ For as Leander swame outthrow the flude,
To his fair Lady Hero, mony nichtis,

James Fifth crossed the floods

So did this prince throw bulryng stremis wode
With Erlis, baronis, squyaris, & with knichtis,
Contrair Neptune and Eol, and thare michtis,
And left his Realme in greit disesperance,

to seek his love.

To seik his Lufe, the first Dochter of France.

And scho lyke prudent Quene Penelope,
Ful constantlie wald change hym for none vther,

And she for him left home and friends.

And for his plesour left hir awin countre,
Without regard to Father or to Mother,
Takyng no cure of Sister, nor of Brother,
Bot schortlie tuke hir leif, and left thame all,

[K ii]

For lufe of hym, to quhome lufe maid hir thrall.

Dame Fortune, thy favourable aspect proved false.

O Dame Fortune! quhare was thy greit confort
Till hir to quhome thow was so fauorable?
Thy slyding gyftis maid hir no support,
Hir hie lynage, nor Riches intellible;

¶ For as Lyander swame outhrow the flude
To his fair lady Hero mony nychtis,
So did this prynce, throw bulryng streimis[1] wode,
Wyth erlis, barronis, squyaris, and wyth knychtis,
Contrar Neptune, and eoll, and yair mychtis,
And left[2] his realme in greit disaperance,
To seik his lufe, the first dochter of France.

¶ And sche, lyke prudent Kuene penelope,
Ful constantly wald change him[3] for nonne wther,
And for his plesour left[2] hir awin cuntre,
Wythout regard to fader or to moder,
Takyng no cure of sister nor of brother,
Bot schortly tuke hir leif, and left[2] yame all,
For lufe of him to quhom lufe maid hir thrall.

¶ O dame fortune! quhar was thy greit confort
Till hir to quhome thow was so fauorabill?
Thy slyding giftes maid hir no support,
Hir hie lynage nor Riches intellebill;

[1] *misprint* strennis [2] lest [3] hun

I se thy puissance bene bot variable,
Quhen hir father, the most hie cristinit King,
Till his deir Chyld mycht mak no supporting.

I see thy power is unsteady.

The potent Prince, hir lustie lufe and Knicht,
With his most hardie Noblis of Scotland,
Contrair that bailfull bribour had no micht,
Thocht all the men had bene at his command,
Of France, Flanderis, Italie, and Ingland,
With fiftie thousand Millioun of tresour,
Mycht nocht prolong that Ladyis lyfe ane hour.

Her husband could do nothing to save her.

Not all the treasures of the world could give[1] an hour's respite.

O Paris! of all Citeis principall,
Quhilk did resaue our Prince with laud & glorie,
Solempnitlie throw Arkis triumphall,
Quhilk day bene digne to put in memorie.
For as Pompey, efter his Victorie,
Was in to Rome resauit with greit Ioy,
So thou resauit our richt redoutit Roy.

Paris! thou didst welcome our prince with triumphal arches,

as Rome did Pompey.

I se thy puissance bene bot variabill,
Quhen hir father the moist hie cristinit kyng
Till his[1] deir chyld myt mak no supportyng.

¶ The potent Prince, hir lusty lufe and knycht,
With his moist hardy noblis of Scotland,
Contrar yat bailfull bribour had no mycht,
Thocht all the men had bene at his command
Of France, Flanders, Italie, and Ingland;
With fifte thowsand millioun of thresour,
Mycht nocht prolong yat ladyis lyfe ane hour.

¶ O Pareis! of all Citeis principall,
Quhilk did ressaue our Prince with laud[2] and glorie,
Solempnitly throw arkis triumphall,
Quhilk day bene ding to put in memorie;
For as pompey, eftir[3] his victorie,
Was in-to Rome ressauit with greit Ioy,
So thow ressauit[4] our richt redoutit Roy.

[1] *misprint* hir [2] land [3] estir [4] ressaint

Never was marriage so celebrated;

Bot at his Mariage maid vpon the morne,
Sic solace, and Solempniȝatioun,
Was neuer sene afore, sen Christ was borne,
Nor to Scotland sic consolatioun!

it was a confirmation of the ancient league.

Thare selit was the confirmatioun
Of the weill keipit ancient alliance
Maid betwix Scotland and the realme of france.

[K ii, back] I never saw such rich array,

I neuer did se one day more glorious,
So mony in so riche abilȝementis
Of Silk and gold, with stonis precious;

music, banqueting, and tournaments

Sic Banketting, sic sound of Instrumentis,
With sang, and dance, & Martiall tornamentis.

(but soon was the joy changed to sorrow).

Bot lyke ane storme efter ane plesand morrow,
Sone was our solace changit in to sorrow.

O traytour deith, quhom none may contramand!

What preparations were made by the three estates of Scotland.

Thow mycht haue sene the preparatioun
Maid be the thre Estaitis of Scotland
With greit confort and consolatioun,

Bot at his mariage maid wpone the morne,
Sic solace and solempniȝatioun
Was neuer affoir sen Christ was borne,
Nor to Scotland sic consolatioun;
Thair selit was the confirmatioun
Of the weil keipit ancient alliance,
Maid betuix Scotland and the realme of France.

¶ I neuer did se one day moir glorious,
So mony in so riche abilȝementis
Of Silk and Gold, with stonis precious,
Sic bankettyng, sic sownd of instrumentis,
With sang and dance and marcial tornamentis;
Bot lyk ane storme eftir[1] ane plesand morow,
Sone was our[2] solace changeit in-to sorow.

¶ O tratour deid! quhom none may contramand,
Thow micht hef sene the preparatioun
Maid be the thre estaitis of Scotland,
With greit confort and consolatioun,

[1] *misprint* estir [2] one

In euerilk Ciete, Castell, Toure, and Town,
And how ilk Nobill set his hole intent
To be excellent in Habilȝement.

Theif! saw thow nocht the greit preparatiuis
Of Edinburgh, the Nobill famous toun?
Thow saw the peple labouring for thare lyuis
To mak triumphe with trump and Clarioun!
Sic plesour was neuer in to this Regioun,
As suld haue bene the day of hir entrace,
With greit propynis geuin till hir grace.

How her arrival was prepared for in Edinburgh!

Thow saw makand rycht costlie scaffalding,
Depayntit weill with Gold and asure fyne,
Reddie preparit for the vpsetting,
With Fontanis flowing watter cleir and wyne;
Disagysit folkis, lyke Creaturis deuyne,
On ilk scaffold, to play ane syndrie storie!
Bot all in greiting turnit thow that glorie!

Scaffolds were constructed,

fountains to run with water and wine.

(Death turned all to weeping!)

In euerylk Cite, Castell, Toure, and Town,
And how ilk nobill set his hoil intent
To be excellent in abilȝement.

¶ Theif! saw thow nocht the greit preparatiuis
Of Edinburgh, the nobill famous toun?
Thou saw the pepill laboryng for yair liuis,
To mak triumphe with trium and clarioun;
Sic plesour was neuer in-to yis regioun,
As suld hef bene the day of hir entrece,
With greit propinis giffin till her grace.

¶ Thow saw makand richt costly scaffalding,
Depaintit weill with Gold and asure fyne,
Reddye preparit for the wpsetting,
With fontanis flowing walter cleir and wyne;
Disagysit folks lyk creaturs deuine,
On ilk scaffald to play ane sindry storie;
Bot all in greting, turnit thow yat glorie!

[K iii]

Many fresh gallants.

Thow saw mony ane lustie fresche galland,
Weill ordourit for resauing of thair Quene;

Craftsmen with bows, dressed in green.

Ilk Craftisman, with bent bow in his hand,
Full galȝeartlie in schort clething of grene;
The honest Burges, cled thow suld haue sene,

Burgesses in scarlet and grane.

Sum in scarlot, and sum in claith of grane,
For till haue met thare Lady Souerane.

The provost, and baillies,

Prouest, Baillies, and lordis of the toun,
The Senatouris in ordour consequent,
Cled in to Silk of Purpure, blak, and brown;

the lords of parliament. barons and baronets; (alas! their gold is changed to sable!)

Syne the greit Lordis of the Parliament,
With mony knychtlie Barroun and baurent
In Silk and Gold, in colouris confortable:
Bot thow, allace, all turnit in to sable!

Next, the spiritual peers

Syne, all the Lordis of Religioun,
And Princes of the preistis venerable,
Full plesandlie in thare Processioun,

and all the cunning Clerks;

With all the cunnyng Clerkis honorable.

¶ Thow saw mony ane lustye fresche galland
Weill ordourit for ressauing of yat Quene,
Ilk craftisman with bent bow in his hand,
Ful galȝeartlye in schort clething of grene;
The honest burges cled thow suld hef sene,
Sum in scarlot, and sum in clayt of grane,
For till hef met yair lady souerane.

¶ Prouest, Baillies, and Lordis of the Toun,
The Senatouris in ordour consequent,
Cled in-to Silk of purpure blak or brown,
Syne the greit Lordis of the perliament,
With mony knychtly barrown and baurent,
In Silk and Gold in colours confortabill;
Bot thow, allace! all turnit in-to sabill.

¶ Syne all the Lordis of religioun,
And Princes of the preistis venerabill,
Ful plesandly in yair processioun,
With all the cunnyng clerkis honorabill,

Bot thiftuouslie, thow Tyrane tresonable!
All thare greit solace and Solempniteis,
Thow turnit in till dulefull Dirigeis.

(their ceremonies are changed into dirges!)

Syne, nixt in Ordour, passing throw the toun,
Thow suld haue hard the din of Instrumentis,
Of Tabrone, Trumpet, Schalme, & Clarioun,
With reird redoundand throw the Elementis;
The Herauldis, with thare awfull Vestimentis,
With Maseris, vpon ather of thare handis,
To rewle the preis, with burneist siluer wandis.

Next should come instrumental music

making the welkin ring.

Heralds and Macers with silver wands.

Syne, last of all, in Ordour triumphall,
That most Illuster Princes honorable,
With hir the lustie Ladyis of Scotland,
Quhilk suld haue bene ane sycht most delectable:
Hir rayment to rehers, I am nocht able,
Of Gold and perle, and precious stonis brycht
Twynkling lyke sterris in ane frostie nycht.

[K iii, back] Last in order, the princess with her ladies.

I cannot describe her apparel.

Under ane Pale of gold scho suld haue past,
Be Burgeis[1] borne, clothit in silkis fyne;

She was to have passed under a pall of gold, [1 *orig.* Burgessis]

Bot thiftuously,[2] thow tyrane tresonabill!
All yair greit solace, and solempniteis,
Thow tornit in-till dulefull derigeis.

¶ Syne nixt in ordour, passing throw the Toun,
Thow suld hef hard the dyne of instrumentis,
Of tabrone, trumpet, schalme, and clarioun;
With reid redoundand throw the elimentis;
The herauldis with yair awful vestimentis,
With masers wpone ather of yair handis,
To Rewll ye preis with burneist Siluer wandis.

¶ Syne last of all, in ordour triumphall,
That moist Illuster Princes honorable;
With hyr the lusty ladyis of Scotland,
Quhilk suld hef bene ane sycht moist delectabill;
Hir rayment to rehers I am nocht habill,
Of Gold and perle and precious stonis brycht,
Twynklyng lyk sterris in ane frostye nycht.

¶ Onder ane pale of Gold sche suld hef past,
Be burgis borne clothit in silkis fyne;

2 *misprint* thistnously

followed by the Master of the household *allerlast* (last of all).

The greit Maister of houshold all thare last;
With hym in ordour all the kingis tryne,
Quhais ordinance war langsum to defyne;
On this maner, scho passing throw the toun,

Many a blessing awaited her from maidens and wives,

Suld haue resauit mony benisoun
Of Virginis, and of lustie burges wyiffis,—
Quhilk suld haue bene ane sycht celestiall,—

shouting, Vive la Reine!

Viue la Royne cryand for thare lyiffis,
With ane Harmonious sound Angelicall,
In euerilk corner, myrthis Musicall;

(Tyrant! to change our *Alle*luia unto *alla*ce!)

Bot thow, tyrane, in quhome is found no grace,
Our *Alleluya* hes turnit in allace!

The Orators would have speechified to her.

Thow suld haue hard the ornate Oratouris
Makand hir hienes Salutatioun,
Boith of the Clergy, toun, and counsalouris,
With mony Notable Narratioun;

The Coronation was to take place in the Abbey church of Holyrood.

Thow suld haue sene hir Coronatioun,
In the fair Abbay of the Holy rude,
In presence of ane myrthfull multitude.

The greit maister of howshold all yair last,
With him in ordour all the Kyngis tryne,
Quhais ordinance war langsum to define;
On this maner sche passing throw the Toun,
Suld hef ressauit mony benesoun

¶ Of virginis and of lusty burges wyiffis,
Quhilk suld hef bene ane sycht celestiall,
Veua la royna, cryand for yair lyiffis,
With ane armonious[1] sound Angelicall;
In euerylk[2] corner myrthis musicall.
Bot thow, tyrane, in quhome is fund no grace,
Our *Allelluya*, hes turnit in allace!

¶ Thow suld hef hard the ornat oratours
Makand hir hynes salutatioun,
Boith of the clergy, town, and counsalours,
With mony notabill narratioun;
Thow suld hef sene hir coronatioun
In the fair abay of the holy rude,
In presence of ane myrthfull multitude.

[1] *misprint* armonions [2] euerylk

Sic Banketing, sic aufull Tornamentis
On hors & fute, that tyme quhilk suld haue bene!
Sic Chapell Royall, with sic Instrumentis,
And craftie Musick, singing from the splene,
In this countre was neuer hard nor sene!
Bot all this greit solempnite and gam,
Turnit thow hes *In Requiem æternam!*

[K iiij, no sig.]
Such banquets and tournaments;
music by the choir royal,—
but all is hushed in the mass for departed souls.

Inconstant warld! thy freindschip I defy!
Sen strenth, nor wisdome, riches nor honour,
Vertew nor bewtie, none may certefy
Within thy boundis, for to remane ane hour;
Quhat valith to the king or Empryour,
Sen pryncely puissance may nocht be exemit
From Deith, quhose dolour can nocht be expremit?

Fickle world!
nothing is sure
nor exempt from death:

Sen man in erth hes na place permanent,
Bot all mon passe be that horrible port,
Lat us pray to the Lord Omnipotent,
That dulefull day to be our greit comfort,

all must pass through that gate of dread.
Let us pray for a safe arrival

¶ Sic banckatyng,[1] sic aufull tornamentis,
On hors[2] and fute yat tyme quhilk suld[3] hef bene;
Sic chapell royal wyt*h* sic instrumentis,
And craftye[4] music singyng from the splene,
In this cuntre was neuer hard nor sene;
Bot al this greit solempnite and game,
Turnit thow hes *In requiem æternam.*

¶ Inconstant warld! t[h]y frendschip I defye,[5]
Sen strenth nor wisdome, Riches nor honour,
Wertew nor bewte, none may certefie
Wythin thy bowndis[6] for to remane ane hour;
Quhat valith to be kyng or Empryour,
Sen pryncely puissance may nocht be exemit
From Deyth,[7] quhas dolour, can[8] not be expremit?

¶ Sen man in erth hes na place permanent,
Bot all mon pas be yat horribill port,
Let ws pray to ye lord omnipotent
That duleful day to be our greit comfort;

1 *misprint* banckacyng 2 hois 3 fuld 4 crastye
5 dcsye 6 bywndis 7 Meyth 8 car

That in his Realme we may with hym resort,
Quhilk*is* from *the* hell, w*ith* his blude ransonit bene,
to where Magdalene has gone. With Magdalene vmquhyle of scotla*n*d Quene.

Death may destroy the body, O Deith ! thocht thow the body may deuore
Of euery man, ȝit hes thow no puissance,
but cannot consume the glory of Magdalene. Of thare vertew for to consume the glore !
As salbe sene of Magdalene of France,
Poets shall put her in everlasting memory. Umquhyle our quene, quhom Poetis sal auance,
And put hir in perpetuall memorie ;
So sall hir fame of the haue Victorie.

[K iiij, back] Thocht thou hes slane *th*e heuinly flour of France,
Thou hast slain the fleur-de-lis engrafted on our thistle, Quhilk Impit was in to the Thrissill kene,
Quharein all Scotland saw thair hail plesance,
And maid the Lyoun reioysit frome the splene ;
but its fragrance shall endure and keep the two realms in amity. Thocht rute be pullit frome the leuis grene,
The smell of it sall, in dispyte of the,
Keip ay twa Realmes, in Peice and Amite.

Quod Lindesay.

That in his realme, we may wyth him resort,
Quhilks from the hell wyth his blude ransonit bene,
Wyth Magdalene, wmquhile[1] of scotland Quene.

¶ O Deyth ! thocht thow the body may devoir,
Of euery man ȝit hes thow now puissance,
Of yair vertu, for to constume the gloir,
As salbe sene of M[a]gdalene of France,
Wmq*u*h*y*le[2] our quene, quhom[3] poetis sall avance,
And put hir in perpetuall memorie ;
So sal hir fame of the hef victorie.

¶ Thocht thow hes slane the hevinly flour of France,
Quhilk imput was vnto the thrissil kene,
Quharin all scotland set[4] yair hail plesance,
And maid the lyoun reiosit from ye splene ;
Thocht rute be pullet from the lyvis grene,
The smell of it sal, in dispyte of the,
Keip ay twa realmes in pace and amite.

Finis.

[1] *misprint* winquhile [2] Winqly [3] guhour [4] sel

THE ANSWER

QUHILK SCHIR DAUID LINDESAY MAID TO Yᵉ KINGIS FLYTING.

REdoutit Roy, 3our ragment I haue red,
Quhilk dois perturb my dull Intendement.
From 3our flyting, wald God, *that* I wer fred,
Or ellis sum Tygerris toung wer to me lent!
Schir! pardone me, thocht I be Impacient,
Quhilk bene so *with* 3our prun3eand pen detractit,
And rude report frome Venus Court deiectit.

Redoubtable king! I have read your discourse.
Would I had a tiger's tongue!
Pardon my impatience.

Lustie Ladyis, that [on] 3our Libellis lukis,
My cumpanie dois hald abhominable,
Commandand me beir cumpanie to the Cukis.
Moist lyke ane Deuill, thay hald me detestable;
Thay banis me, sayand I am nocht able
Thame to compleis, or preis to thare presance;
Apon 3our pen I cry ane loud vengeance!

Ladies who read your poem
hold me detestable.

Wer I ane Poeit, I suld preis with my pen
To wreik me on 3our wennemous wryting;
Bot I man do as dog dois in his den,
Fald baith my feit, or fle fast frome 3our flyting.
The mekle Deuil may nocht indure 3our dyting;
Quharefor, *Cor mundum crea in me!* I cry,
Proclamand 3ow the Prince of Poetry.

Were I a poet I should wreak my vengeance on you;

you are the prince of poetry.

I must reply since you command.

Schir! with my Prince pertenit me nocht to pley;
Bot sen your grace hes geuin me sic command,
To mak answer, it must neidis me obey:

Though you are now strong as an elephant,

Thocht ȝe be now strang lyke ane Elephand,
And in till Venus werkis maist vailȝeand,

time will tell upon your valour.

The day wyll cum, and that within few ȝeiris,
That ȝe wyll draw at laiser with ȝour feiris.

Time was when I was better accoutred.

Quhat can ȝe say forther, bot I am failȝeit
In Venus werkis? I grant, schir, that is trew;
The tyme hes bene, I was better artailȝeit
Nor I am now; bot ȝit full sair I rew

I regret errors of youth.

That euer I did Mouth thankles so persew.

Waste not your vigour.

Quharefor tak tent, and ȝour fyne powder spair,
And waist it nocht, bot gyf ȝe wit weill quhair.

Thocht ȝe rin rudelie, lyke ane restles Ram,
Schutand ȝour bolt at mony sindrie schellis,

It is a game for leisurely playing.

Beleif richt weill, it is ane bydand gam;
Quharefore be war with dowbling of the bellis,
For mony ane dois haist thair awin saule knellis;
And speciallie, quhen that the well[1] gois dry,
Syne can nocht get agane sic stufe to by.

[1 Ed. 1592, *woll*]

The fiend take your counsel, that would not provide you with a princess,

I giue ȝour counsale to the feynd of hell,
That wald nocht of ane Princis ȝow prouide;
Tholand ȝow rin schutand frome schell to schell,

allowing the time to pass away.

Waistand ȝour corps, lettand the tyme ouerslyde;

[K 4, back]

For, lyke ane boisteous Bull, ȝe rin and ryde
Royatouslie lyke ane rude Rubeatour,
Ay fukkand lyke ane furious Fornicatour.

On Ladronis for to loip, ȝe wyll nocht lat, — Your attentions are indiscriminate;
Howbeit the Caribaldis cry the corinoch.
Remember how besyde the masking fat
ȝe caist ane quene overthort ane stinking troch;
That feynd, with fuffilling of hir roistit hoch,
Caist doun the fat, quharthrow, drink, draf, & iuggis — think of their ignominious issue!
Come rudely rinnand doun about ȝour luggis.

Wald God the Lady that luffit ȝow best,
Had sene ȝow thair ly swetterand lyke twa swyne! — weltering like swine.
Bot to indyte how that duddroun wes drest,
Drowkit with dreggis, quhimperand with mony quhryne!
That proces to report, it wer ane pyne.
On ȝour behalf I thank God tymes ten score, — I thank God for your preservation.
That ȝou preseruit from gut & frome grandgore.

Now, schir, fairweill! because I can nocht flyte; — I cannot scold.
And thocht I could, I wer nocht tyll auance
Aganis your ornate Meter to indyte.
Bot ȝit be war with lawbouring of ȝour lance! — But beware!
Sum sayis thare cummis ane bukler furth of france, — a Queen comes from France, who will satisfy you.
Quhilk wyll indure ȝour dintis, thocht thay be dour.
Fairweill! of flowand Rethorik the flour!

Quod Lindesay in his flyting
Aganis the Kingis dyting.

[K 3]

THE COMPLAINT

AND

PUBLICT CONFESSIOUN OF THE KINGIS AULD HOUND

CALLIT

BAGSCHE,

DIRECTIT TO BAWTE, THE KINGIS BEST BELOUIT DOG, AND HIS COMPAN3EONIS.

MAID AT COMMAND OF KING JAMES THE FYFT,
BE SCHIR DAUID LINDESAY OF THE MONT KNYCHT,
Alias LYOUN KING OF ARMES, &c.

To whom shall I plain in my extreme need?

ALlace! quhome to suld I complayne
In my extreme Necessitie?
Or quhameto sall I mak my maine?
In Court na Dog wyll do for me.
Beseikand sum, for Cherite,

bear my humble prayer to the king's favourite dogs.

To beir my Supplicatioun,
To Scudlar, Luffra, and Bawte,
Now or the king pas of the toun.

I have followed the Court until I am no more able.

I haue followit the Court so lang,
Quhill in gude faith I may no mair;
The Countre knawis I may nocht gang;
I am so crukit, auld, and sair,
That I wait nocht quhare to repair;

When I had place and power I never dreaded this.

For quhen I had authorite,
I thocht me so familiar,
I neuer dred necessite.

I rew the race that Geordie Steill — Plague on the day that Bawté was brought to the king.
Brocht Bawte to the kingis presence;
I pray God lat hym neuer do weill,
Sen syne I gat na audience.
For Bawte now gettis sic credence, — [K 3, back] He supplanted me as favourite.
That he lyis on the kingis nycht goun,
Quhare I perforce, for my offence, — I lie in the outer passage like a villain.
Man in the clois ly lyke ane loun.

For I haif bene, ay to this hour, — I have worried lambs and one-year-old sheep.
Ane wirrear of lamb and hog;
Ane tyrrane, and ane Tulȝeour,
Ane murdreissar of mony ane dog.
Fyue foullis I chaist outthroch ane scrog,
Quharefor thare motheris did me warie;
For thay war drownit all in ane bog:
Speir at Ihone Gordoun of Pittarie, — Ask of John Gordon

Quhilk in his hous did bryng me vp, — who reared me.
And vsit me to slay the deir;
Sweit milk and meill he gart me sup:
That craft I leirnit sone perqueir.
All vther vertew ran arreir,
Quhen I began to bark and flyte;
For thare was nother Monk nor freir, — I respected neither monk nor friar.
Nor wyfe nor barne, but I wald byte.

Quhen to the King the cace was knawin — When the king heard of my viciousness,
Of my vnhappy hardines,
And all the suth unto hym schawin,
How euerilk dog I did oppres,
Then gaue his grace command expres,
I suld be brocht to his presence.
Nochtwithstanding my wickitnes, — he had me brought to Court and preferred me.
In Court I gat greit audience.

[K 2]

I shew my greit Ingratitude
I showed my ingratitude to old friends.
To the Capitane of Badȝeno,
Quhilk in his hous did find me fude
Two ȝeir, with vther houndis mo.
Bot quhen I saw that it was so,
That I grew hich into the Court,
I wrought them wo.
For his reward I wrocht hym wo,
And cruellie I did hym hurt.

So thay that gaue me to the King,
I was thare mortall Enemie.
I cared for nought but to please the king;
I tuke cure of na kynd of thing,
Bot pleis the Kingis Majestie.
but when he heard of my misdeeds, he ordered me to be hanged,
Bot quhen he knew my crueltie,
My falset and my plane oppressioun,
He gaue command that I suld be
Hangit without confessioun.

but took pity on me on account of my old age.
And ȝit because that I was auld,
His grace thocht petie for to hang me,
Bot leit me wander quhare I wald;
Than set my fais for to fang me,
And euery bouchour dog doun dang me.
I became an outcast and a butt.
Quhen I trowit best to be ane laird,
Than in the court ilk wicht did wrang me,
And this I gat for my rewaird.

I nearly strangled Makesoun;
I had wirreit blak Makesoun,
Wer nocht that rebaldis come and red;
Bot he was flemit of the toun.
Frome tyme the king saw how I bled,
He gart lay me vpon ane bed,
he fled from the town.
For with ane knife I was mischeuit.
[K 2, back]
This Makesoun for feir he fled
Ane lang tyme or he was releuit.

And Patrik Striviling in Ergyle, — Patrick Stirling
I bure hym bakwart to the ground, — I sorely mangled.
And had hym slane within ane quhyle,
War nocht the helping of ane hound.
3it gat he mony bludie wound,
As 3it his skyn wyll schaw the markis.
Find me ane Dog, quhare euer ye found, — Find me a dog that has made so many bloody shirts.
Hes maid sa mony bludie sarkis!

Gude brother Lanceman, Lyndesayis dog, — Brother Lanceman,
Quhilk ay hes kepit thy laute,
And neuer wirryit lamb nor hog,
Pray Luffra, Scudlar, and Baute, — pray the court favourites
Of me, Bagsche, to haue pitie,
And prouide me ane portioun — that I may have an asylum in Dunfermline
In Dumfermeling, quhare I may dre
Pennance for my extortioun.

Get be thare Solistatioun,
Ane letter frome the Kingis grace,
That I may haue Collatioun,
With fyre and Candil in the place. — with fire and candle.
Bot I wyll leif schort tyme, allace! — I will live short time unless I get fresh flesh for my maw.
Want I gude fresche flesche for my gammis;
Betuix Aswednisday and Paice,
I man haue leue to wirrie Lambis.

Baute! considder well this bill, — Bawté, ponder over this Schedule;
And reid this Cedull that I send 3ow, — [K 1]
And euerilk poynt thareof fulfill,
And now in tyme of mys amend 3ow. — take warning by me;
I pray 3ow that 3e nocht pretend 3ow
To clym ouer hie, nor do na wrang; — climb not too high.
Bot frome 3our fais, with richt defend 3ow,
And tak exemple quhow I gang.

I was beyond all interference of man or dog.

I was that na man durst cum neir me,
Nor put me furth of my lugeing;
Na dog durst fra my Denner sker me,
Quhen I was tender with the king.

Now every cur tramples me down.

Now euerilk tyke dois me doun thring,
The quhilk, before, be me war wrangit,
And sweris I serue na vther thing,
Bot in ane helter to be hangit.

Though ye are now familiar with the king,

Thocht ȝe be hamelie with the King,
ȝe Luffra, Scudlar, and Bawte,

oppress not your neighbours,

Be war that ȝe do nocht doun thring
ȝour nychtbouris throw authorite!
And ȝour exemple mak be me,
And beleif weill ȝe ar bot doggis;
Thocht ȝe stand in the hiest gre,

bite no lambs nor ewes,

Se ȝe byte nother lambs nor hoggis.

Thocht ȝe haue now greit audience,
Se that be ȝow be nane opprest;

else a time of punishment will come.

ȝe wylbe punischit for ȝour offence,
Frome tyme the King be weill confest.
Thare is na dog that hes transgrest
Throw cruelte, and he may fang hym,
His Maieste wyll tak no rest,

The gallows gapes for every transgressor.

Tyll on ane gallous he gar hang hym.

[K 1, back]

I was *as far ben* (intimate) as you are.

I was anis als far ben as ȝe ar,
And had in Court als greit credence,
And ay pretendit to be hiear;
Bot quhen the Kingis excellence
Did knaw my falset and offence,
And my prydefull presumptioun,

I am now halloed out of town.

I gat none vther recompence,
Bot hoyit and houndit of the toun.

Wes neuer sa vnkynd ane corce,
As quhen I had authorite;
Of my freindis I tuke na force,
The quhilkis afore had done for me.
This Prouerb, it is of verite,
Quhilk I hard red in tyll ane letter:
"Hiest in Court, nixt the weddie,
Without he gyde hym all the better."

I paid no attention to my friends.

Next the throne, next the halter!

I tuke na mair compt of ane Lord
Nor I did of ane keiching knaif.
Thocht euerilk day I maid discord,
I was set vp abone the laif;
The gentill hound was to me slaif,
And with the Kingis awin fingeris fed;
The sillie raichis wald I raif;
Thus for my euill deidis wes I dred.

I accounted no more of a lord than of a kitchen knave.

The hounds and raches were my slaves.

Tharfor, Bawte, luke best about,
Quhen thow art hiest with the King;
For than thow standis in greitest dout,
Be thow nocht gude of gouerning.
Put na pure tyke frome his steiding,
Nor 3it na sillie Ratchis raif;
He sittis abone that seis all thing,
And of ane knicht can mak ane knaif.

Bawté! look about you. When highest, you are in greatest danger, if not on your good behaviour.

Drive no cur from his station.

[Signature L.]

He sits above who can turn a knight into a knave.

Quhen I come steppand ben the flure,
All Rachis greit roume to me red;
I of na creature tuke cure,
Bot lay vpon the kingis bed,
With claith of gold thocht it wer spred;
For feir, ilk freik wald stand on far,
With euerilk Dog I was so dred,
Thay trimblit quhen thay hard me nar.

I used to lie on the king's bed.

Every dog trembled when I was near.

Brother Bawté!

Gude brother Bawte! beir the euin,
Thocht with thy Prince thow be potent;
It cryis ane vengeance from the heuin,
For till oppres ane Innocent.
In welth be than most vigilent,
And do na wrang to dog nor beiche,
As I haue, quhilk I now repent:
Na Messane reif, to mak the riche.

do not oppress the innocent.

Do not rob.

Nor, for augmenting of thy boundis,
Ask no reward, schir, at the king,
Quhilk may do hurt to vther houndis,
Expres aganis Goddis bidding.
Chais na pure tyke frome his midding,
Throw cast of Court, or Kingis requeist.
And of thy self presume no thing,
Except thow art ane brutall beist.

Ask no reward to others' hurt.

Chase no poor cur from his midden.

Traist weill thare is none oppressour,
Nor boucheour dog, drawer of blude,
Ane Tyrrane, nor ane transgressour,
That sall now of the King get gude,
Frome tyme furth that his Celsitude
Dois cleirlie knaw the verite;
Bot he is flemit, for to conclude,
Or hangit hich vpon ane tre.

[L, back]

No wrong-doer will henceforth be spared.

Thocht ȝe be cuplit all to gidder
With silk, and swoulis of syluer fyne,
Ane dog may cum furth of Balquhidder,
And gar ȝow leid ane lawer tryne.
Quhen ane strange hounter blawis his horne,
And all your treddingis gar ȝow tyne,
Than sall ȝour laubour be forlorne.

Though your leashes be silken, and the swivels of silver, a mountain dog may come from Balquhidder

and displace you.

I say no more! gude freindis, adew,
In dreid we neuer meit agane!
That euer I kend the Court, I rew;
Wes neuer wycht so will of wane.
Lat no Dog now serue our Souerane,
Without he be of gude conditioun!
Be he peruerst, I tell 3ow plane,
He hes neid of ane gude Remissioun.

Adieu!

I rue that ever I knew the Court.

That I am on this way mischeuit,
The Erle of Hountlie I may warie;
He wend I had bene weill releuit,
Quhen to the Court he gart me carie.
Wald God I war now in Pittarie!
Because I haue bene so euill dedie,
Adew! I dar no langer tarie!
In dreid, I waif in till ane wyddie.

I curse the Earl of Huntly.

Would I were now in Pittarie. I have been such a malefactor, I dread that I shall wave in a halter.

FINIS

[Sign. L ii]

ANE SUPLICATION

DIRECTIT FROME SCHIR DAUID LYNDESAY, KNICHT, TO THE KINGIS GRACE,

IN CONTEMPTIOUN OF SYDE TAILLIS.

Your Grace has reduced the Highlands and the Borders to order;

SChir, thocht 3our grace hes put gret ordour
Baith in the Hieland and the Bordour,
3it mak I Supplicatioun,
Tyll haue sum Reformatioun

still there remains one small fault to be reformed.

Of ane small falt, quhilk is nocht Tressoun,
Thocht it be contrarie to Ressoun.

The matter is too vile for an ornate style.

Because the Matter bene so vyle,
It may nocht haue ane Ornate style;
Quharefor, I pray 3our Excellence
To heir me with greit Pacience.
Of stinkand weidis maculate

A rose chaplet cannot be made of foul weeds.

No man may mak ane Rois Chaiplat.

I refer to these low-hanging skirts which drag through the mire.

Souerane, I mene of thir syde taillis,
Quhilk throw the dust and dubbis traillis,
Thre quarteris lang behind thare heillis,
Expres agane all Commoun weillis.

Though bishops have train-bearers for their pontifical robes,

Thocht Bischoppis in thare pontificallis
Haue men for to beir up thare taillis,
For dignite of thare office;
Rychtso ane Quene, or ane Emprice,—
Howbeit thay vse sic grauite,

[1 *orig.* Comformand]

Conformand[1] to thare Maieste,—

and queens for their royal robes,

Thocht thare Rob Royallis be vpborne,
I think it is ane verray scorne

That euery Lady of the land
Suld haue hir taill so syde trailland!
Howbeit thay bene of hie estait,
The Quene thay suld nocht counterfait.
Quhare euer thay go, it may be sene,
How kirk and calsay thay soup clene.
The Imagis in to the kirk,
May think of thare syde tailis Irk,
For quhen the wedder bene most fair,
The dust fleis hiest in the air,
And all thare facis dois begarie!
Giue thay culd speik, thay wald thame warie.
To se I think ane plesand sicht,
Of Italie the Ladyis bricht,
In thare clething most triumphand,
Aboue all vther christin land.
ȝit quhen thay trauell throw the townis,
Men seis thare feit beneth thare gownis,
Four Inche abone thare proper heillis,
Circulat about als round as quheillis;
Quhare throw thare dois na poulder ryis,
Thare fair quhyte lymmis to suppryis.
Bot I think maist abusioun,
To se men of Religioun
Gar beir thare taillis throw the streit,
That folkis may behald thare feit.
I trow sanct Bernard nor sanct Blais
Gart neuer man beir vp thare clais;
Peter, nor Paule, nor sanct Androw,
Gart neuer beir vp thare taillis, I trow.
Bot I lauch best to se ane Nwn,
Gar beir hir taill abone hir bwn,
For no thing ellis, as I suppois,
Bot for to schaw hir lillie quhyte hois.
In all thare Rewlis, thay will nocht find,
Quha suld beir vp thair taillis behind.

I think it disgraceful that every lady should have her skirts so long.

[L ii, back]

They sweep the pavements clean.

They begrime the images in church.

The ladies of Italy

show their feet

four inches under their dresses.

As for those churchmen,

Peter and Paul had no trains nor train-bearers.

It is ridiculous to see nuns with [sign. L iii.] their tails borne behind them;

but-worst of all, every dirty cinderella must have two ells of skirt below her knees.

Bot I haue maist in to despyte,
Pure Claggokis cled in roiploch quhyte,
Quhilk hes skant twa markis for thare feis,
Wyll haue twa ellis beneth thare kneis.
Kittok, that clekkit wes ȝistrene,
The morne wyll counterfute the Quene.
Ane mureland Meg that mylkis[1] the ȝowis,
Claggit with clay abone the howis,
In barn nor byir scho wyll nocht byde,
Without hir kirtyll taill be syde.
In Burrowis wantoun burges wyiffis,
Quha may haue sydest taillis stryiffis,
Weill bordourit with Ueluoit fyne:

[1 *orig.* mylkit]

It is a nuisance to walk behind them;

Bot following thame, it is ane pyne!
In Somer quhen the streitis dryis,
Thay rais the dust abone the skyis!

you get nose, mouth, and eyes full of dust.

None may go neir thame at thare eis,
Without thay couer mouth and neis,
Frome the powder, to keip thare ene.
Consider giue thare Cloiffis be clene!
Betuixt thare cleuing, and thare kneis,

What of their own limbs?

Quha mycht behald thare sweitie theis,
Begairit all with dirt, and dust,
That wer aneuch to stanche the lust
Of ony man that saw thame naikit.
I think sic giglottis ar bot glaikit,

[L iii, back]

Without profite to haue sic pryde,
Harland thare claggit taillis so syde.

'Twere well they had breeches.

I wald thay borrowstounis barnis had breikkis,
To keip sic mist fra Malkinnis cheikkis;
I dreid rouch Malkin de for drouth,
Quhen sic dry dust blawis in hir mouth.
I think maist pane, efter ane rane,

What an exposure when their skirts are tucked up!

To se thame towkit vp agane;
Than, quhen thay step furth throw the streit,
Thare faldingis flappis about thair feit,

Thare laithlie lyning furthwart flypit,
Quhilk hes the muk and midding wypit.
Thay waist more claith within few ȝeiris,
Nor wald claith fyftie score of freiris.
Quhen Marioun frome the midding gois,
Frome hir morne turne scho strypis[1] the nois.
And all the day quhare euer scho go,
Sic liquour scho likkith vp also;
The Turcumis of hir taill, I trow,
Mycht be ane supper till ane sow.
I ken ane man, quhilk swoir greit aithis,
How he did lift ane Kittokis claithis,
And wald haue done, I wait nocht quhat;
But sone remeid of lufe he gat:
He thocht na schame to mak it wittin,
How hir syde taill was all beschittin!
Of filth sic flewer straik till his hart,
That he behouit for till depart.
(Quod scho) sweit schir, me think ȝe rew!
(Quod he) ȝour tail makis sic ane stew,
That be sanct Bryde, I may nocht byde it!
ȝe war nocht wyse, that wald nocht hyde it.
Of Taillis I wyll no more Indyte,
For dreid sum Duddroun me despyte.
Nocht withstanding, I wyll conclude,
That of syde Taillis can cum na gude,
Syder nor may thare hanclethis hyde;
The remanent proceidis of pryde,
And Pryde proceidis of the Deuill;
Thus alway thay proceid of euill.
☞ Ane vther fault, Schir, may be sene:
Thay hyde thare face all bot the ene.
Quhen gentill men biddis thame gude day,
Without Reuerence thay slyde away,
That none may knaw, I ȝow assure,
Ane honest woman be ane hure.

What a waste of cloth too!

[1 *orig.* strypit]

The accumulations on their skirts might serve a pig for supper.

Don't let it be seen!

[L iiij; no sig.]

Skirts lower than the ancles come from pride, and pride from the Devil.

Another fault.

They hide their faces.

You can't tell a decent woman from a whore.

Without thare naikit face I se,
Thay get no mo gude dayis of me!
The French ladies have better manners. Hails ane Frence Lady quhen ȝe pleis,
Scho wyll discouer mouth and neis,
And with ane humill countenance,
With Uisage bair mak reuerence.
It's well enough to wear a covering in the rain. Quhen our Ladyis dois ryde in rane,
Suld no man haue thame at disdane,
Thocht thay be couerit, mouth and neis.
In that cace thay wyll nane displeis;
Nor quhen thay go to quiet places,
I thame excuse to hyde thare facis,
Quhen thay wald mak Collatioun
With ony lustie Companȝeoun;
[L iiij, back] Thocht thay be hid than to the ene,
ȝe may considder quhat I mene.
But they ought to show their faces in church and market. Bot in the kirk, and market placis,
I think thay suld nocht hide thare facis.
Without thir faltis be sone amendit,
My flyting, schir, sall neuer be endit;
Bot wald your grace my counsall tak,
Ane Proclamatioun ȝe suld mak,
Order them to show their faces and feet. Baith throw the land and Borrowstounis,
To schaw thare face, and cut thare gownis;
Nane suld fra that Exemptit be,
Except the Quenis Maieste.
Because this mater is nocht fair,
Of Rethorik it man be bair.
Will they call my words vile? Wemen wyll say this is no bourdis,
To wryte sic vyle and filthy wordis,
Let them cleanse the filth of their own tails first. Bot wald thay clenge thare filthy taillis,
Quhilk ouir the myris and middingis traillis,
Than suld my wrytting clengit be;
None vther mendis thay get of me!
The suith suld nocht be haldin clos,
Veritas non querit Angulos.

I wait gude wemen that bene wyse, Wise women will not find fault with me.
This rurall Ryme wyll nocht dispryse.
None wyll me blame, I ȝow assure,
Except ane wantoun glorious hure,
Quhais flyting I feir nocht ane fle. I don't care what strumpets may say.
Fair weill! ȝe get no more of me!

Quod Lindesay in *con*tempt of the syde taillis,
That duddrounis & duntibouris throu *th*e dubbis traillis.

[L 4]

KITTEIS CONFESSIOUN,

COMPYLIT (AS IS BELEUIT) Be SCHIR DAUID LINDESAY OF THE MONT, KNICHT. &c.

THE CURATE, AND KITTE.

The Curate confessed Kittie;

The Curate Kitte culd Confesse,
And scho tald on baith mair and lesse.
Quhen scho was telland as scho wist,

he would fain have kissed her.

The Curate Kitte wald haue kist;
Bot ȝit ane countenance he bure,
Degeist, deuote, daine, and demure,
And syne began hir to exempne :—
He was best at the efter game.—

Had she stolen anything?

(Quod he) haue ȝe na wrangous geir?
(Quod scho) I staw ane Pek of beir.
(Quod he) that suld restorit be,
Tharefore delyuer it to me.
Tibbe and Peter bad me speir,
Be my conscience thay sall it heir.

Did she live in unchastity?

(Quod he) leue ȝe in lecherie?
(Quod scho) Wyll Leno mowit me.
(Quod he) his wyfe that sall I tell,
To mak hir acquentance with my sell.

Was she conscious of any heresy?

(Quod he) ken ȝe na Heresie?
I wait nocht quhat that is, (quod sche).

Had she any English books?

(Quod he) hard ȝe na Inglis Bukis?
(Quod scho) my Maister on thame lukis,
(Quod he) the Bischop that sall knaw,
For I am sworne that for to schaw.

(Quod he) quhat said he of the King?
(Quod scho) of gude he spak na thing.
(Quod he) his grace of that sall wit,
And he sall lose his lyfe for it.
Quhen scho in mynd did mair reuolue,
(Quod he) I can nocht 3ow absolue,
Bot to my Chalmer cum at euin,
Absoluit for to be and schreuin.
(Quod scho) I wyll pas tyll ane vther;
And I met with schir Andro my brother,
And he full clenelie did me schryue,
Bot he wes something talkatyue.
He speirit mony strange cace,
Quhow that my lufe did me Inbrace,
Quhat day, how oft, quhat sort,[1] and quhare?
(Quod he) I wald I had bene thare!
He me absoluit for ane plak,
Thocht he na pryce with me wald mak,
And mekle Latyne he did mummill,
I hard na thing but hummill bummill,
He schew me nocht of Goddis word,
Quhilk scharper is than ony sword,
And deip in tyll our hart dois prent
Our Syn, quhairthrow we do repent.
He pat me na thing in to feir,
Quharethrow I suld my syn forbeir;
He schew me nocht the Maledictioun
Of God for Syn, nor the afflictioun,
And in this lyfe, the greit mischeif
Ordanit to punische hure, and theif.
Nor schew he me of hellis pane,
That I mycht feir, and vice refrane.
He counsalit me nocht till abstene,
And leid ane holy lyfe and clene.
Of Christis blude, na thing he knew,
Nor of his promisses full trew,

What did her master say of the King?

It should cost him his life.
[L 4, back]

He would give her absolution in his own chamber at even.
She would rather be excused, and would try another,

who was rather curious as to minutiæ,

[1 *orig.* scort]

but sympathetic withal,
and absolved her for a plack.

He showed nothing of God's word,

nor the divine displeasure with sin,

nor the pains of hell.

He did not counsel a holy life,

[L 3]

That saifis all that wyll beleue,
nor speak of faith in Christ, That Sathan sall vs neuer greue.
He techit me nocht for tyll traist
The confort of the haly Gaist; 64
He bad me nocht to Christ be kynd,
nor keeping His law. To keip his law with hart and mynd,
And loue and thank his greit mercie,
Fra Syn and hell that sauit me. 68
And lufe my Nichtbour as my sell:
Of this na thing he could me tell;
But he prescribed penance, Bot gaue me pennance, ilk ane day
Ane Aue Marie for to say, 72
And Frydayis fyue, na fische to eit;—
Bot butter and eggis ar better meit;—
and bade her buy a mass for a plack, And with ane plak to by ane Messe
Fra drounkin schir Iohne latynelesse. 76
(which she could earn again,) and go a (Quod he) ane plak I wyll gar Sande
Giue the agane with hande dande.
pilgrimage (the very way to corruption). Syne in to Pilgramage to pas,
The verray way to wantounes. 80
Of all his pennance I was glaid,
I had thame all parqueir, I said;
So now she knows the price of theft and uncleanness. To mow and steill, I ken the pryce,
I sall it set on Cincq and Syce. 84
Bot he my counsale culd nocht keip,
He fell asleep by the fire, He maid hym be the fyre to sleip,
Syne cryit, Colleris, beif, and Coillis,
Hois, and schone, with dowbill soillis, 88
Caikis, and Candill, Creische, and Salt,
Curnis of meil, and luffillis of Malt,
[L 3, back] Wollin, and linning, werp, and woft;
Dame! keip the keis of 3our woll loft. 92
and raved, being half-drunk. Throw drink and sleip maid him to raif;
And swa with vs thay play the knaif!
Freiris sweiris be thare professioun,
Nane can be saif but this Confessioun, 96

And garris all men vnderstand
That it is Goddis awin command;
3it is it nocht bot mennis drame,
The peple to confound and schame.
It is nocht ellis bot mennis law,
Maid, mennis myndis for to knaw,
Quharethrow thay syle thame as thay will,
And makis thare law conforme thare till;
Sittand in mennis conscience,
Abone Goddis Magnificence,
And dois the peple teiche and tyste,
To serue the Paip, the Antechriste.
To the greit God Omnipotent
Confes thy Syn, and sore repent;
And traist in Christ,—as wrytis Paule,—
Quhilk sched his blude to saif thy Saule;
For nane can the absolue bot he,
Nor tak away thy syn frome the.
Giue of gude counsall thow hes neid,
Or hes nocht lernit weill thy Creid,
Or wickit vicis regne in the,
The quhilk thow can nocht mortifie,
Or be in Desperatioun,
And wald haue Consolatioun,
Than till ane preichour trew thow pas,
And schaw thy Syn and thy trespas;
Thow nedis nocht to schaw hym all,
Nor tell thy Syn baith greit and small,
Quhilk is vnpossible to be,
Bot schaw the vice that troubillis the,
And he sall of thy saule haue reuth,
And the Instruct in to the treuth,
And with the word of verite
Sall confort and sall counsall the;
The Sacramentis schaw the at lenth,
Thy lytle faith to stark and strenth,

So friars gull the people.

Confession is only a human device,

pertaining to the service of Antichrist.

Confess thy sin to God.

He only can absolve.

You may show what weighs on [L 2] your conscience to a faithful preacher,

who will counsel you with the word of truth.

And how thow suld thame richtlie vse,
And all Hypocrisie refuse.
Confessioun first wes ordanit fre,
In this sort in the Kirk to be.
Swa to confes, as I descryue,
Wes in the gude Kirk Primityue;
Swa wes Confessioun ordanit first,
Thocht Codrus kyte suld cleue and birst.

Such was the only confession known in the primitive Church.

FINIS.

THE IUSTING

BETUIX

IAMES WATSOUN, AND IHONE BARBOUR,

SERUITOURIS TO KING IAMES THE FYFT,

COMPYLIT BE SCHIR DAUID LINDESAY

OF THE MONT, KNICHT, &c.

IN Sanctandrois on Witsoun Monnunday,
Twa Campionis tharemanheid did assay,
Past to the Barres, Enarmit heid and handis,
Wes neuer sene sic Iusting in no landis,
In presence of the Kingis grace and Quene,
Quhare mony lustie Lady mycht be sene.
Mony ane Knicht, Barroun, and baurent,
Come for to se that aufull Tornament.
The ane of thame was gentill James Watsoun,
And Iohne Barbour the vther Campioun;
Vnto the King thay war familiaris,
And of his Chalmer boith Cubicularis.
Iames was ane man of greit Intelligence,
Ane Medicinar, ful of Experience;
And Iohne Barbour, he was ane nobill Leche,
Crukit Carlingis he wald gar thame get speche.
Frome tyme they enterit war in to the feild,
Full womanlie thay weildit speir and scheild,
And wichtlie waiffit in the wynd thare heillis,
Hobland lyke Cadgeris rydand on thare creillis;
Bot ather ran at vther with sic haist,
That thay could neuer thair speir get in the reist.
Quhen gentil Iames trowit best with Iohne to meit,
His speir did fald amang his horssis feit.

At St Andrews on Whitmonday two champions met in tournament [L 2, back]

in presence of the court, nobles, and gentle-folk:

James Watson, an experienced medicinar,

and John Barbour, a noble leech.

How they bore themselves on entering the lists;

their charging.

James's thrust landed among the horse's feet.

I am rycht sure gude Iames had bene vndone,
John took aim by the moon. War not that Iohne his mark tuke be the mone.
(Quod Iohne) howbeit *tho*u thinkis my leggis lyke rokkis,
My speir is gude: now keip *th*e fra my knokkis!
A parley. Tary (quod Iames) ane quhyle, for, be my thrift,
The feind ane thing I can se bot the lift!
Nomore can I (quod Iohne) be goddes breid!
I se no thing except the steipill heid!
[L 1] ȝit thocht thy braunis be lyk twa barrow tra*mm*is,
A second charge. Defend the, man! Than ran thay to, lyk ra*mm*is:
At that rude rink, Iames had bene strykin doun,
Wer not that Iohne for feirsnes fell in swoun;
And rychtso Iames to Iohne had done greit deir,
They break their spears. Wer not, amangis his hors feit he brak his speir.
(Quod Iames) to Iohne, ȝit for our ladyis saikis,
Lat vs to gidder straik thre market straikis.
I had, (quod Iohne,) that sall on the be wrokin;
But or he spurrit his hors, his speir wes brokin.
Fro*m* tyme *with* speiris none could his marrow meit,
They draw swords, Iames drew ane sweird, *with* ane rycht auful spreit,
And ran til Iohne, til' haif raucht him ane-rout;
Iohnis swerd was roustit, & wald no way cu*m* out.
Tha*n* Iames leit dryfe at Iohne *with* boith his fystis;
He mist *th*e man, & dang vpon the lystis,
And *with* that straik, he trowit that Iohn was slane,
but fail in wielding them, His swerd stak fast, and gat it neuer agane.
Be this gude Iohne had gottin furth his swerd,
And ran to Iames with mony aufull word:
My furiousnes forsuith now sall thow find!
Straikand at Iames, his swerd flew in *th*e wind.
Tha*n* gentill Iames began to crak greit wordis,
Allace! (quod he), this day for falt of swordis!
Than ather ran at vther with new raicis,
and try boxing-gloves. With gluifis of plait thay dang at vtheris facis.
Quha wan this feild, no creature could ken,

Till at the last, Iohne cryit fy, red the men!
ȝe, red, (quod Iames,) for that is my desyre,
It is ane hour sen I began to tyre.
Sone be thay had endit that royall rink,
Into the feild mycht no man stand for stink.
Than euery man that stude on far, cryit fy!
Sayand adew! for dirt partis cumpany.
Thare hors, harnes, and all geir was so gude.
Louyng to God, that day was sched no blude.

60 No one could tell who was the [L 1, back] victor. Both had had enough of it.

64 The stench was intolerable.

68 No blood was shed.

FINIS.

Quod Lindesay, at command of
King Iames the Fyft.

(✣)

NEWLIE AND CORRECT-
lie Imprentit at Edinburgh, be Iohne Scot.
At the Expensis of Henrie Charteris. And
ar to be sauld in the said Henries
Buith, on the north syde
of the gait, abone the
Throne.
The ȝeir of God .1568.
ȝeiris.

ANE DISCRIPTIOUN OF

PEDER COFFEIS

HAVING NA REGAIRD TILL HONESTIE IN THAIR VOCATIOUN.

[*From the Bannatyne MS., where it is attributed to Lyndesay.* Vol. I. leaf 162 *a*, top.]

I purpose to describe the entire race of pedlar knaves,

IT is my purpoiss to discryve
This hole[1] perfyte genolagie
Of pedder knavis superlatyve,

who set themselves up

Pretendand to awtoretie,
That wait of nocht bot beggartie.
Ȝe burges sonis prevene thir lownis,

and injure the good name of our burghs.

That wald distroy nobilitie,
And baneiss it all borrow[s] townis.

Thay ar declarit in sevin pairtis;

A paltry dealer, who traverses the country buying fowls against a rise in price;

[1] Ane (scroppit cofe) quhen he begynnis,
Sornand all and sindry airtis,
For to by hennis reid-wod he rynnis;
He lokis thame vp in to his inniſ

he forestalls the market

Vnto ane derth, and sellis thair eggis,
Regraitandly on thame he wynnis,

while he begs his food.

And secondly his meit he beggis.

A lying trafficker in old relics, deceives women

[2] Ane swyngeor coife, amangis the wyviſ,
In land-wart dwellis with subteill menis,
Exponand thame auld sanctis lyvis,
And sanis thame with deid menis banis;
Lyk Rome-rakaris, with awsterne graniſ,
Speikand curlyk ilk ane till vder;

with canting voice.

Peipand peurly with peteouss graniſ,[2]
Lyk fenȝeit Symmye and his bruder.

[1] MS. *holy*. [2] should perhaps be *manis*.

[3] Thir (cur coffeis) that sailis oure sone,
And thretty sum abowt ane pak,
With bair blew bonattis and hobbold schone,
And beir bonnokkis *with* thame thay tak;
Thay schamed schrewis, God gif thame lak,
At none quhen *mer*chantis makis gud cheir,
Steilis doun, and lyis behind ane pak,
Drinkand bot dreggis and barmy beir.

Low traders who commence their voyage before the statutory opening of the season;

their means are so small that thirty combine to raise one pack.

[4] Knaifatic[1] coff misknawis him sell,
Quhen he gettis in a furrit goun;
Grit Lucifer, maist*er* of hell,
Is nocht sa helie as that loun;
As he cu*m*is brankand throw the toun,
With his keis clynkand on his arme,
That calf clovin-futtit fleid custroun,
Will mary nane bot a burgess bairne.

A knavish huckster who rises to civic distinction

puts on airs

and aspires to the hand of a burgess's daughter.

[5] Ane dyvour coffe, that wirry hen,
Distroyis the honor of our natioun,
Takis gudis to frist fra fre*m*mit me*n*,
And brekis his obligatioun;
Quhilk dois the marchand*is* defamatioun;
Thay ar reprevit for that regratour.
Thairfoir we gif our declaratioun,
To hang and draw that co*m*moun tratour.

[leaf 162 *b*]

A fraudulent bankrupt takes goods on credit from foreigners, and breaks through his obligations; he brings discredit to fellow-traders.

Hang and draw him!

[6] Ane curloreouss coffe, that hege skraper,
He sittis at hame quhen that thay baik,
That pedder brybour, that scheip-keipar,
He tellis thame ilk ane caik by caik;
Syne lokkis thame vp, and takis a faik,
Betwix his dowb[l]ett and his Iackett,
And eitis thame in the buith that smaik;
God that he mort in to ane rakkett.

A niggardly curmudgeon, a wife-carl,

counts the cakes as they are baking,

keeps the keys of the pantry, eats out of his pocket.

[1] MS. *knaifatica.*

A miser who will not use his money, but lives like a cursed wretch;

[7] Ane gader-all[1] coffe, he is ovir reche,
And hes na hap his gude to spend,
Bot levis lyk ane wareit wreche,
And trestis nevir till tak ane end;
With falsheid evir dois him defend,
Proceding still in averice,
And leivis his sawle na gude commend,
Bot walkis ane wilsome wey, I wiss.

he grows in avarice.

Show this to the provost,

I 3ow exhort all *tha*t is heir,
That reidis this bill, 3e wald it schaw
Vnto the provest, and him requeir,
That he will geif thir coffis the law,
And baneis thame the burgess raw,
And to the scho streit 3e thame ken;
Syne cutt thair luggis, that 3e may knaw,
Thir peddir knavis be burges men.

that he may banish them from the Burgess Row to the Shoe Street; and crop their ears, that they may be recognized.

quod Linsdsay.

FINIS.

[1] The word in the MS. was at first *Cathedrall;* the first six letters have been altered by the writer himself, though it is not easy to say to what. *Gader-all* or *gather-all* seems the most likely reading, although not perfectly certain. *Cathedrall*, given by Chalmers and others, is condemned by the original as clearly as by the sense.

¶ The warkis of the famous and vorthie Knicht

Schir Dauid Lyndesay of the Mont, Alias Lyoun King of Armes. Newly correctit, and bindicate from the former errouris quhairwith they war befoir corruptit: and augumentit with sindrie warkis quhilk was not befoir Imprentit.

~ (***) ~

¶ The contentis of the buke, and quhat warkis ar augmentit, the nixt syde sall schaw.

¶ Viuet etiam post funera virtus.
IOB. VII.
¶ Militia est vita hominis super terram.

¶ Newlie Imprentit be IOHNE SCOT, at the expensis of Henrie Charteris: and ar to be sauld in his Buith, on the north syde of the gait, abone the Throne.

CVM PRIVILEGIO REGALI.
ANNO. DO. M.D.LXVIII.

THE CONTENTIS OF THIS BVKE FOLLOWING.

~ (✠) ~

¶ Ane Dialog betuix Father Experience and ane Courteour, of the Miserabill estait of the warld: deuydit in four bukis, or in four Monarcheis.

¶ The Testament and Complaynt of our Souerane Lordis Papingo, King Iames the Fyft.

¶ The dreme, direct to our said Souerane Lord, *quhairin ar contenit,*
¶ The diuisioun of the eirth.
¶ The descriptioun of Paradice.
¶ The descriptioun of the Realme of Scotland.
¶ And the Complaint of the Commoun weill of Scotland.

¶ Ane exhortatioun to the Kingis grace.

¶ The Complaint vnto the Kingis grace, *omittit in the Imprentingis of Rowen and Londoun.*

¶ The Tragedie of Dauid Betoun Cardinall, and Archebischop of Sanctandrois.

¶ The deploratioun of the deith of Quene Magdalene.

¶ Ane answer to the Kingis flyting, *neuer befoir Imprentit.*[1]

¶ The Complaynt and Confessioun of Bagsche, ye Kingis auld hound, direct to Bawtie, and his Companzeonis.

¶ Ane supplicatioun to the Kingis grace, in contemptioun of syde taillis, and missellit facis.

¶ Kitteis Confessioun.

¶ The Iusting betuix Iames watsone, and Iohne Barbour, familiar seruitouris to King Iames the Fyft.

Edition of 1582 *adds*

[¶ The Historie of the Squyer William Meldrum of the Benis,[2] *neuer befoir Imprentit.*

¶ The Testament of the said Squyer.]

[1] The words *Neuer befoir Imprentit* omitted in ed. of 1592.
[2] Ed. 1592 *Bynnis.*

VNTO THE GODLIE AND CHRISTIANE REIDAR, HENRIE CHARTERIS WISCHIS GRACE, AND PEICE FROM IESUS CHRIST OUR SALUIOUR, WITH THE PERPETUALL ASSISTENCE OF HIS HALIE SPIRITE.

IT is the commoun and accustomit maner (gentill reidar) of all thame quhilk dois prohemiate vpon ony vther mannis wark, cheiflie * to trauel about twa pointis. The ane is, to declair the properteis of ye Authour, nocht onlie externall, as his originall, birth, vocatioun, estait, strenth, giftis of the bodie, substance, & maner of leuing: bot alswa internall: as the qualiteis, habites, & dispositiones of the mynde, his ingyne, knawlege, wisdome, giftis of the Spirit, and all vther vertewis quhilk culd iustlie be knawin to haue bene in him. Bot seing it is nocht monie ȝeiris past, sen it hes pleisit the eternall God to call our Authour out of the miserabill and trubilsum calamiteis of this transitorie lyfe, vntil his celestiall ioy, and heuinlie habitatioun, swa that the memorie of him is bot as ȝit recent, and not out of the hartis of mony ȝit leuand, to quhome his haill maner of lyfe was better knawin than vnto me, I think it not greitlie neidfull to tary the thairon, bot will remit the to lerne it at yair mouthis. The vther is, to declair his maner of wryting, the vtilitie of his warkis, & quhat frute, profite, and commoditie, may ensew and follow to the diligent reidar and reuoluar of the samin. Nouther in this is it greitly neidfull to me to trauell, seing the samin may be maist esilie & perfytelie knawin be his awin pen. For besydis the plesand and delectabill versis, besydis the craftie and ingenious poeticall inuentionis, besydis the frutefull and commodious Historyis, baith humane and diuine, baith recent and ancient, besydis the hailsum and notabill counsellis & admonitionis to Princis, to Prelates, and to all estatis, quhat vice or iniquitie rang in his dayis, quhilk he did not rebuke? not onlie of the spirituall, bot alswa of the temporall estait? quhat verteous or commendabill fact hes he not praisit, and desyrit to be had in the dew honour, and honorabill estimatioun? Bot gif we sall consider and wey the tyme, quhen he did wryte the maist pairt of thir warkis, being ane tyme of sa greit & blind ignorance, of manifest and horribill abhominationis and abusis: it is to be meruellit how he durst sa

planelie inuey aganis the wycis of all men, bot cheiflie of the spirituall estait, being sa bludie & cruell boucheouris. He neuer ceissit, baith in his graue and merie materis, in ernist & in bourdis, in wryting and in wordis, to challenge and carp thame. It cummis to my memorie ane prettie trik, quhilk sumtyme I haue hard reportit of him. The Kingis grace, Iames the Fyft, beand on ane certane tyme accumpanyit with ane greit nowmer of his Nobillis, & ane greit menȝe of Bischoppis, Abbottis and Prelatis standing about, he quiklie & prettilie inuentit ane prettie trik to teine yame. He cummis to the King, and efter greit dewgard & salutationis, he makis him as thocht he war [1]to requyre sum wechtie thing of the Kingis grace. The King persauand, demandis quhat he wald haue? he answeris: "Schir, I haue seruit ȝour grace lang, & lukis to be rewardit as vtheris ar. And now ȝour maister Tailȝeour at the plesure of God is departit; quhairfoir I wald desyre of your grace, to bestow this lytil benefite upon me, as ane part of reward of my lang seruice, to mak me ȝour maister tailȝeour." The King beleuand in dede his tailȝeour to be departit, sayis to him: "Quhairto wald thow be my tailȝeour? thow can nouther schaip nor sew?" he answeris: "Schir, that makis na mater: for ȝe haue geuin Bischoprikis and benefices to mony standing heir about ȝow: and ȝit can thay nouther teiche, nor preiche. And quhy may I not than as weill be ȝour tailȝeour, thocht I can nouther schaip nor sew; seing teiching and preiching is na les requisite to thair vocatioun, than schaiping & sewing is to ane tailȝeouris." The King incontinent persauit his consait, and leuch merilie thairat: bot the Bischoppis at sic bourding leuch neuer ane quhit. Na les ernist and vehement was he aganis thame, in his fairsis and publict playis, quhairin he was verray craftie & excellent. Sic ane spring he gaif yame in the play, playit besyde Edinburgh, in presence of the Quene Regent, and ane greit part of the Nobilitie, with ane exceding greit nowmer of pepill, lestand fra .ix. houris afoir none, till .vi. houris at euin, quhair, amangis mony baith graue materis, and merie trikkis, he brocht in ane Bischop, ane Persone, ane Freir, and ane Nun, deckit vp in thair papisticall ornamentis, and maner of rayment. And thairefter brocht in King correctioun, quha, reformand sindrie deformities in his Realme, passit to the tryall of his Clergie. And findand thame to be altogidder Idiotis, vnworthie of ony functioun ecclesiasticall, decernit thame to be degradit of thair digniteis, and spulȝeit of thair officis: quhilk beand executit, & thay denudit of thair vpmaist garmentis, thay war fund bot verray fulis, hypocrites, flatteraris, & nouchtie persones. Quhairby he signifyit to the pepill, that howsaeuer thay war estemit of the warld, thay had na thing quhairin thay iustlie glorie to be pastouris of Christis Kirk, and feidaris of his flock, bot onlie thair outward ornamentis, and triumphant tytillis. Bot beand inwardlie considerit, thay wald be fund bot

[1] sign. ✠ ij, back.

verray hyrelingis, enemeis to Christ & deuoraris of his flock. This play did enter with sic greif in thair hartis, that thay studyit be all menis to be auengit thairof. Thay conuenit thair prouinciall counsellis, thay consultit how thay suld best sustene thair kingdome inclynand to ruyne, quhilk laitlie had gottin sa publict ane wound: thay ȝeid about to haue his haill warkis condempnit for hereticall, and cessit not, in Kirk and market, publictlie and priuelie, to rage and rayll aganis him, as ane Heretike. Bot to return to our purpose. Nochtwithstanding the birnand fyre borne aganis him in thair breistis, the hatrent consauit in thair hartis, thair puissance and power euin in that tyme, quhen thay had the ball at thair fute, quhen nouther Prince, nor vther was abil to withstand [1] thame, ȝit culd thay neuer get power ouer this sempil man, nor haif yair hartis satiat of him. Thay had thair Canoun Lawis: thay had the Municipal Lawis of the Realme, and actis of Parliament haldin be yat samin King, quhame he seruit, with quhome from his ȝouth vp he conuersit, that na man suld ressoun or call in dout the authoritie of thair spirituall Father: that Imagis suld be honourit: that the libertie of halie Kirk (as thay namit it) suld be mantenit, and defendit. And gif ony war suspectit in ony hereticall point, aganis the commandementis of this yair Kirk, incontinent thay war cytit, thay war apprehendit, and incarcerat in strang presoun: & finallie thay war compellit outher to abiure (quhairthrow thay remanit infamit all thair dayis, nouther micht enioy honouris, nor digniteis for thair tyme) or ellis thay behouit maist cruellie suffer the fyre. How cummis it than, that this our Authour being sa plane aganis thame, and as it war professit enemie to thame, culd eschaip thair snairis, quhen vtheris, in doing les, hes cruellie perischit? Sum will think, because his wryting was commounlie mixit with mowis, and colourit with craftie consaitis (as Chaucer and vtheris had done befoir) the matter was the mair mitigate. Bot this can not satisfie: for na mowis in sic materis culd mitigate thair bludie breistis. Sum will think because he was continuallie in Court, and seruit the King, he was esilie ouersene. Bot in my iugement, that is the greiter cause of offence: namelie to haif thair vanitcis and wickitnes publischit in Court and sicht of Princis. Nouther culd this be saiftie to vtheris. M. Patrik Hammiltoun Abbot of Feirn, being of the blude Royall, being ane man of greit literature, and of sic lyfe, that the verray enemeis thame selfis war enforcit to commend and allow him, ȝit did he nocht eschaip thair malice, bot sufferit cruell deith by fyre. Robert Forester, alswa gentilman, on the samin maner was tormentit. And howbeit thir did cruellie perische, ȝit in all agis, and in all nationes, it hes plesit God, of his greit mercy, to rais and steir vp his Prophetis and seruandis, quhame he hes michtilie preseruit, to repreif the generationis present of thair vnrichteousnes: to vtter and oppin to the pepill the corrup-

[1] leaf iii, not signed.

tioun than regnand : and, as it war, aganis the Deuill and the warld, to testifie his treuth, to walkin thame out of thair Ignorance. He steirit up the auld and ancient Doctouris, to impugne and stranglie to confute all heresyis springand and rysand. Bot thame at this present I will omit for breuitie, & will speik rather sumquhat sen corruptioun and superstitioun enterit amangis thame, quhilk war rewlaris and Pastouris of the Kirk of God : sen thay begouth to leif preiching of pure Christ, and to set up thame selfis : to conqueis Realmis, prouincis, and countreis : to subdew Princis and Potestates : and finallie to exalt thame selfis abone all that is callit God. In quhilk dayis war mony leirnit men & godlie Bischoppis in this cuntrie : as Seruanus, Columba, Aidanus, Finnanus, Colmannus, Leuinus, Gallus, and mony ma, quha baith in this Realme, and in Ingland, did lang de[1]bell, and hald out the Romische superstitionis and ceremoneis, as is at lenth contenit in the auld Historyis of Beda, and vtheris. He rasit vp alswa in the dayis of Carolus Magnus, twa of our cuntrie men, baith of greit eruditioun and leirning, the ane callit Iohne, surnamit Mailrosius : the other, Claudius Clemens. Thir twa passand out of Scotland, at command of King Achaius (as Boethius wrytis) to ye partis of France, come to Paris, and war the occasioun of the fundatioun of ye Uniuersitie of the samin, & sindrie vtheris, and war the first professouris of liberall sciences in thame. Nouther ceissit thay with ane Adelbertus ane Frencheman, and Bertramus, to inwey on ye stait of ye Kirk, than tendand and declynand fast to corruptioun, vntill Claudius, & Adelbertus war clappit in clois presoun, and Iohne departit the cuntrie, & come in Ingland, quhair (as sum wrytis) at the perswasioun of certane Monkis, he was slaine, be certane his awin discipulis, impacient of his admonitiones and correctionis. Efter thir, quhen the sindrie sectis of Freiris began to spring vp, he raisit in France Guilielmus de .S. Amore : Nigellus : Nicolaus, and Arnoldus de villa noua : in Italie ye Abbot Ioachimus Calaber : in Germanie, Hildegardis ye Prophetes, with sindrie vtheris, quhilk stranglie wrait aganis the superstitionis and Idilteth of the begging Freiris, and vther abusis of the Clergie. And howbeit yair admonitiones culd not be hard, nor thair writing tane in gude part, bot vtterlie reiectit and despysit, 3it war thay not cummit to that furie & rage, as to bruyle and scald quha sa euer suld speik aganis thame, bot contentit thame selfis with presoun or banischement of sic persones as war contrarious to thame, degraiding thame of thair digniteis and offices : and excommunicating thame out of thair Kirkis. Bot quhen thair iniquiteis was cummin to maturitie, God raisit vp in Ingland, Iohne Uicleif, quha, seand the haill ecclesiasticall estait to be altogidder corrupt : the word of God to be cummit to neglect and contempt : and mennis traditionis abone to be extollit : did maist ernistlie teiche, and wryte ane huge nowmer of volumis and bukis aganis

[1] leaf iii, back, not signed.

thame. Than was the beist vnquyetit of his resting sait, and began to rage and fret, to seik the deith and destructioun of this pure man. Bot all for nocht. The Lord did potentlie preserue him from yair snairis and girnis: and, nochtwithstanding all thair furie, [he] departit in the Lord in peice. And howbeit efter deith Rancour commounlie ceissis, ȝit xli. ȝeiris efter his deith, yai tuke vp his banis, and brint yame. Persewand alswa with maist extremitie all that adheirit to him, or did allow his doctrine, Thay brint the Lord Cobham, Schir Roger Actoun, Knicht, Williame Thorpe, Williame Tayleir, Richard Howeden, Iohne Cleydoun. Thay banischit Elenor Cobhame: thay murderit in presoun Iohne Astoun, Reginald Pecock, Bischop of Chichester, with ane infinite noumber ma. Thair was na end in thair furie. Quhill thay war thus busie in Ingland, began Iohne Hus and Hierome of Praga to preiche in Boheme, men of sic leirning and lyfe, that thay war in admiratioun [1]euin to the verray aduersaris tham selfis, quhairof remainis yit sufficient testimoneis writtin be Poggius, and vtheris of the Antichristiane menȝe. Thay, beand cytit to the counsall of Constance, come vpon ane saifconduct of Sigismundus the Empriour, than King of Boheme, present at the counsall; and thair gaif ane resoun & declaratioun of thair faith and doctrine: fra the constant professioun quhairof, quhen yai culd nocht be disswadit, thay, contrair the saifconduct, contrair all promises, cruellie brint thame, Satisfyand the Empriour with this godlie Law, of thair awin forgeing, *quod nulla fides sit hereticis seruanda:* Thair is na promis to be keipit to heretikes. Quhat frute this gudelie Law hes wrocht, the battell betuix the Turk, and Lowes, King of Ungarie and Boheme, & the occasioun thairof, quhair the said Lowes perischit, to the greit hurt of all Christianitie, will declair: and mony vther histories alswa, quhilkis for schortnes I omit. Now our Prelates, laith to ly behind, willing to schaw yair gude seruice to ye halie Sait, apprehendit heir in Scotland, Paull Craw, teiching the doctrine quhilk Uicleif & Hus had teichit, & maid ane Sacrifice of him in Sanctandrois. And findand the sawour of this Sacrifice fragrant and smelland, thay tuke the Uicar of Dolour, Freir Kelour, Symsone, Bawerage, Kennedie, Stratoun, Gourlay and mony ma, quha, because yai culd not allow yair vaine superstitiones and Idolatries, expres aganis the commandement of ye Lord thair God, war cuttit of be the fyre. Thay had now lernit to dispute with fyre & faggot, for our auld Bischoppis & Pastouris war decayit, quhilkis war wont to be lampis, and as it war leidsternis, to all nationis adiacent: from quhome passit furth mony lernit men to all cuntreis, to Ingland, France, Germanie, Latowe, Pruse, and vther partis, as thair Chronikillis testifyis, plantand and teichand the Christiane faith, & all godlie sciencis. Bot now, dull Asynis had ascendit to thair rowmis, beand maryit with dame propertie, and riches, and fair lady

[1] leaf iv, not signed.

Sensualitie: and swa efter ye rait of vther Realmis, war becummit Idil bellyis, Ignorant blokkis, and dum doggis. Nouther war thay Idill in Italie: thair cruellie sufferit Thomas Rhedonensis the Carmelite. And in Florence the godlie blak Freir, Hieronymus Sauoronola. Thus continewand yair rage in all Realmes, euin to the vttermaist of yair power, it pleisit ye mercyfull God, of his greit mercy, & fauourabill lufe towartis man, quhairby he wald not haif man vtterlie to perische, to gif (as it war) lycht to the warld: and that be reueilling of his word and Euangel, be the mouthis of his seruandis Luther, Bucer, Zuinglius, Oecolampadius, Caluine, & mony vtheris: be quhome he hes discouerit yair cankerit corruptioun & auld festur in sic sort, yat na man (except he wilbe wilfullie blind) may not persaif ye vennome & fylth thairof. And ȝit hes ye maist part of yir (how saeuer ye poweris of ye warld hes bene contrarious to yame) departit in ye Lord, in quietnes. Now sum wil say, thir war preicheouris, & Ministeris of the word, and had bene sumtyme anoyntit schauelingis, markit [1]with the beistis mark, and had maid defectioun from thame, quhairfoir thay persewit thame the mair scharplie and cruellie. Bot the Lord Cobhame, Robert Forester, Straitoun, wer nouther schauelingis nor preicheouris. Richard Mekinnis, ane boy of .xvij. ȝeiris of age, brint in Londoun, was na preicheour. The lyke Iugement sufferit Maistres An Askew, with mony wemen, quhilk ȝit war na preicheouris. ȝit forther, sum will obiect the equitie of the tyme quhairin our Authoir leuit: that the power of the aduersaries was restraynit, that thay culd not rage and rin at ryot at thair libertie, and plesour, as thay war wont. And ȝit ane lytill befoir his deith thay brint .M. George Uischart, and Adam Wallace, Mariner. And schortlie efter our Authouris deith thay tuke the auld man Walter Mill, and cruellie brint him: althocht fra that fyre rais sic ane stew, quhilk struke sic sturt to thair stomokis, that thay rewit it euer efter. Than hes it not bene seriousnes intermixit with iocunditie: it hes nocht bene continuall abyding nor seruing in court, it hes nocht bene blude royall, nor fauour of Princes: nouther teiching nor preiching, nor equitie of tyme, culd be protectioun to ony aganis sa cruell and feirs aduersaries, of equall will, rage, and furie, indifferentlie aganis all. It is rather the prouydence, the Iugement, the power, and the inmensibill fauour and mercy of God towartis his sanctis and elect: quhilk vpon ye ane part, of his lufe towardis his chosin, to satisfie thair thrist, & desyre, quhilk thay had to be dissoluit, and to be with Christ, yat yai suld not be langer enforcit to behald ye wickit vaniteis of yis warld: Partlie, of his iust Iugement, because the warld was not worthie of thame, for it hes lufit mirknes rather yan licht, and delytit mair in leis yan in ye treuth. And partlie, to manifest to all pepill ye cruell, bludie, & insatiabil hartis of ye memberis of Antichrist, ye pilleris of the malignant Kirk, he did (as it wer) gif

[1] leaf iv, back, not signed.

ouir into yair handis, ye lyfis, ye possessionis, gudis, and quhatsumeuer externall thing yai had, to be maid mokking stokkis, & to be disponit at thair libertie, and plesour. On the vther pairt, to declair his michtie prouidence, and power, quhairby he wil not suffer ane hair of the heidis of his chosin to perische, but his permissioun : and to encorage his elect, seing yat nouther gude nor euill can fall vnto yame, by ye will of yair Father : he hes maist michtilie manteynit yame, amangis ye middis of yis malignant generatioun. This Iugement man we lykewise haif of our Dauid Lyndesay, to quhome we will returne, omittand the special abusis of the Clergie, for eschewing of prolixitie, & tediousnes, to be socht out of his awin warkis be ye diligent reidar. Now as he hes bene scharp and vigilant in marking ye enormiteis of the spiritualitie, swa hes he not bene negligent, nor sleuthfull in rebuking ye defaltis of ye temporalitie, and all estatis yairof. He hes not spairit King, Court, Counsalouris, Nobilitie, nor vtheris of inferiour estait. And howbeit yai war not altogidder cummit to sic corruptioun and furie, yat yai micht not beir mair equallie with generall admonitionis and reprochis, yan [1]the spiritualitie, ȝit als lytill amendement followit in the ane stait, as in the vther. Quhat laubouris tuke he, that the landis of this cuntrie micht be set out in Fewis, efter ye fassioun of sindrie vther Kealmes, for the incres of policie, and riches? Bot quhat hes he profitit? Quhen ane pure man with his haill raice and offspring hes laubourit out yair lyfis on ane lytill peice of ground, and brocht it to sum point and perfectioun : than must the Lairdis brother, kinnisman, or surname, haif it : and ye pure man, with his wyfe & babeis, for all yair trauellis, schot out to beg yair meit. He yat tuke lytill laubouris on it, man enioy ye frutes, and commoditeis of it : he man eit vp the sweit & laubouris of ye pure mannis browis. Thus the pure dar mak na policie, nor bigging, in cace yai big yame selfis out. Bot althocht men wink at yis, and ouirluke it, ȝit he sitts abone yat seis it, and sal Iuge it. He yat heiris ye sichis & complaintis of ye pure oppressit, sall not for euer suffer it vnpunischit. Quhat hes he alswa written aganis yis Heriald hors, deuysit for mony pure mannis hurt? Bot quha hes dimittit it? finallie, quhat oppressioun or vice hes he not repreuit? Bot yir sall suffice for exempill. And gif he had leifit in yir lait dayis, quhat had he said, of ye unnatural murtheris : ye cruel slauchteris : ye manifest reiffis : ye continuall heirschippis : ye plane oppressionis : ye lytill regard of all persones to ye commoun weilth : ye mantening of derth, to the vniuersall hurt of the pure in transporting of victuallis furth of ye Realme, contrarie to ye statutis yairof, for ye particular weill of few, & hurt of mony : the Importing of greit quantiteis of fals cunȝe sklenderlie serchit, and lychtliar punischit : The multitude of Kirkis destitute of Ministeris throw the hail cuntrie : The slaw administratioun of Iustice, and fer les

[1] sign. A j.

executioun: with all kynde of impieteis (as it wer) publictlie, and frelie Regnand. ȝit nochtyeles we luke for redres and reformatioun of all sic horribil deformities, at ye handis of sic rewlaris as God hes, and sall strenthin with his Spirit, lychtin with ye pure word of his Euangel, endew with his feir (quhilk is ye beginning of all wisdome) with sic knawlege, sic Iugement, and ȝeill, yat yai sall to yair vttermaist endeuour, auance, and set fordwart all Iustice, and equitie, and suppres all vice and iniquitie: to ye glorie of God: to ye auauncement of his word: to ye edificatioun of his Kirk, and to ye confort, and quietnes of yis trubillit and afflictit commoun weilth. Quhilk God of his greit mercie grant that we may schortlie se. Amen.

I haue alreddie passit ye boundis of ane preface: ȝit ane thing restis to admonische ye (gentill reidar) of yir warkis following. The mair part of yame hes bene sindrie tymes in sindrie places imprentit: as heir in Scotland, quhilk ȝit war not sa correct as neid requyrit. Thay haif bene Imprentit in Rowen, bot altogidder sa corrupt and fals, that na man can be abill to atteyne to the Authoris mynde be yame. For besydis the wrang Ortographie, and fals spelling, the transpositiones of wordis & lynis: yair is alswa sic defectiones, yat sumtymes will want twa, or thre [1]lynis in ane sentence: sumtymes als mony abound, and be doublit.

Quhairthrow the myndis of honest men ar alienatit from reiding of sa frutefull warkis: ȝouth is abusit and corruptit: the Authour and his warkis schamefullie blottit, and barbulȝeit: the cuntrie infamit: & sic personis as laubouris for iust correctioun vtterly discuragit, seand thair lauboures and trauellis sa haistelie yairefter to be corruptit, at the priuate appetite and gredines of certane godles Ignorantis: quhilk in respect of yir greit hurtis, deseruis na small punischement. Thay ar lykewise laitlie Imprentit in Londoun, with lytill better succes than ye vther. For yai haif gane about to bring thame to ye southerne language, alterand ye uers and collouris yairof, in sic placis, as yai culd admit na alteratioun: quhairfoir ye natiue grace and first mynd of ye wryter, is oftentymes peruertit. And for ye Ortographie, transpositiones, and defectiones, thay ar almaist commoun with the vther.

Thus seing this famous Authour, and his notabill warkis to be sa velanouslie handillit, and sa miserabillie and malitiouslie mankit, and alterat: we haif gane about, and takin sum trauellis, to vindicate yame from yir blottis, & corruptiones: and to reduce and bring thame to the natiue integritie, and first mening of ye wryter. Quhilk salbe elike persauit in ye reiding: bot maist esilie, gif ony wil confer this editioun with yame yat hes preceid it: quhairin, quhat difference is betuix rycht & wrang wryting, betuix correct and vncorrect Imprenting, salbe cleirlie sene.

Mair, we haif eikit sindrie warkis of ye samin Authour, quhilkis hes not bene befoir Imprentit: to ye intent, that na thing of sa

[1] sign. A .j., back.

Nobill ane wryter suld perische, throw negligence, or sleuthfulnes of this present age, bot suld be reseruit to ye frute of all posteriteis following. And forther intendis (be ye help of God) to use ye lyke diligence, in all warkis of yis wryter, quhilkis sall heirefter, be ony menis, cum to our handis.

I will deteyne the na langer (gude Reidar) from the warkis thame selfis: bot will commit the to the protectioun of ye Almychtie, our God: ernistlie desyrand ye to call vpon him: yat he will rais and steir up mony Dauid Lyndesayis, yat will continuallie admonische baith Prince and pepill of thair dewtie, and vocatioun, quhairunto ye Lord yair God hes callit yame: yat will rebuke and repreif all sic defaltis as salbe fund in yame: yat will commit to letteris, and wryte, ye honour, ye gloir, ye fame, and succes of vertew, and inbraceris yairof: The dishonour, ye schame, ye defame, and mischeif of vyce and impietie, and enhanteris thairof. To be notifyit and maid knawin to all agis to cum: that it may be ane prik and spur to ye verteous and godlie, to ga fordwart in all richteousnes, and equitie; that it may be ane stay and brydill to reteyne & hald bak ye wickit and vngodlie from all wickitness, and iniquitie. To the intent: yat God may be glorifyit: his Kirk edifyit: and this commoun weilth confortit, and quietit.

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[1] Ane adhortatioun of all estatis, to the reiding of thir present warkis.

SEN that it is maist worthie for to be
Lamentit of euerilk warldlie wicht:
* To se the warkis of plesant Poetrie
To ly sa hid and sylit from the sicht
Of those, in hart quha dois reiois aricht,
In Vulgar toung for to behald and heir
Vertew and vyce disclosit, and brocht to licht,
In thair richt collouris planelie to appeir.

Thairfoir (gude Reidar) haif I trauell tane,
Intill ane volume now breiflie for to bring
Of Dauid Lyndesay, the haill warkis ilk ane,
Knicht of the Mont, Lyoun, of A[r]mis King,
Quha in our dayis now did laitlie Ring,
Quhais pregnant practick, and quhais ornate style,
To be commendit be me, neidis na thing:
Lat warkis beir witnes, quhilkis he hes done compyle.

[1] sign. A .ij.

Thocht Gawine Dowglas, Bischop of Dunkell,
In ornate meter surmount did euerilk man;
Thocht Kennedie and Dunbar bure the bell,
For the large race of Rethorik thay ran:
3it neuer Poeit of our Scottische clan,
Sa cleirlie schew that Monstour with his markis,
The Romane God, in quhome all gyle began:
As dois gude Dauid Lyndesay in his warkis.

Quhairin na stait he spairit, bot stoutlie schew thame,
How thay baith God and man had sore offendit:
With fleschehukis of flatterie he neuer clew thame;
Of quhat degre sa euer thay discendit,
Thair auld misdeid he prayit thame ay to mend it,
Empriour, nor King, Duke, Erle, Prince, nor Paip,
Gif thay to quell Christis flock 3it still pretendit:
Goddis Iust Iugementis na way suld thay eschaip.

With prettie problemis, and sentences maist sage,
With plesand prouerbis in his warkis all quhair,
With staitlie storyis aggreing to our age,
[1]With similitudis semelie he dois declair,
With weil waillit wordis, wyse, and familiar,
Of quëynt conuoy, this ioyous gem Iocound,
Intill his bukis to speik he did nocht spair
Aganis all vyce, ay quhair it did abound.

Princes approche! cum Rewlaris in ane Randoun!
Reid heir 3e Lordis of the meyner men3e,
The end of hicht; 3our pryde lerne to abandoun.
Cum, schameles schauelingis of Sathanis sen3e,
Rynnand in vyce, ay still with oppin ren3e;
Of proud Prelatis reid heir the suddane fall,
Quha for to stoup 3it did neuer den3e,
Under the 3ock of him that creat all.

Cum teynefull tyrannis, trimmilling with 3our trayne!
Cum nouchtie Newtrallis with 3our bailfull band!
3e haif ane cloik now reddy for the rayne:
For fair wether, ane vther ay at hand.
Idolateris draw neir to Burgh and land,
Reid heir 3our lyfe at large, baith mair and min,
With Hypocrites ay slyding as the sand,
As humloik how of wit, and vertew thin

[1] A .ij., back.

Oppressouris of the pure, cum in till pairis!
Flatterarís flok fordwart! for I [haif] hard tell,
3e had ane saw richt sicker for all sairis.
Lawieris, and Scrybis, quha hes 3our saulis to sell!
Craftismen, and Merchandis, gif [yat] 3e do mell
With fraud or falset, than I 3ow desyre,
Reid in this buke, the speiche gif 3e can spell,
Quhat Iust reward 3e sall haif for 3our hyre.

Amang the rest, now Courteouris cum hidder!
Thocht 3e be skeich, and skip abone the skyis,
3it constantlie I pray 3ow to considder,
In to this scrow, quhat Lyndesay to 3ow cryis.
Cum all degreis, in Lurdanerie quha lyis,
And fane wald se of sin the feirfull fyne:
And lerne in vertew how for to vpryis!
Reid heir this buke, and 3e sall find it syne.

With Scripture and with storyis naturall,
[1] Richelie replenischit from end to end,
In till this buke, quha list to reid, thay sall
Find mony lessoun largelie to commend;
The braid difference quhairin weill may be kend
Betwene verteous and vicious leuing.
Lat vs thairfoir our lyfe in vertew spend,
Sen vyce of mankynd is the haill mischeuing.

Lat Lyndesay now as he war 3it on lyif,
Pas furth to lycht, with all his sentence hie:
Vnto all men thair dewtie to descryue
Quhairin thay may ane lyuelie Image se,
Of his expressit mynd in Poetrie,
Prentit, as he it publischit with his pen:
That him self speik, I think it best for me;
Gif gloir to God, quhilk gaif sic Giftis to men.

Finis.

[*On the lower half of this page begins*]

The Epistil Nuncupatorie of Schir Dauid Lyndesay of the Mont Knicht, on his Dialog of the Miserabill estait of the warld.

[1] A .iii. no sign.

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